

P L A Y S,

V I Z.

I. VOLPONE: or, The FOX.

II. The ALCHEMIST.

III. EPICOENE: or, The SILENT
WOMAN.

By B E N. J O N S O N.

G L A S G O W:

Printed for ROBERT URIE, MDCCLXVI.

B. I. A. Y. S.

1874

I. VOL. 1. 1874.

II. THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

W. O. S.

1874



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V O L P O N E:

OR

The F O X.

A

C O M E D Y.

First ActED in the Year 1605,

BY THE

KING's MAJESTY's SERVANTS.

The Author BEN. JONSON.

Simul et jucunda, et idonea dicere vitae.

HOR.

GLASGOW:

Printed for R. URIB, MDCCLXVI.

P R O L O G U E.

NOW, Luck yet send us, and a little wis
Will serve, to make our play hit ;
(According to the palates of the season)
Here is rhyme, not empty of reason.
This we were bid to credit, from our poet,
Whose true scope, if you wou'd know it,
In all his poems still hath been this measure,
To mix profit with your pleasure ;
And not as some (whose throats their envy failing)
Cry hoarsly, All he writes is railing :
And, when his plays come forth, think they can flout them,
With saying, He was a year about them.
To these there needs no lie, but this his creature,
Which was two months since no feature ;
And, though he dares give them five lives to mend it,
'Tis known, five weeks fully penn'd it ;
From his own hand, without a co-adjutor,
Novice, journey-men, or tutor.
Yet thus much I can give you, as a token
Of his play's worth, no eggs are broken,
Nor quaking custards with fierce teeth affrighted,
Wherewith your rout are so delighted ;
Nor hales he in a gull, old ends reciting,
To stop gapes in his loose writing ;
With such a deal of monstrous and forc'd action,
As might make Beth'lem a faction :
Nor made he his play for jests stoll'n from each table,
But makes jests to fit his fable ;
And so presents quick Comedy refined,
As best critics have designed :
The Laws of time, place, persons he observeth,
From no needful rule he swerveth.
All gall and coppres from his ink he draineth,
Only a little salt remaineth,
Wherewith he'll rub your cheeks, till (red with laughter)
They shall look fresh a week after.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

<p>Volpone, <i>a Magnifico.</i> Mosca, <i>his Parasite.</i> Voltore, <i>an Advocate.</i> Coraccio, <i>an old Gentleman.</i> Corvino, <i>a Merchant.</i> Avvocatori, <i>four Magistrates.</i></p>	<p>Notario, <i>the Register.</i> Nano, <i>a Dwarf.</i> Castrone, <i>an Eunuch.</i> Politic Would-be, <i>a Knight.</i> Peregrine, <i>a Gent. Traveller.</i> Bonario, <i>a young Gentleman.</i></p>
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G R E G E.

Fine Madam Would-be, *the Knight's wife.*
 Celia, *the Merchant's wife.*
 Commandadori, *Officers.*
 Mercatori, *three Merchants.*
 Androgyno, *a Hermaphrodite.*
 Servitore, *a Servant.*

W O M E N.

The SCENE, VENICE.

The principal COMEDIANS were,

<p>RIC. BURBADGE. HEN. CONDEL. WIL. SLY.</p>	<p>JOH. HEMINGS. JOH. LOWIN. ALEX. COOKE.</p>
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V O L P O N E.

O R

The F O X.

The ARGUMENT.

VOLPONE, childless, rich, feigns sick, despairs,
 Offers his 'state to hopes of several heirs,
 Lies languishing: his parasite receives
 Presents of all, assures, deludes; then weaves
 Other cross plots, which op' themselves, are told.
 New tricks for safety are sought; they thrive: when bold,
 Each tempts the other again, and all are sold.

ACT I. SCENE I.

VOLPONE, MOSCA.

Volpone.

GOOD morning to the day; and next, my gold:
 Open the shrine, that I may see my faint.
 Hail the world's soul, and mine! More glad than is
 The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
 Peep through the horns of the coelestial Ram,
 Am I, to view thy splendor, dark'ning his;
 That lying here, amongst my other hoards,
 Shew't like a flame by night, or like the day
 Struck out of Chaos when all darkness fled

Unto the center. O thou son of *Sol*,
 (But brighter than my father) let me kiss,
 With adoration, thee, and every relick
 Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.
 Well did wise poets by thy glorious name
 Title that age which they would have the best;
 Thou being the best of things, and far transcending
 All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,
 Or any other waking dream on earth.
 Thy looks when they to *Venus* did ascribe,
 They should have given her twenty thousand *Cupids*;
 Such are thy beauties and our loves! dear saint,
 Riches, the dumb God, that giv'st all men tongues,
 That can't do naught, and yet mak'st men do all things;
 The price of souls; even hell, with thee to boot,
 Is made worth heav'n. Thou art virtue, fame,
 Honour, and all things else. Who can get thee,
 He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise—

Mosca. And what he will, Sir. Riches are in fortune
 A greater good, than wisdom is in nature.

Volpone. True, my beloved *Mosca*. Yet I glory
 More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,
 Than in the glad possession, since I gain
 No common way; I use no trade, no venture,
 I wound no earth with plow-shares, I fat no beasts
 To feed the shambles: have no mills for iron,
 Oil, corn, or men, to grind 'em into powder:
 I blow no subtil glass, expose no ships
 To threatnings of the furrow-faced sea;
 I turn no monies in the public bank,
 Nor usure private. *Mosco*. No, Sir, nor devour
 Soft prodigals. You shall ha' some will swallow
 A melting heir as glibly as your *Dutch*
 Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for't;
 Tear forth the fathers of poor families
 Out of their beds, and coffin them alive
 In some kind clasping prison, where their bones
 May be forth-coming, when the flesh is rotten:
 But your sweet nature doth abhor these courses;
 You lothe the widows or the orphans tears
 Should wash your pavements, or their piteous cries
 Ring in your roofs, and beat the air for vengeance.

T H E F O X.

9

Volpone. Right, *Mosca*, I do loath it. *Mos.* And besides, Sir,
 You are not like a thresher that doth stand
 With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn,
 And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest grain,
 But feeds on mallows, and such bitter herbs;
 Nor like the merchant, who hath fill'd his vaults
 With *Romagnia*, and rich *Candian* wines,
 Yet drinks the lees of *Lombards* vinegar:
 You will not lie in straw, whilst moths and worms
 Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft beds:
 You know the use of riches, and dare give now
 From that bright heap, to me, your poor observer,
 Or to your dwarf, or your hermaphrodite,
 Your eunuch, or what other household trifle
 Your pleasure allows maint'nance—*Vol.* Hold thee, *Mosca*,
 Take of my hand; thou strik'st on truth in all,
 And they are envious term thee parasite.
 Call forth my dwarf, my eunuch, and my fool,
 And let 'em make me sport. What should I do,
 But cocker up my *Genius*, and live free
 To all delights my fortune calls me to?
 I have no wife, no parent, child, ally,
 To give my substance to; but whom I make
 Must be my heir; and this makes men observe me:
 This draws new clients daily to my house,
 Women and men, of every sex and age,
 That bring me presents, send me plate, coin, jewels,
 With hope that when I die (which they expect
 Each greedy minute) it shall then return
 Ten-fold upon them; whilst some, covetous
 Above the rest, see to engross me whole,
 And counter-work the one unto the other;
 Contend in gifts, as they would seem in love:
 All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,
 And am content to coin 'em into profit,
 And look upon their kindness and take more,
 And look on that; still bearing them in hand,
 Letting the Cherry knock against their lips,
 And draw it by their mouths, and back again. How now!

S C E N E II.

NANO, ANDROGYNO, CASTRONE,
VOLPONE, MOSCA.

- ' NOW room for fresh gamesters, who do will you to know,
 ' They do bring you neither play, nor university show;
 ' And therefor do entreat you, that whatsoever they rehearse,
 ' May not fare a whit the worse, for the false pace of the
 ' verse.
 ' If you wonder at this, you will wonder more ere we pass,
 ' For know, here is inclos'd the soul of *Pythagoras*,
 ' That juggler divine, as hereafter shall follow;
 ' Which soul (fast and loose, Sir) came first from *Apollo*,
 ' And was breath'd into *Æthalides*, *Mercurius* his son,
 ' Where it had the gift to remember all that ever was done.
 ' From thence it fled forth, and made quick transmigration,
 ' To goldy-lock'd *Euphorbus*, who was kill'd in good fashion,
 ' At the siege of old *Troy*, by the cuckold of *Sparta*.
 ' *Hermotimus* was next (I find it in my *charta*)
 ' To whom it did pass, where no sooner it was missing,
 ' But with one *Pyrrhus* of *Delos* it learn'd to go a fishing;
 ' And thence did it enter the sophist of *Greece*.
 ' From *Pythagore*, she went into a beautiful piece,
 ' Hight *Aspasia*, the *Meretrix*; and the next tofs of her
 ' Was again of a whore, she became a philosopher,
 ' *Crates* the *Cynic*, (as itself doth relate it)
 ' Since kings, knights, and beggars, knaves, lords and
 ' fools gat it,
 ' Besides ox and ass, camel, mule, goat, and brock,
 ' In all which it hath spoke, as is the cobbler's cock.
 ' But I come not here to discourse of that matter,
 ' Or his *one*, *two*, or *three*, or his great oath, *By quater*.
 ' His *musics*, his *trigon*, his golden thigh,
 ' Or his telling how elements shift; but I
 ' Would ask, how of late thou hast suffer'd translation,
 ' And shifted thy coat in these days of reformation?

Androgyno. Like one of the reformed, a fool, as you see,
' Counting all old doctrine *Hereſie*.

Nano. ' But not on thine own forbid meats haſt thou ventur'd ?

Androgyno. On fiſh, when firſt a *Carthuſian* enter'd.

Nano. ' Why, then thy dogmatical ſilence hath left thee ?

Androgyno. ' Of that an obſtreperous lawyer bereft me.

Nano. ' O wonderful change ! when Sir Lawyer forſook thee,
' For Pythagore's ſake, what body then took thee ?

And. ' A good dull Moyl. *Nano.* And how ! by that means

' Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of beans ?

And. ' Yes. *Nano.* ' But from the Moyl into whom didſt
' thou paſs ? [' an aſs ;

And. ' Into a very ſtrange beaſt, by ſome writers call'd
' By others a precise, pure, illuminate brother

' Of thoſe devour fleſh, and ſometimes one another ;

' And will drop you forth a libel, or a ſanctify'd lye ;

' Betwixt every ſpoonful of a nativity-pie.

Nano. ' Now quit thee, for heaven, of that profane nation,

' And gently report thy next tranſmigration.

And. ' To the ſame that I am. *Nano.* ' A creature of delight ?

' And (what is more than a fool) an *Hermaphrodite* ?

' Now prithee, ſweet ſoul, in all thy variation,

' Which body would'ſt thou chooſe, to keep up thy ſtation ?

Androgyno. ' Troth, this I am in : even here would I tarry.

Nano. ' Cauſe here the delight of each ſex thou canſt vary ?

Androgyno. ' Alas thoſe pleaſures be ſtale and forſaken ;

' No, 'tis your fool wherewith I am ſo taken,

' The only one creature that I can call bleſſed ;

' For all other forms I have prov'd moſt diſtreſſed.

Nano. ' Spoke true, as thou wert in Pythagoras ſtill.

' This learned opinion we celebrate will,

' Fellow eunuch (it behoves us) with all our wit and art,

' To dignify that whereof ourſelves are ſo great and ſpecial
' a part.'

Volpone. Now, very, very pretty : *Mofca*, this
Was thy invention ? *Mofca.* If it pleaſe my patron,
Not elſe. *Vol.* It doth, good *Mofca.* *Mof.* Then it was, Sir,

S O N G.

Fools, they are the only nation
 Worth men's envy or admiration;
 Free from care, or sorrow-taking,
 Selves and others merry making:
 All they speak or do is sterling,
 Your fool he is your great man's darling,
 And your ladies sport and pleasure:
 Tongue and bable are his treasure,
 E'en his face begetteth laughter,
 And he speaks truth free from slaughter.
 He's the grace of ev'ry feast;
 And sometimes the chiefest guest;
 Hath his trencher and his stool,
 When wit waits upon the fool.
 Oh, who would not be
 He, he, he?

One knocks without.

Volpone. Who's that? away, look, *Mosca.*

Mosca. Fool, be gone, 'tis Signior *Voltore* the advocate,
 I know him by his knock. *Volpone.* Fetch me my gown,
 My furs, and night-caps; my couch's changing:
 And let him entertain himself a while
 Without i' th' gallery. Now, now my clients
 Begin their visitation! vulture, kite,
 Raven, gorgon, all my birds of prey,
 That think me turning carcass, now they come:
 I am not for 'em yet. How now? the news?

Mosca. A piece of plate, Sir,

Volpone. Of what bigness? *Mosca.* Huge,
 Massie, and antique, with your name inscrib'd,
 And arms engraven. *Volpone.* Good! and not a fox
 Stretch'd on the earth, with fine delusive flights,
 Mocking a gaping crow? ha? *Mosca?* *Mosca.* Sharp, Sir.

Volpone. Give me my furs. Why dost thou laugh so, man?

Mosca. I cannot choose, Sir, when I apprehend
 What thoughts he has (without) now, as he walks:
 That this might be the last gift he should give;
 That this would fetch you; if you died to-day,

And gave him all, what he should be to-morrow;
 What large return would come of all his venters;
 How he should worshipp'd be, and reverenc'd;
 Ride with his furs, and foot-clothes; waited on
 By herds of fools, and clients; have clear way
 Made for his Moile, as letter'd as himself;
 He call'd the great and learned advocate:
 And then concludes, there's nought impossible.

Volpone. Yes, to be learned, *Mosca.* *Mosca.* O, no: rich
 implies it. Hood an ass with reverend purple,
 so you can hide his two ambitious ears,
 And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.

Volpone. My caps, my caps, good *Mosca*; fetch him in.

Mosca. Stay, Sir, your ointment for your eyes.

Volpone. That's true;

Dispatch, dispatch; I long to have possession
 Of my new present. *Mosca.* That, and thousands more,
 I hope to see you lord of. *Volpone.* Thanks, kind *Mosca.*

Mosca. And that, when I am lost in blended dust,
 And hundred such as I am, in succession—

Volpone. Nay, that were too much. *Mosca.*

Mosca. You shall live,

Still, to delude these harpies. *Volpone.* Loving *Mosca*,
 'Tis well, my pillow now, and let him enter.

Now, my fain'd cough, my phthisick, and my gout,
 My apoplexy, palsie, and catarrhs,
 Help with your forced functions, this my posture,
 Wherein, this three year, I have milk'd their hopes.
 He comes, I fear him (uh, uh, uh, uh) O.

S C E N E III.

MOSCA, VOLTORE, VOLPONE.

Sir. *Mosca.* YOU still are, what you were, Sir. Only you
 (Of all the rest) are he, commands his love:
 And you do wisely, to preserve it thus,
 With early visitation, and kind notes
 Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
 Cannot but come most grateful. Patron, Sir,

Here's Signior *Voltore* is come—*Volpone*. What say you?

Mosca. Sir, Signior *Voltore* is come this morning
To visit you. *Volp*. I thank him. *Mos*. And hath brought
A piece of antique plate, bought of St. *Mark*,
With which he here presents you. *Volpone*. He is welcome,
Pray him to come more often. *Mosca*. Yes.

Voltore. What says he?

Mosca. He thanks you, and desires you see him often.

Volpone. *Mosca*. *Mosca*. My patron!

Volpone. Bring him near, where is he?

I long to feel his hand. *Mosca*. The plate is here, Sir.

Voltore. How fare you, Sir?

Volpone. I thank you, Signior *Voltore*.

Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad. *Voltore*. I'm sorry,
To see you still thus weak. *Mosca*. That he is not weaker.

Volpone. You are too munificent.

Voltore. No, Sir, would to heaven,

I could as well give health to you, as that plate:

Volp. You give, Sir, what you can. I thank you. Your love
Hath taste in this, and shall not be un-answered,

I pray you see me often. *Voltore*. Yes, I shall, Sir.

Volpone. Be not far from me.

Mosca. Do you observe that, Sir?

Volpone. Hearken unto me still: it will concern you.

Mosca. You are a happy man, Sir, know your good.

Volpone. I cannot now last long——

(*Mosca*. You are his heir, Sir.

Voltore. Am I?) *Volpone*. I feel me going, (uh, uh, uh, uh.)
I am failing to my port, (uh, uh, uh, uh!)

And I am glad, I am so near my haven.

Mosca. Alas, kind gentlemen, well, we must all go.—

Voltore. But *Mosca*.——*Mosca*. Age will conquer.

Voltore. 'Pray thee, hear me.

Am I inscrib'd his heir for certain? *Mosca*. Are you?

I do beseech you, Sir, you will vouchsafe

To write me i' your family. All my hopes

Depend upon your worship. I am lost,

Except the rising sun do shine on me.

Voltore. It shall both shine, and warm thee, *Mosca*.

Mosca. Sir,

I am a man, that hath not done your love

All the worst offices: here I wear your keys,

T H E F O X.

15

See all your coffers, and your caskets lockt,
Keep the poor inventory of your jewels,
Your plate and monies; I'm your steward, Sir,
Husband your goods here. *Voltore*. But am I sole heir?

Mosca. Without a partner, Sir, confirm'd this morning;
The wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce dry
Upon the parchment. *Voltore*. Happy, happy, me!
By what good chance, sweet *Mosca*?

Mosca. Your desert, Sir;
I know no second cause. *Voltore*. Thy modesty
Is loth to know it; well, we shall requite it.

Mosca. He ever lik'd your course, Sir; that first took him;
I oft have heard him say, how he admir'd
Men of your large profession, that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law;
That, with most quick agility, could turn,
And re-turn; made knots, and undo them;
Give forked counsel: take provoking gold
On either hand, and put it up: these men,
He knew, would thrive, with their humility.
And (for his part) he thought, he should be blest
To have his heir of such a suffering spirit,
So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
And loud withal, that could not wag, nor scarce
Lie still, without a fee; when every word
Your worship but lets fall, is a *Chechine*! [*Another knocks.*
Who's that? one knocks, I would not have you seen, Sir,
And yet—pretend you came, and went in haste;
I'll fashion an excuse. And, gentle Sir,
When you do come to swim, in golden lard,
Up to the arms in honey, that your chin
Is born up stiff, with fatness of the flood,
Think on your vassal; but remember me:
I ha' not been your worst of clients. *Voltore*. *Mosca*.—

Mosca. When will you have your inventory brought, Sir?
Or see a copy of the will? (anon)
I'll bring them to you, Sir. Away, be gone.
Put business i' your face. *Volpone*. Excellent *Mosca*!
Come hither, let me kiss thee. *Mosca*. Keep you still, Sir.
Here is *Corbaccio*. *Volpone*. Set the plate away,
The vulture's gone, and the old raven's come.

V O L P O N E: O R

S C E N E IV.

MOSCA, CORBACCIO, VOLPONE.

Mosca. BETAKE you to your silence and your sleep:
Stand there and multiply. Now, shall we see
A wretch who is (indeed) more impotent,
Than this can fain to be; yet hopes to hop
Over his grave. Signior *Corbaccio*!
You're very welcome, Sir.

Corbaccio. How does your patron?

Mosca. Troth, as he did, Sir; no amends.

Corbaccio. What? mends he?

Mosca. No, Sir: he is rather worse.

Corbaccio. That's well. Where is he?

Mosca. Upon his couch, Sir, newly fall'n to sleep.

Corbaccio. Does he sleep well?

Mosca. No wink, Sir, all this night,
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.

Corbaccio. Good! he shall take
Some counsel of physicians: I have brought him
An opiate here, from mine own doctor——

Mosca. He will not hear of drugs.

Corbaccio. Why? I myself
Stood by, while 'twas made, saw all th' ingredients;
And know, it cannot but most gently work.
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.

Volpone. I, his last sleep, if he would take it. *Mosca.* Sir,
He has no faith in phyfic. *Corbaccio.* 'Say you, 'say you?

Mosca. He has no faith in phyfic: he does think
Most of your doctors are the greater danger,
And worse disease, t'escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your physician
Should never be his heir. *Corbaccio.* Not I his heir?

Mosca. Not your physician, Sir. *Corbaccio.* O, no, no, no,
I do not mean it. *Mosca.* No, Sir, nor their fees

He cannot brook: he says they flea a man,
Before they kill him. *Corbaccio*. Right, I do conceive you.

Mosca. And then, they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve 'em,
But gives them great reward: and he is loth
To hire his death, so. *Corbaccio*. It is true, they kill,
With as much licence, as a judge. *Mosca*. Nay, more;
For he but kills, Sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too. *Corbaccio*. I, or me;
Or any man. How does his apoplex?

Is that strong on him still? *Mosca*. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer, than 'twas wont —

Corbaccio. How? how?

Stronger, than he was wont? *Mosca*. No, Sir: his face
Drawn longer than 'twas wont. *Corbaccio*. O, good.

Mosca. His mouth

Is ever gaping, and his eye-lids hang. *Corbaccio*. Good.

Mosca. A freezing numbness stiffens all his joints,
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead.

Corbaccio. 'Tis good.

Mosca. His pulse beats slow, and dull.

Corbaccio. Good symptoms still.

Mosca. And from his brain —

(*Corbaccio*. I conceive you, good.)

Mosca. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual rhume,
Forth the resolved corners of his eyes.

Corbaccio. Is't possible? Yet I am better, ha!
How does he, with the swimming of his head?

Mosca. O, Sir, 'tis past the *Scotomy*; he now,
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort:

You hardly can perceive him, that he breathes.

Corbaccio. Excellent, excellent, sure I shall out-last him:
This makes me young again, a score of years.

Mosca. I was a coming for you, Sir.

Corbaccio. Has he made his will?

[ha?

What has he giv'n me? *Mosca*. No, Sir. *Corbaccio*. Nothing?

Mosca. He has not made his will, Sir. *Corbaccio*. Oh, oh,
What then did *Voltore*, the lawyer, here? [oh.

Mosca. He smelt a carcase, Sir, when he but heard

My master was about his testament;

As I did urge him to it, for your good —

Corbaccio. He came unto him, did he? I thought so.

Mosca. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.

Corbaccio. To be his heir?

Mosca. I do not know, Sir. *Corbaccio.* True, I know it too. *Mosca.* By your own scale, Sir.

Corbaccio. Well,

I shall prevent him, yet. See *Mosca*, look, Here, I have brought a bag of bright *Cecchines*, Will quite weigh down his plate.

Mosca. Yea, marry, Sir.

This is true physick, this your sacred medicine; No talk of opiates, to this great elixir.

Corbaccio. 'Tis *aurum pulpabile*, if not *potabile*.

It shall be minister'd to him. *Mosca.* In his bowl?

Corbaccio. I, do, do, do. *Mosca.* Most blessed cordial! This will recover him. *Corbaccio.* Yes, do, do, do.

Mosca. I think it were not best, Sir.

Corbaccio. What? *Mosca.* To recover him.

Corbaccio. O, no, no, no; by no means.

Mosca. Why, Sir, this

Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it.

Corbaccio. 'Tis true, therefor forbear. I'll take my venture: Give me't again. *Mosca.* At no hand; pardon me; You shall not do yourself that wrong, Sir. I Will so advise you, you shall have it all.

Corbaccio. How?

Mosca. All, Sir, 'tis your right, your own; no man Can claim a part: 'tis yours, without a rival, Decreed by destiny. *Corbaccio.* How! how, good *Mosca*?

Mosca. I'll tell you, Sir. This fit he shall recover;

Corbaccio. I conceive you.

Mosca. 'And, on first advantage

Of his gain'd sense, will I re-importune him Unto the making of his testament; And shew him this. *Corbaccio.* Good, good.

Mosca. 'Tis better yet.

If you will hear, Sir. *Corbaccio.* Yes, with all my heart.

Mosca. Now, would I counsel you, make home with speed; There frame a will; whereto you shall inscribe My master your sole heir. *Corbaccio.* And disinherit My son? *Mosca.* O, Sir, the better: for that colour Shall make it much more taking. *Corbaccio.* O, but colour?

Mosca. This will, Sir, you shall send it unto me.
 Now, when I come to enforce (as I will do)
 Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers,
 Your more than many gifts, your this day's present,
 And last, produce your will; where (without thought,
 Or least regard, unto your proper issue,
 A son so brave, and highly meriting)
 The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you
 Upon my master, and made him your heir;
 He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
 But out of conscience, and meer gratitude—

Corbaccio. He must pronounce me his?

Mosca. 'Tis true. *Corbaccio.* This plot
 Did I think on before. *Mosca.* I do believe it.

Corbaccio. Do you not believe it? *Mosca.* Yes, Sir.

Corbaccio. Mine own project.

Mosca. Which when he hath done, Sir——

Corbaccio. Published me his heir?

Mosca. And you so certain, to survive him——

Corbaccio. I.

Mosca. Being so lusty a man— *Corbaccio.* 'Tis true.

Mosca. Yes, Sir——

Corbaccio. I thought on that too. See, how he should be
 The very organ to express my thoughts!

Mosca. You have not only done yourself a good——

Corbaccio. But multiply'd it on my son. *Mosca.* 'Tis right, Sir.

Corbaccio. Still my invention. *Mosca.* 'Las, Sir, heaven knows,
 It hath been all my study, all my care,
 (I e'en grow grey withal) how to work things——

Corbaccio. I do conceive, sweet *Mosca.* *Mosca.* You are he,
 For whom I labour, here. *Corbaccio.* I, do, do, do:

I'll streight about it. *Mosca.* Rook go with you, raven.

Corbaccio. I know thee honest.

Mosca. You do lie, Sir—— *Corbaccio.* And——

Mosca. Your knowledge is no better than your ears, Sir.

Corbaccio. I do not doubt, to be a father to thee.

Mosca. Nor I to gull my brother of his blessing.

Corbaccio. I may ha' my youth restor'd to me, why not?

Mosca. Your worship is a precious ass——

Corbaccio. What say'st thou?

Mosca. I do desire your worship to make haste, Sir.

Corbaccio. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I go. *Volpone.* O, I shall burst:

Let out my sides, let out my sides——*Mosca*. Contain
Your flux of laughter, Sir: you know, this hope
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.

Volpone. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
I cannot hold; good rascal, let me kiss thee:
I never knew thee in so rare a humour.

Mosca. Alas, Sir, I but do as I am taught;
Follow your grave instructions; give 'em words;
Pour oil into their ears: and send them hence.

Volpone. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself? *Mosca*. I, with our help, Sir.

Volpone. So many cares, so many maladies,
So many fears attending an old age,
Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish
Can be more frequent with 'em, their limbs faint,
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,
All dead before them; yea, their very teeth,
Their instruments of eating, failing them:
Yet this is reckon'd life! nay, here was one,
Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer!
Feels not his gout, nor palsy, fains himself
Younger, by scores of years, flatters his age,
With confident belying it, hopes he may
With charms like *Æson*, have his youth restor'd:
And with these thoughts so battens, as if fate
Would be as easily cheated on, as he,
And all turns air! Who's that there now? a third?

[*Another knocks.*]

Mosca. Close, to your couch again: I hear his voice.
It is *Corvino*, our spruce merchant. *Volpone*. Dead.

Mosca. Another bout, Sir, with your eyes. Who's there!

S C E N E V.

MOSCA, CORVINO, VOLPONE.

Mosca. SIGNIOR *Corvino*! Come most wish'd for! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it, now!

Corvino. Why? What? Wherein?

Mosca. The tardy hour is come, Sir.

T H E F O X.

22

Corvino. He is not dead? *Mosca.* Not dead, Sir, but as good;
He knows no man. *Corvino.* How shall I do then?

Mosca. Why, Sir?

Corvino. I have brought him here a pearl.

Mosca. Perhaps he has
So much remembrance left, as to know you, Sir;
He still calls on you; nothing but your name
Is in his mouth: is your pearl orient, Sir?

Corvino. Venice was never owner of the like.

Volpone. Signior *Corvino.* *Mosca.* Hark.

Volpone. Signior *Corvino.*

Mosca. He calls you, step and give it him. He's here, Sir,
And he has brought you a rich pearl.

Corvino. How do you, Sir?

Tell him, it doubles the twelfth *Caract.* *Mosca.* Sir,
He cannot understand, his hearing's gone;
And yet it comforts him to see you—*Corvino.* Say,
I have a diamond for him, too. *Mosca.* Best shew't, Sir,
Put it into his hand; 'tis only there
He apprehends, he has his feeling, yet.

See how he grasps it? *Corvino.* 'Las, good gentleman!
How pitiful the sight is! *Mosca.* Tut, forget, Sir,
The weeping of an heir should still be laughter,
Under a visor. *Corvino.* Why? Am I his heir?

Mosca. Sir, I am sworn, I may not show the will,
'Till he be dead: but, here has been *Corbaccia*,
Here has been *Voltore*, here were others too,
I cannot number 'em, they were so many;
All gaping here for legacies; but I
Taking the vantage of his naming you,
(Signior *Corvino*, Signior *Corvino*) took
Paper, and pen, and ink, and there I ask'd him,
Whom he would have his heir? *Corvino.* Who
Should be executor? *Corvino.* And
To any question he was silent to,
I still interpreted the nods he made
(Through weakness) for consent: and sent home th' others,
Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry, and curse.

Corvino. O, my dear *Mosca.* Does he not perceive us?

[*They embrace.*]

Mosca. No more than a blind harper. He knows no man,
No face of friend, nor name of any servant,

Who't was that fed him last, or gave him drink:
Not those, he hath begotten, or brought up,
Can he remember. *Corvino*. Has he children?

Mosca. Bastards,

Some dozen, or more, that he begot on beggars,
Gypsies, and Jews, and Black-a-moors, when he was drunk.
Knew you not that, Sir? 'Tis the common fable.
The dwarf, the fool, the eunuch are all his;
He's the true father of his family,
In all, save me: but he has giv'n 'em nothing.

Corvino. That's well, that's well. Art sure he does not
hear us?

Mosca. Sure, Sir? Why, look you, credit your own sense.
The pox approach, and add to your diseases,
If it would send you hence the sooner, Sir,
For your incontinence, it hath deserv'd it
Thoroughly, and thoroughly, and the plague to boot.
(You may come near, Sir) would you would once close
Those filthy eyes of yours; that flow with slime,
Like two frog pits; and those same hanging cheeks,
Cover'd with hide, instead of skin: nay, help, Sir,
That look like frozen dish-clouts set on end.

Corvino. Or, like an old smok'd wall, on which the rain
Ran down in streaks. *Mosca*. Excellent, Sir, speak out;
You may be louder yet: a culverin,
Discharged in his ear, would hardly bore it.

Corvino. His nose is like a common sewer, still running.

Mosca. 'Tis good! And, what his mouth?

Corvino. A very draught.

Mosca. O, stop it up.—*Corvino*. By no means.

Mosca. 'Pray you let me.

Faith I could stifle him rarely, with a pillow;
As well as any woman that should keep him.

Corvino. Do as you will, but I'll be gone. *Mosca*. Be so;
It is your presence makes him last so long.

Corvino. I pray you use no violence. *Mosca*. No, Sir? why?
Why should you be thus scrupulous? 'Pray you, Sir.

Corvino. Nay, at your discretion. *Mosca*. Well, good
Sir, be gone.

Corvino. I will not trouble him now, to take my pearl.

Mosca. Puh, nor your diamond. What a needless care
Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?

Am not I here? whom you have made your creature?
That owe my being to you? *Corvino*. Grateful *Mosca*!
Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,
My partner, and shalt share in all my fortunes.

Mosca. Excepting one. *Corvino*. What's that?

Mosca. Your gallant wife, Sir.

Now he is gone: we had no other means,
To shoot him hence, but this. *Volpone*. My divine *Mosca*!
Thou hast to-day out-gone thyself. Who's there?

[*Another knocks*.

will be troubled with no more. Prepare
Me music, dances, banquets, all delights;
The Turk is not more sensual in his pleasures,
Than will *Volpone*. Let me see, a pearl?
A diamond! plate! *Cecchines*? good morning's purchase;
Why, this is better than rob-churches, yet:
Or fat, by eating (once a month) a man.
Who is't. *Mosca*. The beauteous lady *Would-be*, Sir,
Wife to the English knight, Sir *Politic Would-be*,
(This is the stile, Sir, is directed me)
Hath sent to know, how you hath slept to-night,
And if you would be visited. *Volpone*. Not, now.
Some three hours hence. —

Mosca. I told the 'squire so much.

Volpone. When I am high with mirth, and wine: then, then;
Fore heaven, I wonder at the desperate valour
Of the bold English, that they dare let loose
Their wives to all encounters! *Mosca*. Sir, this knight
Had not his name for nothing, he is politic,
And knows, howe'er his wife affect strange airs,
She hath not yet the face to be dishonest:
But had she Signior *Corvino*'s wife's face —

Volpone. Has she so rare a face? *Mosca*. O, Sir, the wonder,
The blazing star of Italy! a wench
O' the first year! a beauty ripe as harvest!
Whose skin is whiter than a swan all over!
Than silver, snow, or lilies! A soft lip,
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing!
And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood!
Bright as your gold, and lovely as your gold!

Volpone. Why had not I known this before?

Mosca. Alas, Sir, — Myself but yesterday discover'd it.

Volpone. How might I see her? *Mosca.* O, not possible; She's kept as warily as is your gold, Never does come abroad, never takes air, But at a window. All her looks are sweet, As the first grapes or cherries, and are watch'd As near as they are. *Volpone.* I must see her—

Mosca. Sir,

There is a guard of ten spies thick upon her; All his whole household; each of which is set Upon his fellow, and have all their charge! When he goes out, when he comes in, examin'd.

Volpone. I will go see her, though but at her window.

Mosca. In some disguise then. *Volpone.* That is true: I must Maintain mine own shape still the same: we'll think.

ACT II. SCENE I.

POLITIC WOULD BE, PEREGRINE.

Politic. SIR, to a wise man all the world's his soil:

It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe, That must bound me, if my fates call me forth. Yet, I protest, it is no salt desire

Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,

Nor any disaffection to the state

Where I was bred (and unto which I owe

My dearest plots) hath brought me out; much less

That idle, antic, stale, grey-headed project

Of knowing men's minds and manners, with Ulysses:

But a peculiar humour of my wife's,

Laid for this height of Venice, to observe,

To quote, to learn the language, and so forth——

I hope you travel, Sir, with licence—How long, Sir,

Since you left England? *Peregrine.* Seven weeks. *Politic.* So

You ha' not been with my lord ambassador? [lately!

Peregrine. Not yet, Sir.

Politic. Pray you, what news, Sir, vents your climate? I heard last night a most strange thing reported

By some of my lord's followers, and I long
To hear how 'twill be seconded. *Peregrine*. What was't, Sir?

Politic. Marry, Sir, of a raven that should build
In a ship-royal of the king's. *Peregrine*. This fellow
Does he gull me, trow? or is gull'd? your name, Sir?

Politic. My name is *Politic Would-be*.

Peregrine. O, that speaks him. A knight, Sir?

Politic. A poor knight, Sir. *Peregrine*. Your lady
Lies here in Venice, for intelligence
Of tires, and fashions, and behaviour,
Among the courtezans? The *Fine Lady Would-be*.

Politic. Yes, Sir, the spider and the bee oft-times
Suck from one flower. *Peregrine*. Good Sir *Politic*,
I cry you mercy: I have heard much of you:

'Tis true, Sir, of your raven. *Politic*. On your knowlege?

Peregrine. Yes, and your lions whelping in the tower.

Politic. Another whelp!

Peregrine. Another, Sir. *Politic*. Now, heaven!
What prodigies be these? The fires at Berwick!
And the new star! these things concurring, strange!
And full of omen! Saw you these meteors?

Peregrine. I did, Sir.

Politic. Fearful! pray you, Sir, confirm me,
Were there three porpoises seen above the bridge,
As they give out? *Peregrine*. Nay, Sir, be not so;
I'll tell you a greater prodigy than these——

Politic. What should these things portend!

Peregrine. The very day,
(Let me be sure) that I put forth from London,
There was a whale discover'd in the river,
As high as Woolwich, that had waited there
(Few know how many months) for the subversion
Of the *Stode-fleet*. *Politic*. Is't possible? Believe it,
'Twas either sent from Spain, or the Archduke's!
Spinola's whale, upon my life, upon my credit!
Will they not leave these projects? Worthy Sir,
Some other news. *Peregrine*. Faith, *Stone* the fool is dead,
And they do lack a tavern fool extremely.

Politic. Is *Mass's* *Stone* dead?

Peregrine. He's dead, Sir; why? I hope
You thought him not immortal? O, this knight
(Were he well known) would be a precious thing

To fit our English stage: he that would write
But such a fellow, should be thought to feign
Extremely, if not maliciously. *Politic.* Stone dead!

Peregrine. Dead. Lord! how deeply, Sir, you apprehend it?
He was no kinsman to you? *Politic.* That I know of.
Well! that same fellow was an unknown fool.

Peregrine. And yet you knew him, it seems? *Politic.* I did so,
I knew him one of the most dangerous heads [Sir.
Living within the state, and so I held him.

Peregrine. Indeed, Sir? *Politic.* While he liv'd, in action,
He has receiv'd weekly intelligence,
Upon my knowlege, out of the *Low Countries*,
(For all parts of the world) in cabbages;
And those dispens'd again to ambassadors,
In oranges, musk-melons, apricots,
Lemons, Pomecitrons, and such like; sometimes
In Colchester oysters, and your Selfey cockles.

Peregrine. You make me wonder!

Politic. Sir, upon my knowlege.

Nay, I have observ'd him, at your public ordinary,
Take his advertisement from a traveller
(A conceal'd statesman) in a trencher of meat;
And instantly, before the meal was done,
Convey an answer in a tooth-pick. *Peregrine.* Strange!
How could this be, Sir? *Politic.* Why, the meat was cut
So like his character, and so laid, as he
Must easily read the cypher. *Peregrine.* I have heard,
He could not read, Sir. *Politic.* So 'twas giv'n out
(In polity) by those that did employ him:
But he could read, and had your languages,

And to't, as sound a noddle—*Peregrine.* I have heard, Sir,
That your *Babiouns* were spies, and that they were
A kind of subtle nation, near China.

Politic. I, I, your *Mamuluchi*. Faith, they had
Their hand in a French plot or two; but they
Were so extremely given to women, as
They made discovery of all: yet I
Had my advices here (on *Wednesday* last)
From one of their own coat, they were return'd,
Made their relations (as the fashion is)
And now stand fair for fresh employment. *Peregrine.* Heart!
This Sir *Politic* will be ignorant of nothing.

It seems, Sir, you know all? *Politic.* Not at all, Sir: but I have some general notions: I do love To note, and to observe; though I live out Free from the active torrent, yet I'd mark The currents and the passages of things For mine own private use; and know the ebbs And flows of state. *Peregrine.* Believe it, Sir, I hold Myself in no small tie upon my fortunes, For casting me thus luckily upon you, Whose knowledge (if your bounty equal it) May do me great assistance, in instruction For my behaviour, and my bearing, which Is yet so rude and raw—*Politic.* Why, came you forth Empty of rules, for travail? *Peregrine.* Faith, I had Some common ones, from out the vulgar *grammar*, Which he, that cried Italian to me, taught me.

Politic. Why, this it is, that spoils all our brave bloods, Trusting our hopeful gentry unto pedants, Fellows of out-side, and mere bark. You seem To be a gentleman, of ingenious race—— I not profess it, but my fate hath been To be where I have been consulted with, In this high kind, touching some great mens sons, Persons of blood and honour——*Peregrine.* Who be these, Sir?

S C E N E II.

MOSCA, POLITIC, PEREGRINE, VOLPONE,
NANO, GREGE.

UNDER that window, there't must be. The same.

Politic. Fellows, to mount a bank! did your instructor In the dear tongues, never discourse to you [Why, Of the Italian mountebanks? *Peregrine.* Yes, Sir. *Politic.* Here shall you see one. *Peregrine.* They are quack-salvers, Fellows, that live by venting oils and drugs.

Politic. Was that the character he gave you of them?

Peregrine. As I remember. *Politic.* Pity his ignorance. They are the only knowing men of Europe!

Great general scholars, excellent physicians,
Most admir'd statesmen, profest favourites,
And cabinet counsellors to the greatest princes!
The only languag'd men of all the world!

Peregrine. And, I have heard, they are most lewd impostors;
Made all of terms and shreds; no less belyers
Of great mens favours, than their own vile med'cines;
Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths:
Selling that drug, for two-pence, ere they part,
Which they have valu'd at twelve crowns before.

Politic. Sir, calumnies are answer'd best with silence:
Yourself shall judge. Who is it mounts, my friends?

Mosca. *Scoto of Mantua.* Sir. *Politic.* Is't he? nay, then
I'll proudly promise, Sir, you shall behold
Another man than has been phant'sied to you.
I wonder, yet, that he should mount his bank,
Here in this nook, that has been wont t'appear
In face of the Piazza! here, he comes.

Volpone. Mount, Zany. *Grege.* Follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow.

Politic. See how the people follow him! he's a man
May write 10,000 crowns in bank here. Note,
Mark but his gesture: I do use to observe [Sir.
The state he keeps, in getting up! *Peregrine.* 'Tis worth it,

Volpone. "Most noble Gent. and my worthy patrons, it
may seem strange, that I, your *Scoto Mantuano*, who was
ever wont to fix my bank in face of the public Piazza, near
the shelter of the *Portico*, to the *Procuratia*, should now (af-
ter eight months absence, from this illustrious city of Ve-
nice) humbly retire my self, into an obscure nook of the
Piazza." [Sir.

Politic. Did not I, now, object the same! *Peregrine.* Peace,

Volpone. "Let me tell you: I am not (as your *Lombard*
proverb faith) cold on my feet; or content to part with my
commodities at a cheaper rate, than I accustomed: look not
for it. Nor that the calumnious reports of that impudent
detractor, and shame to our profession, (*Alessandro Buttone*,
I mean) who gave out in public, I was condemn'd a '*Sfor-*
zato to the galleys, for poisoning the cardinal Bembo's—
cook, hath at all attached, much less dejected me. No, no,
worthy Gent. (to tell you true) I cannot endure to see the
rabble of these ground *Giarlitani*, that spread their cloaks on

the pavement, as if they meant to do feats of activity, and then come in lamely, with their mouldy tales out of *Boccaccio*, like stale *Tabarine*, the fabulist: some of them discoursing their travels, and of their tedious captivity in the Turks galleys, when indeed (were the truth known) they were the Christians galleys, where very temperately they eat bread, and drunk water, as a wholesome penance (enjoined them by their confessors,) for base pilgeries."

Politic. Note but his bearing, and contempt of these.

Volpone. "These-turdy-facy-nasty-paty-losic-farticalrogues, with one poor groatsworth of unprepar'd *Antimony*, finely wrapt up in several *Scartoccios*, are able, very well, to kill their twenty a week, and play; yet, these meager starv'd spirits, who have half stopt the organs of their minds with earthly oppilations, want not their favourers among your thrivel'd, fallad-eating artizans; who are overjoy'd, that they may have their half-pe'rth of phyfic, tho' it purge 'em into another world, it makes no matter."

Politic. Excellent! ha'you heard better language, Sir?

Volpone. "Well, let 'em go. And gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, know, that for this time, our bank, being thus remov'd from the clamours of the *Canaglia*, shall be the scene of pleasure and delight: for, I have nothing to sell, little or nothing to sell."

[Sir.

Politic. I told you, Sir, his end. *Peregrine.* You did so,

Volpone. "I protest, I and my six servants are not able to make of this precious liquor, so fast, as it is fetch'd away from my lodging by gentlemen of your city; strangers of the *Terraferma*; worshipful merchants; I, and senators too; who, ever since my arrival, have detained me to their uses, by their splendidous liberalities. And worthily. For, what avails your rich man to have his magazines stuf't with Moscadelly, or of the purest grape, when his physicians prescribe him (on pain of death) to drink nothing but water, cocted with aniseeds? O, health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying this world without thee? Be not then so sparing of your purses, honourable gentlemen, as to abridge the natural course of life——"

Peregrine. You see his end? *Politic.* I, is't not good?

Volpone. "For, when a humid flux, or catarrh, by the mutability of air, falls from your head into an arm or

shoulder, or any other part; take you a ducakat, or cecchine of gold, and apply to the place affected; see what good effect it can work. No, no, 'tis this blessed *Unguento*, this rare extraction, that hath only power to disperse all malignant humours, that proceed, either of hot, cold, moist, or windy causes——"

Peregrine. I would he had put in dry too. *Politic*. 'Pray you, observe. *Volpone*. "To fortify the most indigest and crude stomach, I, were it of one that (through extream weakness) vomited blood, applying only a warm napkin to the place, after the unction and fricace; for the *Vertigine*, in the head, putting but a drop into your nostrils, likewise behind the ears; a most sovereign and approved remedy; the *Mal-caduco*, cramps, convulsions, paralyties, epilepsies, *Tremor-cordia*, retired nerves, ill vapours of the spleen, stopping of the liver, the stone, the strangury, *Hemia ven-tosa*, *iliacca passio*; stops a *disenteria* immediately; easeth the torsion of the small guts; and cures *Melancholia Hypochondri-aca*, being taken and applyed, according to my printed receipt. For, this is the physician, this is the medicine; this counsels, this cures; this gives the direction, this works the effect: and (in sum) both together may be term'd an abstract of the theoric and practice in the *Æsculapian* art. 'Twill cost you eight crowns. And, *Zan Fritada*, pr'ythee sing a verse in honour of it."

Politic. How do you like him, Sir! *Peregrine*. Most strangely, I!

Politic. Is not his language rare? *Peregrine*. But *Alchemy*, I never heard the like; or *Broughton's* books.

S O N G.

Had old Hippocrates or Galen,
(That to their books put medicines all in)
But known this secret, they had never
(Of which they will be guilty ever)
Been murderers of so much paper,
Or wasted many a hurtless taper;
No Indian drug had e'er been famed,
Tobacco, Sassafras not named;

*Ne yet, of Guacum one small stick, Sir,
Nor Raymund Lullie's great elixir.
Ne had been known, the Danish Gonswart,
Or Paracelsus, with his long sword.*

Peregrine. All this, yet, will not do; eight crowns is high.

Volpone. "No more, gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my oyl, furnam'd *Oglio del Scoto*; with the countless catalogue of those I have cur'd of th' aforesaid, and many more diseases; the patents and privileges of all the princes and commonwealths of Christendom; or but the dispositions of those that appear'd on my part, before the *Signiory* of the *Sanita*, and most learned college of physicians; where I was authorized, upon notice taken of the admirable virtues of my medicaments, and mine own excellency, in matter of rare and unknown secrets, not only to disperse them publicly in this famous city, but in all the territories, that happily joy under the government of the most pious and magnificent states of Italy. But may some other gallant fellow say, O, there be divers that make profession to have as good, and as experimented receipts as yours: indeed, very many have assay'd, like apes in imitation of that, which is really and essentially in me, to make of this oyl; bestow'd great cost, in furnaces, stills, alembicks, continual fires, and preparation of the ingredients, (as indeed there goes to it six hundred several simples, besides some quantity of human fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the anatomists;) but, when these practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in *Fumo*: ha, ha, ha, poor wretches! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion, than their loss of time and money; for those may be recovered by industry: but to be a fool born, is a disease incurable. For myself, I always from my youth have endeavour'd to get the rarest secrets, and book them, either in exchange or for money: I spared not cost nor labour, where any thing was worthy to be learned. And gentlemen, honoured gentlemen, I undertake (by virtue of chymical art) out of the honourable hat that covers your head, to extract the four elements; that is to say, the fire, air, water, and earth, and return you your self without burn or stain. For, whilst others have been at the *Balloo*, I have been at my book: and am now at the

craggy paths of study, and come to the flowery plains of honour and reputation."

Politic. I do assure you, Sir, that is his aim.

Volpone. "But, to our price." *Peregrine.* And that withal Sir *Politic.*

Volpone. "You all know (honourable gentlemen) I never valu'd this *Ampulla*, or *Villa*, at less than eight crowns; but for this time, I am content to be depriv'd of it for six; five crowns is the price; and less in courtesie I know you cannot offer me: take it or leave it, howsoever, both it and I am at your service. I ask you not as the value of the thing for then I should demand of you a thousand crowns, so the cardinals *Montalto*, *Fernese*, the great duke of Tuscany, my gossip, with divers others princes have given me; but I despise mony: only to show my affection to you, honourable gentlemen, and your illustrious state here, I have neglected the messages of these princes, mine own offices, framed my journey hither, only to present you with the fruits of my travels: tune your voices once more to the touch of your instruments, and give the honourable assembly some delightful recreation."

Peregrine. What monstrous and most painful circumstance Is here, to get some three or four *Gazets*?
Some three-pence i' th whole, for that 'twill come to.

S O N G.

*You that would last long, list to my song,
Make no more coyl, but buy of this oyl,
Would you be ever fair and young?
Stout of teeth; and strong of tongue?
Tart of palat? quick of ear?
Sharp of sight? of nostril clear?
Moist of hand? and light of foot?
(Or I will come nearer to't)
Would you live free from all diseases?
Do the act your mistress pleases;
Yea fright all aches from your bones?
Here's a medicine for the nones.*

Volpone. "Well, I am in a humour (at this time) to make a present of the small quantity my coffer contains: to the

rich in courtesie, and to the poor, for God's sake. Where-
 for now mark; I ask'd you six crowns; and six crowns, at
 other times, you have paid me; you shall not give me six
 crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one;
 nor half a duckat; no nor a *Muccinigo*: fix—pence it will
 cost you, or six hundred pound—expect no lower price, for
 by the banner of my front, I will not bate a *Bagatine*, that
 I will have only a pledge of your loves, to carry something
 from amongst you, to shew, I am not contemn'd by you.
 Therefor, now tofs your handkerchiefs, chearfully, chear-
 fully; and be advertised, that the first heroic spirit, that
 deigns to grace me, with a handkerchief, I will give it a lit-
 tle remembrance of something, beside, shall please it better,
 than if I had presented it with a double pistolet."

Peregrine. Will you be that heroic spark, Sir Politic?

O, see! the window has prevented you.

[*Celia at the window throws down her handkerchief.*]

Volpone. "Lady, I kiss your bounty; and for this timely
 grace you have done your poor *Scoto* of *Mantua*, I will re-
 turn you, over and above my oyl, a secret of that high and
 inestimable nature, shall make you for ever enamour'd on
 that minute, wherein your eye first descended on somean (yet
 not altogether to be despis'd) an object. Here is a poulder
 conceal'd in this paper, of which, if I should speak to the
 worth, nine thousand volumes were as one page, that page
 as a line, that line as a word; so short is this pilgrimage of
 man (which some call life) to the expressing of it. Would
 I reflect on the price? why, the whole world is but as an
 empire, that empire as a province, that province as a bank,
 that bank as a private purse to the purchase of it. It will only
 tell you; it is that poulder the made Venus a goddess (given
 her by Apollo) that kept her perpetually young, clear'd her
 wrinkles, firm'd her gums, fill'd her skin, colour'd her hair;
 from her deriv'd to Helen, and at the sack of Troy (un-
 fortunately) lost: till now, in this our age, it was happily
 recovered, by a studious antiquary out of some ruins of Asia,
 who sent a moiety of it to the court of France (but much
 sophisticated) wherewith the ladies there, now, colour their
 hair. The rest (at this present) remains with me, extract-
 ed to a quintessence: so that, where-ever it but touches, in
 youth it perpetually preserves, in age restores the complex-
 ion; seats your teeth, did they dance like virginal jacks,

firm as a wall; makes them white as ivory, that were black
as——”

S C E N E III.

CORVINO, POLITIC, PEREGRINE.

Corvino. SPIGHT o' the devil, and my shame! come
down here;

Come down: no house but mine to make your *scene*?

Signior *Flaminio*, will you down, Sir? down?

What! is my wife your *Franciscina*, Sir?

No windows on the whole *Piazza*, here

To make your properties, but mine; but mine?

Heart? ere to-morrow I shall be new christen'd,

And call'd the *Pantalone Di Besogniosi*, [Politick

About the town. *Peregrine*. What should this mean, Sir?

Politic. Some trick of state, believe it, I will home.

Peregrine. It may be some design on you. *Politic*. I know
not.

I'll stand upon my guard. *Peregrine*. 'Tis your best, Sir.

Politic. This three weeks, all my advices, all my letters

They have been intercepted. *Peregrine*. Indeed, Sir?

Best have a care. *Politic*. Nay, so I will. *Peregrine*. This

I may not lose him, for my mirth, till night. [knights

S C E N E IV.

VOLPONE, MOSCA.

Volpone. O! I am wounded. *Mosca*. Where, Sir? *Volpone*
Not without;

Those blows were nothing: I could bear them ever;

But angry Cupid, bolting from her eyes,

Hath shot himself into me like a flame;

Where, now, he flings about his burning heat,

As in a furnace, some ambitious fire,

T H E F O X.

W

Whose vent is stopt. The fight is all within me.

I cannot live, except thou help me, Mosca;

My liver melts, and I, without the hope

Of some soft air, from her refreshing breath,

Am but a heap of cinders. *Mosca.* 'Las, good Sir,

Would you had never seen her. *Volpone.* Nay, would thou

Hadst never told me of her. *Mosca.* Sir, 'tis true;

I do confess I was unfortunate,

And you unhappy: but I'm bound in conscience,

No less than duty, to affect my best

To your release of torment, and I will, Sir.

Volpone. Dear Mosca, shall I hope? *Mosca.* Sir, more than dear,

I will not bid you to despair of ought,

Within a human compass. *Volpone.* O, there spoke

My better angel. *Mosca.* take my keys,

Gold, plate, and jewels, all's at thy devotion:

Employ them how thou wilt; nay, coin me too:

So thou, in this, but crown my longings, Mosca?

Mosca. Use but your patience. *Volpone.* So I have. *Mosca.*

I doubt not

To bring success to your desires. *Volpone.* Nay, then,

not repent me of my late disguise.

Mosca. If you can horn him, Sir, you need not. *Volpone.*

True:

Besides, I never meant him for my heir.

Is not the colour o' my beard and eye-brows

To make me known? *Mosca.* No jot. *Volpone.* I did it well.

Mosca. So well, would I could follow you in mine,

With half the happiness; and yet I would

Escape your epilogue. *Volpone.* But were they gull'd

With a belief that I was *Scoto*? *Mosca.* Sir,

Scoto himself could hardly have distinguish'd!

I have not time to flatter you, now, we'll part:

And as I prosper, so applaud my art.

V O L P O N E: O R

S C E N E V.

CORVINO, CELIA, SERVITORE.

Corvino. DEATH of mine honour, with the city's fool?
A juggling, tooth-drawing, prating mountebank?
And at a public window? where, whilst he,
With his strain'd action, and his dole of faces,
To his drug-lecture draws your itching ears,
A crew of old, un-married, noted lechers,
Stood leering up like *Satyrs*: and you smile
Most graciously, and fan your favours forth,
To give your hot spectators satisfaction!
What, was your mountebank their call? their whistle?
Or were you enamour'd on his copper rings?
His saffron jewel, with the toad-stone in't?
Or his imbroidered sute, with the cope-stitch,
Made of a herse-cloth? or his old tilt-feather?
Or his starch'd beard? well! you shall have him, yes:
He shall come home, and minister unto you
The fricace for the moother. Or, let me see,
I think you had rather mount! would you not mount?
Why, if you'll mount, you may; yes truly you may:
And so, you may be seen, down to th' foot.
Get you a cittern, lady *Vanity*,
And be a dealer with the virtuous man;
Make on: I'll but protest myself a cuckold,
And save your dowry. I am a Dutchman, I!
For, if you thought me an Italian,
You would be damn'd, ere you did this, you whore:
Thou'dst tremble, to imagine, that the murder
Of father, mother, brother, all thy race,
Should follow, as the subject of my justice!

Celia. Good Sir, have patience! *Corvino.* What couldst
thou propose
Less to thyself, than in this heat of wrath,
And stung with my dishonour, I should strike

This steel into thee, with as many stabs,
As thou wert gaz'd upon with goatish eyes?

Celia. Alas, Sir, be appeas'd! I could not think
My being at the window should more now,
Move your impatience, than at other times.

Corvino. No? not to seek and entertain a parley,
With a known knave? before a multitude?
You were an actor with your handkerchief!
Which, he, most sweetly, kist in the receipt,
And might (no doubt) return it with a letter,
And point the place, where you might meet: your sisters,
Your mothers, or your aunts might serve the turn.

Celia. Why, dear Sir, when do I make these excuses!
Or ever stir abroad, but to the church?

And that so seldom—*Corvino.* Well, it shall be less;
And thy restraint before was liberty,

To what I now decree: and therefor mark me.
First, I will have this bawdy light dam'd up;
And till't be done, some two or three yards off,
I'll chalk a line, o'er which, if thou but chance
To set thy desp'rate foot; more hell, more horror,
More wild remorseless rage shall seize on thee,
Than on a conjuror, that had heedless left
His circle's safety ere his devil was laid.

Then here's a lock, which I will bang upon thee;
And, now I think on't, I will keep thee backwards;
Thy lodging shall be backwards; thy walks backwards:
Thy prospect all be backwards; and no pleasure,
That thou shalt know but backwards; nay, since you force
My honest nature, know, it is your own
Being too open, makes me use you thus.

Since you will not contain your subtil nostrils
In a sweet room, but they must snuff the air
Of rank and sweaty passengers—one knocks. [*Knock within.*]
Away, and be not seen, pain of thy life;

Nor look toward the window: if thou dost—
(Nay stay, hear this) let me not prosper, whore,
But I will make thee an anatomy,
Dissect thee mine own self, and read a lecture
Upon thee to the city, and in public.

Away. Who's there? *Servitore.* 'Tis Signior Mosca, Sir.

SCENE VI.

CORVINO, MOSCA.

Corvino. LET him come in, his master's dead: there's yet
Some good to help the bad. *My Mosca, welcome,*
I guess your news. *Mosca.* I fear you cannot, Sir.

Corvino. Is't not his death? *Mosca.* Rather the contrary.

Corvino. Not his recovery? *Mosca.* Yes, Sir. *Corvino.* I
am curs'd,

I am bewitch'd, my crosses meet to vex me.

How? how? how? how? *Mosca.* Why, Sir, with *Scoto's oyl*
Corbaccio and *Voltore* brought of it,

Whilst I was busy in an inner room——

Corvino. Death! that damn'd mountebank! but, for the law

Now, I could kill the rascal: 't cannot be,

His oyl should have that virtue. Ha' not I

Known him a common rogue, come fiddling in

To the *Ostleria*, with a tumbling whore,

And, when he has done all his forc'd tricks, been glad

Of a poor spoonful of dead wine, with flies in't?

It cannot be. All his ingredients

Are a sheep's gall, a roasted bitch's marrow,

Some few sod earwigs, pounded caterpillars,

A little eapon's grease, and fasting spittle:

I know 'em to a dram. *Mosca.* I know not, Sir,

But some on't, there, they pour'd into his ears,

Some in his nostrils, and recover'd him;

Applying but the fricace. *Corvino.* Pox o' that fricace.

Mosca. And since, to seem the more officious

And flatt'ring of his health, there, they have had

(At extream fees) the college of physicians

Consulting on him, how they might restore him;

Where one would have cataplasm of spices,

Another a flayd ape clap'd to his breast,

A third would ha' it a dog, a fourth an owl

With wild cats skins: at last, they all resolv'd

That, to preserve him, was no other means,

But some young woman must straight be sought out,

Lusty, and full of juice, to sleep by him.
 And to this service (most unhappily,
 And most unwillingly) am I now employ'd,
 Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
 For your advice, since it concerns you most,
 Because, I would not do that thing might cross
 Your ends, on whom I have my whole dependence, Sir;
 Yet, if I do it not, they may delate
 My slackness to my patron, work me out
 Of his opinion: and there all your hopes,
 Ventures, or whatsoever, are all frustrate.
 I do but tell you, Sir. Besides they are all
 Now striving, who shall first present him. Therefor—
 I could intreat you; briefly to conclude somewhat:
 Prevent 'em if you can. *Corvino*. Death to my hopes!
 This is my villanous fortune! best to hire
 Some common courtesan. *Mosca*. I, I thought on that, Sir:
 But they are all so subtil, full of art,
 And age again doting and flexible,
 So as—I cannot tell—we may, perchance!

Light on a quean may cheat us all. *Corvino*. 'Tis true.

Mosca. No, no: it must be one that has no tricks, Sir,
 Some simple thing, a creature made unto it,
 Some wench you may command. Ha' you no kinswoman?
 Gods so——Think, think, think, think, think, think,
 think, Sir.

One o' the doctors offer'd there his daughter.

Corvino. How! *Mosca*. Yes, Signior *Lupo*, the physician.

Corvino. His daughter? *Mosca*. And a virgin, Sir, why? alas,
 He knows the state of's body, what it is;
 That nought can warm his blood, Sir, but a fever;
 Nor any incantation raise his spirit:
 A long forgetfulness hath seiz'd that part.

Besides, Sir, who shall know it? some one or two—

Corvino. I pray thee give me leave. If any man
 But I had had this luck—the thing in't self,
 I know, is nothing—wherefor should not I
 As well command my blood and my affections,
 As this dull doctor? in the point of honour,
 The cases are all one of wife and daughter.

Mosca. I hear him coming. *Corvino*. She shall do't: 'tis
 Slight, if this doctor, who is not engag'd, [done.



VOLPONE: OR

Unless 't be for his counsel (which is nothing)
Offer his daughter, what should I, that am
So deeply in? I will prevent him, wretch!
Covetous wretch! *Mosca*. I have determin'd.

Mosca. How, Sir? *Corvino*. We'll make all sure. The
party, you wot of,

Shall be mine own wife, *Mosca*. *Mosca*. Sir, the thing
(But that I would not seem to counsel you)
I should have motion'd to you at the first:

And make your count, you have cut all their throats.
Why! 'tis directly taking a possession!

And, in his next fit, we may let him go.

'Tis but to pull the pillow from his head,

And he is thratled: 't had been done before,

But for your scrupulous doubts. *Corvino*. I, a plague on't,
My conscience fools my wit. Well, I'll be brief,

And so be thou, lest they should be before us!

Go home, prepare him, tell him with what zeal,

And willingness I do it for; swear it was

On the first hearing (as thou may'st do, truly)

Mine own free motion. *Mosca*. Sir, I warrant you,

I'll so possess him with it, that the rest

Of his starv'd clients shall be banish'd all;

And only you receiv'd. But come not, Sir,

Until I send, for I have something else

To ripen for your good (you must not know't).

[not]

Corvino. But do not you forget to send now. *Mosca*. Fear

S C E N E VII.

CORVINO, CELIA.

Corvino. WHERE are you, wife? my *Celia*? wife!
What blubbering?

Come, dry those tears. I think thou thought'st me in
earnest?

Ha! by this light I talk'd so but to try thee.

Methinks, the lightness of the occasion

Should ha' confirm'd thee. Come, I am not jealous.

Celia. No? *Corvino*. Faith, I am not, I, nor never was

It is a poor unprofitable humour.

Do not I know if women have a will,

They'll do 'gainst all the watches o' the world?

And that the fiercest spies are tam'd with gold?

Tut, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see't:

And see, I'll give thee cause too, to believe it.

Come, kiss me. Go, and make thee ready straight,

In all thy best attire, the choicest jewels,

Put 'em all on, and, with 'em, thy best looks:

We are invited to a solemn feast,

At old *Volpone's*, where it shall appear

How far I'm free, from jealousy to fear.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Mosca. I FEAR, I shall begin to grow in love

With my dear self, and my most prosp'rous parts,

They do so spring and burgeon; I can feel

A whimlie i' my blood: (I know not how)

Success hath made me wanton. I could skip

Out of my skin, now, like a subtil snake,

I am so limber. O! your parasite

Is a most precious thing, dropt from above,

Not bred 'mongst clods and clot-pouls, here, on earth.

I muse, the mystery was not made a science,

It is so liberally profest! almost

All the wise world is little else, in nature,

But parasites, or sub-parasites. And, yet,

I mean not those that have your bare town-art,

To know, who's fit to feed 'em; have no house,

No family, no care, and therefore mould

Tales for mens ears, to beat that sense; or get

Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts

To please the belly, and the groin; nor those,

With their court-dog tricks, that can fawn and flier,

Make their revenue out of legs and faces,

Echo my lord, and lick away a morsel

But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise,

And stoop (almost together) like an arrow,

F

Shoot through the air as nimbly as a star;
 Turn short, as doth a swallow; and be here,
 And there, and here, and yonder all at once;
 Present to any humour, all occasion;
 And change a visor, swifter than a thought!
 This is the creature had the art born with him,
 Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it
 Out of most excellent nature: and such sparks
 Are the true parasites, others but their *Zani's*.

S C E N E II.

MOSCA, BONARIO.

Mosca. WHO's this? *Bonario*! old *Corbaccio's* son?
 The person I was bound to seek. Fair Sir,
 You are happily met. *Bonario*. That cannot be by thee.

Mosca. Why, Sir? *Bonario*. Nay, prythee know thy way,
 and leave me:

I would be loth to interchange discourse,
 With such a mate as thou art. *Mosca*. Courteous Sir,
 Scorn not my poverty. *Bonario*. Not I, by heaven:
 But thou shalt give me leave to hate thy baseness.

Mosca. Baseness? *Bonario*. I, answer me, is not thy sloth
 Sufficient argument? thy flattery?

Thy means of feeding? *Mosca*. Heaven, be good to me.
 These imputations are too common, Sir,
 And easily struck on virtue, when she's poor;
 You are unequal to me, and how e'er
 Your sentence may be righteous, yet you are not,
 That e'er you know me, thus, proceed in censure:]
St. Mark bear witness 'gainst you, 'tis inhuman.

Bonario. What! does he weep? the sign is soft, and good!
 I do repent me, that I was so harsh.

Mosca. 'Tis true, that, sway'd by strong necessity,
 I am enforc'd to eat my careful bread
 With too much obsequy; 'tis true, beside,
 That I am fain to spin mine own poor raiment,
 Out of my mere observance, being not born
 To a free fortune: but that I have done

Base offices, in rend'ring friends asunder,
 Dividing families, betraying counsels,
 Whispering false lies, or mining men with praises,
 Train'd their credulity with perjuries,
 Corrupted chastity, or am in love
 With mine own tender ease, but would not rather
 Prove the most rugged, and laborious course,
 That might redeem my present estimation;
 Let me here perish, in all hope of goodness.

Bonario. This cannot be a personated passion!
 I was to blame, so to mistake thy nature;
 Prithee forgive me: and speak out thy business.

Mosca. Sir, it concerns you; and though I may seem,
 At first to make a main offence in manners,
 And in my gratitude, unto my master;
 Yet, for the pure love, which I bear all right,
 And hatred of the wrong, I must reveal it.
 This very hour your father is in purpose
 To disinherit you—*Bonario.* How! *Mosca.* And thrust you
 forth,

As a meer stranger to his blood; 'tis true, Sir:
 The work no way engageth me, but, as
 I claim an interest in the general state
 Of goodness and true virtue, which I hear
 T'abound in you: and, for which mere respect,
 Without a second aim, Sir, I have done it.

Bonario. This tale hath lost thee much of the late trust,
 Thou hadst with me; it is impossible:
 I know not how to lend it any thought,
 My father should be so unnatural.

Mosca. It is a confidence, that well becomes
 Your piety; and form'd (no doubt) it is
 From your own simple innocence: which makes
 Your wrong more monstrous and abhor'd. But, Sir,
 I now will tell you more. This very minute,
 It is, or will be doing: and, if you
 Shall be but pleas'd to go with me, I'll bring you,
 I dare not say where you shall see, but) where
 Your ear shall be a witness of the deed;
 Hear yourself written bastard; and profess
 The common issue of the earth. *Bonario.* I'm maz'd!

Mosca. Sir, if I do it not, draw your just sword,

And score your vengeance, on my front and face;
 Mark me your villain: you have too much wrong,
 And I do suffer for you, Sir. My heart
 Weeps blood and anguish—*Bonario*. Lead. I follow thee.

S C E N E III.

VOLPONE, NANO, ANDROGYNO, CASTRONE.

Volpone. MOSCA stays long, methinks. Bring forth your sports,

And help to make the wretched time more sweet.

Nano. 'Dwarf, fool, and eunuch, well met here we be.

'A question it were now, whether of us three,

'Being all known delicacies of a rich man,

'In pleasing him, claim the precedency can?

Castrone. 'I claim for my self. *Androgyno*. And, so doth the fool.

Nano. 'Tis foolish indeed: let me set you both to school.

'First, for your dwarf, he's little and witty,

'And every thing, as it is little, is pretty;

'Else why do men say to a creature of my shape,

'So soon as they see him, it's a pretty little ape?

'And why a pretty ape? but for pleasing imitation

'Of greater men's actions, in a ridiculous fashion.

'Beside, this feat body of mine doth not crave

'Half the meat, drink, and cloth, one of your bulks will have.

'Admit your fool's face be the mother of laughter,

'Yet, for his brain, it must always come after:

'And though that do feed him, it's a pitiful case,

'His body is beholding to such a bad face."

Volpone. Who's there? my couch, away, look, *Nano* see:

[*One knocks*.

Give me my caps, first—go, enquire. Now, *Cupid*,

Send it by *Mosca*, and with fair return.

Nano. It is the beauteous madam——*Volpone*. Would-be—is it?

Nano. The same. *Volpone*. Now' torment on me; squire her in:

For she will enter, or dwell here for ever.
Nay, quickly, that my fit were past. I fear
A second hell too, that my loathing this
Will quite expel my appetite to the other:
Would she were taking now her tedious leave,
Lord! how it threatens me what I am to suffer.

S C E N E IV.

LADY, VOLPONE, NANO, WOMEN 2.

Lady. I thank you, good Sir. 'Pray you signifie
Unto your patron, I am here. This band
Shews not my neck enough (I trouble you, Sir,
Let me request you, bid one of my women
Come hither to me) in good faith, I am drest
Most favourably to day; it is no matter,
'Tis well enough. Look, see, these petulant things!
How they have done this! *Volpone.* I do feel the fever
Entring in at my ears; O, for a charm,
To fright it hence. *Lady.* Come nearer: is this curl
In his right place? or this? why is this higher
Than all the rest? you ha' not wash'd your eyes, yet?
Or do they not stand even i' your head?
Where's your fellow? call her. *Nano.* Now, St. Mark
Deliver us; anon, she'll beat her women,
Because her nose is red. *Lady.* I pray you, view
This tire, forsooth; are all things apt or no?
Women. One hair a little here, sticks out, forsooth.
Lady. Dos't so, forsooth? and where was your dear sight
When it did so, forsooth? what now? bird-ey'd?
And you too? 'pray you both approach, and mend it.
Now (by that light) I muse, you're not ashamed?
I, that have preach'd these things, so oft, unto you,
Read you the principles, argu'd all the grounds,
Disputed every fitness, every grace,
Call'd you to counsel of so frequent dressings——
(*Nano.* More carefully, than of your fame or honour)
Lady. Made you acquainted, what an ample dowry
The knowlege of these things would be unto you,

Able alone, to get you noble husbands
 At your return: and you thus to neglect it?
 Besides, you seeing what a curious nation
 Th' Italians are, what will they say of me?
 The English lady cannot dress herself;
 Here's a fine imputation to our country!
 Well, go your ways, and stay i'the next room.
 This *fucus* was too coarse too, it's no matter.
 Good Sir, you'll give 'em entertainment?

Volpone. The storm comes toward me. *Lady.* How does my *Volpone*?

Volpone. Troubled with noise, I cannot sleep; I dreamt
 That a strange *fury* entred, now, my house,
 And, with the dreadful tempest of her breath,
 Did cleave my roof asunder. *Lady.* Believe me, and I
 Had the most fearful dream, could I remember it—

Volpone. Out of my fate; I ha' given her the occasion
 How to torment me: She will tell me hers.

Lady. Methought the golden mediocrity
 Polite; and delicate—*Volpone.* O, if you do love me,
 No more: I sweat; and suffer, at the mention
 Of any dream: feel how I tremble yet.

Lady. Alas, good soul! the passion of the heart.
 Seed-pearl were good now, boil'd with syrup of apples,
 Tincture of gold, and coral, citron-pills,
 Your *elicampane* root, *myrobalanes*—

Volpone. Ay me, I have tane a grass-hopper by the wing.

Lady. Burnt silk, and amber, you have *Muscadel*
 Good i'th' house—*Volpone.* You will not drink, and part?

Lady. No, fear not that. I doubt, we shall not get
 Some English *saffron* (half a dram would serve)
 Your sixteen cloves, a little musk, dri'd mints,
 Bugloss, and barley-meal—*Volpone.* She's in again;
 Before I fain'd diseases, now I have one.

Lady. And these apply'd, with a right scarlet cloth—

Volpone. Another flood of words! a very torrent!

Lady. Shall I, Sir, make you a poultice: *Volpone.* No,
 no, no,

I'm very well: you need prescribe no more.

Lady. I have a little studied physick; but now,
 I'm all for music, save i'the forenoons,
 An hour or two for painting. I would have

A lady, indeed, t' have all, letters, and arts,
Be able to discourse, to write, to paint,
But principal (as Plato holds) your music
(And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it,)
Is your true rapture; when there is consent
In face, in voice, and cloths: and is indeed,
Our sexes chiefest ornament. *Volpone*. The poet,
As old in time as Plato, and as knowing,
Says, that our highest female grace is silence.

Lady. Which o' your poets? *Petrarch*? or *Tassio*? or *Dante*?
Guerrini? *Ariosto*? *Aretine*?

Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.

Volpone. Is every thing a cause to my destruction?

Lady. I think, I ha' two or three of 'em about me!

Volpone. The sun, the sea, will sooner both stand still
Than her eternal tongue! nothing can 'scape it.

Lady. Here's *Pastor Fido*—*Volpone*. Profess obstinate silence;

That's now my safest. *Lady*. All our English writers,

I mean such as are happy in th' Italian,

Will deign to steal out of this author, mainly;

Almost as much, as from *Montaigne*:

He has so modern and facile a vein,

Fitting the time, and catching the court-ear;

Your *Petrarch* is more passionate, yet he,

In days of sonnetting, trusting 'em with much:

Dante is hard, and few can understand him.

But, for a desperate wit, there's *Aretine*!

Only, his pictures are a little obscene——

You mark me not? *Volpone*. Alas, my mind's perturb'd;

Lady. Why, in such cases, we must cure ourselves,

Make use of our philosophy—*Volpone*. O'y me.

Lady. And, as we find our passions do rebel,

Encounter 'em with reason; or divert 'em,

By giving scope unto some other humour

Of lesser danger: as, in politic bodies,

There's nothing, more, doth overwhelm the judgment,

And clouds the understanding, than too much

Settling and fixing, and (as't were) subsiding

Upon one object. For the incorporating

Of these same outward things, into that part,

Which we call mental, leaves some certain faces,

That stop the organs, and, as Plato says,

Assassinates our knowlege. *Volpone*. Now, the spirit
Of patience help me. *Lady*. Come, in faith, I must
Visit you more a-days: and make you well:
Laugh and be lusty. *Volpone*. My good angels save me.

Lady. There was but one sole man in all the world,
With whom I e'er could sympathize; and he
Would lye you often, three, four hours together,
To hear me speak, : and be (sometime) so rap't
As he would answer me quite from the purpose,
Like you, and you are like him, just. I'll discourse
(And 't be but only, Sir, to bring you asleep)
How we did spend our time, and loves together,
For some six years. *Volpone*. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!

Lady. For we were *coitanci*, and brought up——

Volpone. Some power, some fate, some fortune rescue me.

S C E N E V.

MOSCA, LADY, VOLPONE.

Mosca. GOD save you, madam. *Lady*. Good Sir. *Volpone*.
Mosca? Welcome,

Welcome to my redemption. *Mosca*. Why, Sir? *Volpone*. Oh,
Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there;
My madam, with the everlasting voice:
The bells, in time of pestilence, ne'er made
Like noise, or were in that perpetual motion!
The cock-pit comes not near it. All my house,
But now, steam'd like a bath, with her thick breath.
A lawyer could not have been heard; nor scarce
Another woman, such a hail of words
She has let fall. For hell's fake, rid her hence.

Mosca. Has she presented? *Volpone*. O, I do not care,
I'll take her absence, upon any price,
With any loss. *Mosca*. Madam—*Lady*. I ha' brought your
patron

A toy, a cap here, of mine own work—*Mosca*. 'Tis well.
I had forgot you, I saw your knight,
Where you'd little think it—*Lady*. Where? *Mosca*. Marry,
Where yet, if you make haste, you may apprehend him,

Rowing upon the water in a *gondole*,
With the most cunning courtizan of Venice.

Lady. Is't true? *Mosca*. Pursue 'em, and believe your eyes:
Leave me, to make your gift. I knew, 'twould take.
For lightly, they that use themselves most licence,
Are still but jealous. *Volpone*. *Mosca*, hearty thanks,
For thy quick fiction and delivery of me.
Now, to my hopes, what say'st thou? *Lady*. But do you
hear, Sir?—

Volpone. Again, I fear a *paroxysm*. *Lady*. Which way
Row'd they together? *Mosca*. Toward the *Rialto*.

Lady. I pray you lend me your dwarf. *Mosca*. I pray
you take him.

Your hopes, Sir, are like happy blossoms, fair,
And promise timely fruit, if you will stay
But the maturing; keep you at your couch,
Corbaccio will arrive straight, with the will:
When he is gone, I will tell you more. *Volpone*. My blood,
My spirits are return'd; I am alive:
And like your wanton gamester, at *Primero*,
Whose thought had whisper'd to him, not go less.
Methinks I lye, and draw—for an encounter.

S C E N E VI.

MOSCA, BONARIO.

Mosca. SIR, here conceal'd, you may hear all. But
pray you
Have patience, Sir; the same's your father, knocks:
[*One knocks.*]
I am compell'd to leave you. *Bonario*. Do so. Yet,
Cannot my thought imagine this a truth.

S C E N E VII.

MOSCA, CORVINO, CELIA, BONARIO, VOLPONE,

Mosca. DEATH on me! you are come too soon, what meant you?

Did not I say, I would 'send; *Corvino.* Yes, but I fear'd You might forget it, and then they prevent us.

Mosca. Prevent? did e'er man haste so, for his horns? A courtier would not ply it so, for a place.

Well, now there's no helping it, stay here;

I'll presently return. *Corvino.* Where are you, *Celia*?

You know not wherefor I have brought you hither?

Celia. Not well, except you told me. *Corvino.* Now I will:

Hark hither. *Mosca.* Sir, your father hath sent word, It will be half an hour ere he come;

[*To Bonario.*

And therefor, if you please to walk the while Into that gallery—at the upper end,

There are some books, to entertain the time:

And I'll take care, no man shall come unto you, Sir.

Bonario. Yes I will stay there. I do doubt this fellow.

Mosca. There, he is far enough, he can hear nothing: And, for his father I can keep him off.

Corvino. Nay, now, there is no starting back; and therefor Resolve upon it: I have so decreed.—

It must be done. Nor, would mov't afore,

Because I would avoid all shifts and tricks,

That might deny me. *Celia.* Sir, let me beseech you,

Affect not these strange trials; if you doubt

My chastity, why lock me up, for ever:

Make me the heir of darkness. Let me live,

Where I may please your fears, if not your trust.

Corvino. Believe it, I have no such humour, I.

All that I speak, I mean; yet I am not mad:

Not horn-mad, see you? Go too, shew yourself

Obedient, and a wife. *Celia.* O heaven! *Corvino.* I say it,

Do so. *Celia.* Was this the train? *Corvino.* I have told you reasons;

What the physicians have set down; how much

It may concern me; what my engagements are;
My means; and the necessity of those means,
For my recovery: wherefor, if you be
Loyal, and mine, be won, respect my venture.

Celia. Before your honour? *Corvino*. Honour? tut, a breath;
There's no such thing in nature: a meer term

Invented to awe fools. What is my gold
The worse for touching? cloths for being look'd on?

Why, this's no more. An old decrepid wretch,
That has no sense, no finew; takes his meat
With others fingers; only knows to gape,
When you do scald his gums; a voice, a shadow.

And, what can this man hurt you? *Celia*. Lord! what spirit
Is this hath entred him! *Corvino*. And for your fame,

That's such a jig; as if I would go tell it,
Cry it on the Piazza! who shall know it;

But he that cannot speak it, and this fellow,
Whose lips are i' my pocket? Save yourself,

If you proclaim't, you may, I know no other
Should come to know it. *Celia*. Are heaven, and fairs then

nothing?

Will they be blind or stupid? *Corvino*. How? *Celia*. Good
Be jealous still, emulate them; and think [Sir,

What hate they burn with toward every sin.

Corvino. I grant you: if I thought it were a sin,
I would not urge you. Should I offer this

To some young Frenchman, or hot Tuscan blood,
That had read *Aretine*, conn'd all his prints,

Knew every quirk within lust's labyrinth,
And were profess'd critic in lechery;

And I would look upon him, and applaud him,

This were a sin: but here, 'tis contrary,

A pious work, meer charity for physick,

And honest polity, to assure mine own.

Celia. O heaven! canst thou suffer such a change?

Volpone. Thou art mine honour, *Mosca*, and my pride,
My joy, my tickling, my delight,! go bring 'em.

Mosca. Please you draw near, Sir. *Corvino*. Come on,
what—

You will not be rebellious? by that light——

Mosca. Sir, Signior *Corvino*, here, is come to see you.

Volpone. Oh. *Mosca*. And hearing of the consultation had,

So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
Or rather, Sir, to prostitute—*Corvino*. Thanks, sweet *Mosca*.

Mosca. (As the true fervent instance of his love)
His own most fair and proper wife; the beauty,
Only of price in Venice—*Corvino*. 'Tis well urg'd.

Mosca. To be your comfortress, and to preserve you.

Volpone. Alas, I am past already? pray you, thank him
For his good care and promptness; but for that,
'Tis a vain labour e'en to fight 'gainst heaven;
Applying fire to a stone: (uh, uh, uh, uh.)
Making a dead leaf grow again. I take
His wishes gently, though; and you may tell him,
What I have done for him: marry, my state is hopeless!
Will tell him to pray for me; and t' use his fortune,
With reverence when he comes to't. *Mosca*. Do you hear,
Sir?

Go to him with your wife. *Corvino*. Heart of my father!
Wilt thou persist thus? Come, I pray thee come.
Thou seest 'tis nothing, *Celia*. By this hand,
I will grow violent. Come, do't, I say.

Celia. Sir, kill me, rather: I will take down poison,
Eat burning coals, do any thing—*Corvino*. Be damn'd.
(Heart) I will drag thee hence, home by the hair;
Cry thee a strumpet through the streets; rip up
Thy mouth unto thy ears; and slit thy nose,
Like a raw rotchet—do not tempt me, come.
Yield, I am loth—(death) I will buy some slave
Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him, alive;
And at my window, hang you forth: devising
Some monstrous crime, which I, in capital letters,
Will eat into thy flesh with *aqua fortis*,
And burning cor'sives on this stubborn breast.
Now, by the blood thou hast incens'd, I'll do't.

Celia. Sir, what you please, you may, I am your martyr.

Corvino. Be not thus obstinate. I ha' not deserv'd it:
Think who it is intreats you. 'Pr'y thee, Sweet;
(Good faith) thou shalt have jewels, gowns, attires,
What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but kiss him.
Or touch him, but. For my sake, at my fute.
This once. No? not? I will remember this.

Will you disgrace me thus? Do you thirst my undoing?

Mosca. Nay, gentle lady, be advis'd. *Corvino*. No, no,
She has watch'd her time. God's precious, this is skirvy,

'Tis very skirvy: and you are—*Mosca*. Nay, good Sir.

Corvino. An errant locust, by heaven, a locust, whore, Crocodile, that hast thy tears prepar'd, Expecting, how thou'lt bid 'em flow. *Mosca*. Nay, 'pray you, Sir,

She will confider. *Celia*. Would my life would serve To satisfie. *Corvino*.—(S'death) if she would but speak to him,

And save my reputation, 'twere somewhat; But, spitefully to affect my utter ruin.

Mosca. I, now you ha' put your fortune in her hands. Why i' faith, it is her modesty, I must quit her; If you were absent, she would be more coming; I know it: and dare undertake for her.

What woman can before her husband? 'pray you, Let us depart, and leave her here. *Corvino*. Sweet *Celia*, Thou mayest redeem all, yet; I'll say no more: If not, esteem yourself as lost. Nay, stay there.

Celia. O God, and his good angels! whither, whither. Is shame fled human breasts? that with such ease, Men dare put off your honours, and their own? Is that, which ever was a cause of life,

Now plac'd beneath the basest circumstance? And modesty, an exile made, for money?

Volpone. I, in *Corvino*, and such ear-fed minds,

[He leaps off from his couch.

That never tasted the true heav'n of love.

Assure thee, *Celia*, he that would sell thee,

Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,

He would have sold his part of paradise

For ready money, had he met a cope-man.

Why art thou maz'd to see me thus reviv'd?

Rather applaud thy beauty's miracle;

'Tis thy great work; that hath, not now alone,

But sundry times, rais'd me, in several shapes,

And, but this morning like a mountebank,

To see thee at thy window. I, before

I would have left my practice, for thy love,

In varying figures, I would have contented

With the blew *Proteus*, or the horned *Flood*.

Now art thou welcome. *Celia*. Sir! *Volpone*. Nay, fly me not,

Nor, let thy false imagination

That I was bed-rid, make thee think, I am so:

Thou shalt not find it. I am, now, as fresh,
 As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight,
 As when (in that so celebrated *scene*,
 At recitation of our *Comedy*,
 For entertainment of the great *Valoys*)
 I acted young *Antinous*; and attracted
 The eyes and ears of all the ladies, present,
 T'admire each graceful gesture, note, and footing.

S O N G.

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
 While we can, the sports of love;
 Time will not be ours for ever,
 He, at length, our good will sever;
 Spend not then his gifts in vain.
 Suns, that set, may rise again:
 But if once we lose this light,
 'Tis with us perpetual night.
 Why should we defer our joys?
 Fame and rumour are but toys.
 Cannot we delude the eyes
 Of a few poor household spies?
 Or his easier ears beguile,
 Thus removed by our wile?
 'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
 But the sweet thefts to reveal;
 To be taken, to be seen,
 These have crimes accounted been.

Celia. Some Siren blast me, or dire light'ning strike
 This my offending face. Volpone. Why droops my Celia?
 Thou hast, in place of a base husband, found
 A worthy lover: use thy fortune well,
 With secrecy and pleasure. See, behold,
 What thou art queen of; not in expectation,
 As I feed others: but possess'd and crown'd.
 See, here, a rope of pearl; and each, more orient
 Than that the brave Egyptian queen carous'd:
 Dissolve and drink 'em. See, a carbuncle,
 May put out both the eyes of our St. Mark;
 A diamond would have bought *Laullia Paulina*,

When she came in like star-light hid with jewels,
That were the spoils of provinces; take these,
and wear and lose 'em: yet remains an ear-ring
To purchase them again, and this whole state.

A gem but worth a private patrimony,
Is nothing: we will eat such at a meal.

The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,
The brains of peacocks, and of estriches
shall be our food: and, could we get the phoenix
(Though nature lost her kind) she were our dish.

Celia. Good Sir, these things might move a mind affected
With such delights; but I, whose innocence
is all I can think wealthy, or worth th' enjoying,
And which, once lost, I have nought to lose beyond it,
Cannot be taken with these sensual baits:

If you have conscience—*Volpone.* 'Tis the beggers virtue,
If thou hast wisdom, hear me, *Celia.*

Thy bathes shall be the juice of july-flowers,
Spirits of roses, and of violets,

The milk of unicorns, and panthers breath
Gather'd in bags, and mix'd with Cretan wines.

Our drink shall be prepared gold and amber;

Which we will take, until my roof whirl round

With the *vertigo*: and my dwarf shall dance,

My eunuch sing, my fool make up the antic,

Whilst we, in changed shapes, act Ovid's tales,

Thou, like Europa now, and I like Jove,

Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine:

So, of the rest, till we have quite run through,

And wearied all the fables of the Gods.

Then will I have thee in more modern forms,

Celia? Attired like some sprightly dame of France,

Or brave Tuscan lady, or proud Spanish beauty;

Sometimes, unto the Persian Sophi's wife;

Or the grand Signior's mistress; and, for change,

To one of our most artful courtizans,

Or some quick Negro, or cold Russian;

And I will meet thee in as many shapes:

Where we may so transfuse our wandring souls,

Out at our lips, and score up fums of pleasures,

*That the curious shall not know
How to tell them as they flow;
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pin'd.*

Celia. If you have ears that will be pierc'd; or eyes,
That can be open'd; a heart may be touch'd;
Or any part, that yet sounds man about you:
If you have touch of holy saints, or heaven,
Do me the grace to let me 'scape. If not,
Be bountiful and kill me. You do know,
I am a creature, hither ill betray'd,
By one, whose shame I would forget it were:
If you will deign me neither of these graces,
Yet feed your wrath, Sir, rather than your lust;
(It is a vice comes nearer manlinefs)
And punish that unhappy crime of nature,
Which you miscall my beauty: slay my face,
Or poison it with ointments for seducing
Your blood to this rebellion. Rub these hands,
With what may cause an eating leprosie,
E'en to my bones and marrow: any thing,
That may disfavour me, save in my honour.
And I will keel to you, pray for you, pay down
A thousand hourly vows, Sir, for your health,
Report, and think you virtuous—*Volpone.* Think me cold,
Frozen and impotent, and so report me?
That I had *Nestor's Hernia*, thou would'st think.
I do degenerate, and abuse my nation,
To play with opportunity thus long:
I should have done the act, and then have parley'd,
Yield, or I'll force thee. *Celia.* O! Just God. *Volpone.* In
vain——

Bonario. Forbear, soul ravisher, libidinous swine,
Free the forc'd lady, or thou dy'st, impostor.

[*He leaps out from where Mosca had placed him.*
But that I am loth to snatch the punishment
Out of the hand of justice, thou shouldst, yet,
Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance,
Before this altar, and this dross, thy idol.
Lady, let's quit the place, it is the den

Of villany; fear for nought, you have a guard:
And he, ere long, shall meet his just reward.

Volpone. Fall on me, roof, and bury me in ruin;
Become my grave, that wert my shelter. O!
I am unmask'd, unspirited, undone,
Betray'd to beggary, to infamy——

S C E N E VIII.

VOLPONE, MOSCA.

Mosca. WHERE shall I run, most wretched shame of
men,

To beat my unlucky brains? *Volpone.* Here, here.
What! dost thou bleed? *Mosca.* O that his well-driv'n sword
Had been so covetous to have cleft me down
Unto the navel, ere I liv'd to see
My life, my hopes, my spirits, my patron, all
Thus desperately engaged by my error.

Volpone. Wo on thy fortune. *Mosca.* And my follies, Sir.

Volpone. Thou'lt made me miserable. *Mosca.* And myself,
Sir,

Who would have thought he would have harkened so?

Volpone. What shall we do? *Mosca.* I know not; if my heart
Could expatiate the mischance, I'd pluck it out.

Will you be pleas'd to hang me, or cut my throat?

And I'll requite you, Sir. Let's die like Romans,

Since we have liv'd like Grecians.

Volpone. Hark, who's there? [*They knock without.*]

I hear some footing; officers, the *Saffi*,

Come to apprehend us; I do feel the brand

Hissing already at my forehead; now,

Mine ears are boring. *Mosca.* To your couch, Sir, you

Make that place good however. Guilty men

Suspect what they deserve still. Signior *Corbaccio*!

SCENE IX.

CORBACCIO, MOSCA, VOLTORE, VOLPONE

Corbaccio. WHY, how now, Mosca?*Mosca.* O, undone, amaz'd, Sir.

Your son (I know not by what accident)
 Acquainted with your purpose to my patron,
 Touching your will, and making him your heir,
 Entred our house with violence, his sword drawn,
 Sought for you, call'd you wretch, unnatural,
 Vow'd he would kill you.

Corbaccio. Me? *Mosca.* Yes, and my patron.*Corbaccio.* This act shall disinheret him indeed:

Here is the will. *Mosca.* 'Tis well, Sir. *Corbaccio.* Right
 and well.

Be you as careful now for me. *Mosca.* My life, Sir,
 Is not more tender'd, I am only yours.

Corbaccio. How does he? will he die shortly, think'st thou?*Mosca.* I fear, he'll out-last May.*Corbaccio.* To day? *Mosca.* No, last out May, Sir.*Corbaccio.* Could'st thou not gi' him a dram?*Mosca.* O, by no means, Sir.

Corbaccio. Nay, I'll not bid you. *Voltore.* This is a knave
 I see.

Mosca. How, Signior *Voltore*! Did he hear me?*Voltore.* Parasite.*Mosca.* Who's that? O, Sir, most timely welcome—

Voltore. Scarce, to the discovery of your tricks, I fear.
 You are his only? and mine also? are you not?

Mosca. Who? I, Sir! *Voltore.* You, Sir. What device
 this

About a will? *Mosca.* A plot for you, Sir. *Voltore.* Come,
 Put not your foists upon me, I shall scent 'em.

Mosca. Did you hear it?*Voltore.* Yes, I hear, *Corbaccio*

Hath made your patron there his heir. *Mosca.* 'Tis true,
 By my device, drawn to it by my plot.

With hope—*Voltore*. Your patron should reciprocate?
 And you have promis'd? *Mosca*. For your good, I did, Sir.
 Say more, I told his son, brought, hid him here,
 Where he might hear his father pass the deed;
 Being persuaded to it by this thought, Sir,
 That the unnaturalness, first, of the act,
 And then his father's oft disclaiming in him,
 (Which I did mean t' help on) would sure enrage him,
 To do some violence upon his parent,
 On which the law should take sufficient hold,
 And you be stated in a double hope:
 Truth be my comfort, and my conscience,
 My only aim was to dig you a fortune
 Out of these two old rotten sepulchres——

Voltore. (I cry thee mercy, *Mosca*.)

Mosca. Worth your patience,
 And your great merit, Sir. And see the change!

Voltore. Why, what success?

Mosca. Most hapless! you must help, Sir.
 Whilst we expected the old raven, in comes
Orvino's wife, sent hither by her husband——

Voltore. What, with a present? *Mosca*. No, Sir, on visitation:

I'll tell you how anon) and staying long,
 The youth he grows impatient, rushes forth,
 Seizeth the lady, wounds me, makes her swear
 (Or he would murder her, that was his vow)
 To affirm my patron to have done her rape,
 Which how unlike it is, you see; and hence
 With that pretext he's gone t' accuse his father,
 Defame my patron, defeat you——

Voltore. Where's her husband?

Let him be sent for straight. *Mosco*. Sir, I'll go fetch him.

Voltore. Bring him to the *Scrutineo*. *Mosca*. Sir, I will.

Voltore. This must be stopt. *Mosca*. O you do nobly, Sir.

Alas, 'twas labour'd all, Sir, for your good;
 Nor was there want of counsel in the plot:
 But fortune can, at any time, o'erthrow
 The projects of a hundred learned clerks. Sir.

Corbaccio. What's that?

Voltore. Will't please you, Sir, to go along?

Mosca. Patron, go in, and pray for our success.

Volpone. Need makes devotion: heaven your labour bless.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

POLITIC, PEREGRINE.

Politic. I TOLD you, Sir, it was a plot; you see
 What observation is. You mention'd me
 For some instructions: I will tell you, Sir,
 (Since we are met here in the height of Venice)
 Some few particulars, I have set down,
 Only for this *Meridian*, fit to be known
 Of your crude traveller; and they are these.
 I will not touch, Sir, at your phrase, or clothes.
 For they are old. *Peregrine.* Sir, I have better. *Politic.*
 Pardon.

I meant, as they are themes. *Peregrine.* O, Sir, proceed:
 I'll slander you no more of wit, good Sir.

Politic. First, for your garb, it must be grave and serious,
 Very reserv'd, and lockt; not tell a secret
 On any terms, not to your father; scarce
 A fable, but with caution; make sure choice
 Both of your company, and discourse; beware
 You never speak a truth—*Peregrine.* How? *Politic.* Not to
 strangers,

For those be they you must converse with most:
 Others I would not know, Sir, but at distance,
 So as I might still be a savor in 'em:
 You shall have tricks else past upon you hourly.
 And then, for your religion, profess none,
 But wonder at the diversity of all;
 And, for your part, protest, were there no other,
 But simply the laws o' th' land, you could content you.
Nic. Machiavel, and *Monfieur Bodine*, both
 Were of this mind. Then must you learn the use
 And handling of your silver fork at meals,
 The metal of your glass: (these are main matters
 With your Italian) and to know the hour
 When you must eat your melons and your figs.

Peregrine. Is that a point of state too? *Politic.* Here it is:

For your *Venetian*, if he see a man
Preposterous in the least, he has him straight;
He has; he strips him. I'll acquaint you, Sir,
I now have liv'd here ('tis some fourteen months:)
Within the first week of my landing here,
All took me for a citizen of Venice,
I knew the forms so well—*Peregrine.* And nothing else.

Politic. I had read *Contarene*, took me a house,
Dealt with my Jews to furnish it with movables—
Well, if I could but find one man, one man
To mine own heart, whom I durst trust, I would—

Peregrine. What? what, Sir?

Politic. Make him rich; make him a fortune:
He should not think again. I would command it.

Peregrine. As how? *Politic.* With certain projects that I have,
Which I may not discover. *Peregrine.* If I had
But one to wager with, I would lay odds now,
He tells me instantly. *Politic.* One is (and that
I care not greatly who knows) to serve the state
Of Venice with red herrings for three years,
And at a certain rate, from Rotterdam,
Where I have correspondence. There's a letter,
Sent me from one o'th' States, and to that purpose;
He cannot write his name, but that's his mark.

Peregrine. He is a chandler. *Politic.* No, a cheefsmonger.
There are some others too with whom I treat
About the some negociation;
And I will undertake it: for, 'tis thus,
I'll do't with ease, I have cast it all: your hoy
Carries but three men in her, and a boy;
And she shall make me three returns a year:
So if there come but one of three, I save;
If two, I can defalk; but this is now,
If my main project fail. *Peregrine.* Then you have others?

Politic. I should be loth to draw the subtil air
Of such a place, without a thousand aims.
I'll not dissemble, Sir; where e'er I come,
I love to be considerative; and 'tis true,
I have at my free hours thought upon
Some certain goods unto the state of Venice,

Which I do call my cautions; and, Sir, which I mean (in hope of pension) to propound To the great council, then unto the forty, So to the ten. My means are made already——

Peregrine. By whom?

Politic. Sir, that though his place b' obscure, Yet he can sway, and they will hear him. He's
A Commandadore. *Peregrine.* What, a common serjeant?

Politic. Sir, such as they are, put it in their mouths; What they should say, sometimes, as well as greater. I think I have my notes to shew you—*Peregrine.* Good Sir.

Politic. But you shall swear unto me, on your gentry, Not to anticipate—*Peregrine.* I, Sir, *Politic.* Nor reveal A circumstance—my paper is not with me.

Peregrine. O, but you can remember, Sir. *Politic.* My Concerning tinder-boxes. You must know [first is
No family is here without its box.

Now, Sir, it being so portable a thing, Put case, that you or I were ill affected Unto the state, Sir, with it in our pockets, Might not I go in to the *arsenal*, Or you, come out again, and none the wiser?

Peregrine. Except your self, Sir. *Politic.* Go to then. I Advertise to the state, how fit it were, [therefor

That none but such as were known patriots, Sound lovers of their country, should be suffer'd T' enjoy them in their houses; and even those Seal'd at some office, and at such a bigness As might not lurk in pockets. *Peregrine.* Admirable!

Politic. My next is, how t'enquire and be resolv'd, By present demonstration, whether a ship, Newly arriv'd from *Soria*, or from Any suspected part of all the *Levant*, Be guilty of the plague: and where they use To lie out forty, fifty days sometimes, About the *Lazaretto*, for their trial, I'll save that charge and loss unto the merchant, And in an hour clear the debt. *Peregrine.* Indeed, Sir?

Politic. Or—I will lose my labour.

Peregrine. 'My faith, that's much.

Politic. Nay, Sir, conceive me. 'Twill cost me in onions, Some thirty *Livres*—*Peregrine.* Which is one pound *sterling*.

Politic. Beside my water-works: for this I do, Sir.

First, I bring in your ship 'twixt two brick-walls,

But those the state shall venture;) on the one

strain me a fair tarpaulin, and in that

stick my onions, cut in halves; the other

is full of loop-holes, out at which I thrust

The noses of my bellows; and those bellows

keep, with water-works, in perpetual motion,

Which is the easiest matter of a hundred.)

Now, Sir, your onion, which doth naturally

Attract th' infection, and your bellows blowing

The air upon him, will shew (instantly)

By his chang'd colour, if there be contagion,

Or else remain as fair as at the first.

Now 'tis known, 'tis nothing. *Peregrine.* You are right, Sir,

Politic. I would I had my note. *Peregrine.* 'Faith, so would I:

But you ha' done well for once, Sir. *Politic.* Were I false,

Or would be made so, I could shew you reasons

How I could sell this state now to the Turk,

In spite of their gallies, or their—*Peregrine.* Pray you, Sir *Politic.*

Politic. I have 'em not about me. *Peregrine.* That I fear'd.

They are there, Sir. *Politic.* No, this is my *diary*,

Wherein I note my actions of the day.

Peregrine. Pray you, let's see, Sir. What is here? *Notandum.*

A rat had gnaw'd my spur-leathers; notwithstanding,

I put on new, and did go forth: but first

I threw three beans over the threshold. *Item*

I went and bought two tooth-picks, whereof one

I burst immediately, in a discourse

With a Dutch merchant, 'bout *Ragion del Stato*.

From him I went, and paid a *Muccinigo*

For piercing my silk stockings; by the way

I cheapned sprats; and at St. Mark's I urin'd.

'Faith these are polite notes! *Politic.* Sir, I do slip

No action of my life thus, but I quote it.

Peregrine. Believe me, it is wise! *Politic.* Nay, Sir, read forth.

S C E N E II.

LADY, NANO, WOMEN, POLITIC, PEREGRINE.

Lady. W H E R E should this loose knight be trow? *sure**Nano.* Why; then he's fast.

[he's hous'd]

Lady. I, he plays both with me.*I pray you stay. This heat will do more harm
To my complexion, than his heart is worth.**(I do not care to hinder, but to take him.)**How it comes off! Women.* My master's yonder. *Lady.* Where?*Women.* With a young gentleman.*Lady.* That same's the party!*In man's apparel. 'Pray you, Sir, jog my knight:**I will be tender to his reputation,**However he demerit. Politic.* My lady! *Peregrine.* Where?*Politic.* 'Tis she indeed, Sir; you shall know her. She is*Were she not mine, a lady of that merit,**For fashion and behaviour; and for beauty**I durst compare—Peregrine.* It seems you are not jealous,*That dare commend her. Politic.* Nay, and for discourse—*Peregrine.* Being your wife, she cannot miss that. *Politic.**Madam,**Here is a gentleman, 'pray you use him fairly;**He seems a youth, but he is—Lady.* None. *Politic.* Yes, one*Has put his face as soon into the world—**Lady.* You mean, as early? but to day? *Politic.* How's this?*Lady.* Why in this habit, Sir, you apprehend me.*Well, master Would-be, this doth not become you;**I had thought, the odour, Sir, of your good name**Had been more precious to you; that you would not**Have done this dire massacre on your honour;**One of your gravity, and rank besides!**But knights, I see, care little for the oath**They make to ladies; chiefly, their own ladies.**Politic.* Now, by my spurs, (the symbol of my knight-hood)*(Peregrine.* Lord, how his brain is humbled for an oath.)*Politic.* I reach you not. *Lady.* Right, Sir, your politeness*May bear it through thus. Sir, a word with you.*

I would be loth to contest publicly
With any gentlewoman, or to seem
Forward or violent (as the courtier says)
It comes too near rusticity in a lady,
Which I would shun by all means; and however
I may deserve from Mr. *Would-be*, yet
T' have one fair gentlewoman thus be made
Th' unkind instrument to wrong another,
And one she knows not, I, and to persevere;
In my poor judgment, is not warranted
From being a *solacism* in our sex,
If not in manners. *Peregrine*. How is this! *Politic*. Sweet
madam,

Come nearer to your aim. *Lady*. Marry, and I will, Sir.
Since you provoke me with your impudence,
And laughter of your Land-Siren here,
Your *Sporus*, your *Hermaphrodite*—*Peregrine*. What's here?
Poetic fury, and historic storms!

Politic. The gentleman, believe it, is of worth,
And of our nation. *Lady*. I, *White-Friars* nation.
Come, I blush for you, Master *Would-be*, I;
And am asham'd you should ha' no more forehead,
Than thus to be the patron, or St. George,
To a lewd harlot, a base fricatrice,
A female devil, in a male out-side. *Politic*. Nay,
And you be such a one, I must bid adieu
To your delights. The case appears too liquid.

Lady. I, you may carry't clear, with your state-face!
But for your carnival concupiscence,
Who here is fled for liberty of conscience,
From furious persecution of the marshal,
Her will I disc'ple. *Peregrine*. This is fine, i' faith!
And do you use this often? is this part
Of your wits exercise, 'gainst you have occasion!
Madam—*Lady*. Go to, Sir.

Peregrine. Do you hear me, lady?
Why, if your knight hath sent you to beg shirts,
Or to invite me home, you might have done it
A nearer way by far. *Lady*. This cannot work you
Out of my snare. *Peregrine*. Why? am I in it, then?
Indeed your husband told me you were fair,
And so you are; only your nose enclines

(That side that's next the fun) to the queen-apple.
Lady. This cannot be endur'd, by any patience.

S C E N E III.

MOSCA, LADY, PEREGRINE.

Mosca. WHAT's the matter, madam? *Lady.* If the senate
 Right not my quest in this, I will protest 'em
 To all the world, no *Aristocracy*.

Mosca. What is the injury, lady? *Lady.* Why, the calling
 You told me of, here I have tane disguis'd.

Mosca. Who? this? what means your ladyship? the creature
 I-mention'd to you, is apprehended, now,
 Before the senate; you shall see her—*Lady.* Where?

Mosca. I'll bring you to her. This young gentleman,
 I saw him land this morning at the port.

Lady. Is't possible! how was my judgment wander'd?
 Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I have err'd;
 And plead your pardon. *Peregrine.* What, more changes yet?

Lady. I hope yo' ha' not the malice to remember
 A gentlewoman's passion. If you stay
 In Venice here, please you to use me, Sir——

Mosca. Will you go, madam?

Lady. 'Pray you, Sir, use me: in faith.
 The more you see me, the more I shall conceive
 You have forgot our quarrel. *Peregrine.* This is rare!
Sir Politic Would-be! No, *Sir Politic Bawd!*
 To bring me thus acquainted with his wife!
 Well, wife *Sir Politic*, since you have practis'd thus
 Upon my freshman-ship, I'll try your salt-head,
 What proof it is against a counter-plot.

S C E N E IV.

VOLTORE, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, MOSCA.

Voltore. W E L L, now you know the carriage of the
 Your constancy is all that is requir'd [business,
 Into the safety of it. *Mosca.* Is the lie
 safely convey'd amongst us? is that sure?
 knows every man his burden?

Corvino. Yes. *Mosca.* Then shrink not.

Corvino. But knows the advocate the truth? *Mosca.* O, Sir,
 by no means, I devis'd a formal tale,
 that salv'd your reputation. But be valiant, Sir.

Corvino. I fear no one but him, that this his pleading
 should make him stand for a co-heir—*Mosca.* Co-halter!
 hang him, we will but use his tongue, his noise,
 as we do croakers here. *Corvino.* I, what shall he do?

Mosca. When we ha' done, you mean?

Corvino. Yes. *Mosca.* Why, we'll think:
 sell him for *Mummia*, he's half dust already.

Do you not smile, to see this *Buffalo* [To *Voltore*.

How he doth sport it with his head? I should

It all were well, and past. Sir, only you [To *Corbaccio*.

Are he that shall enjoy the crop of all,

And these not know for whom they toil. *Corbaccio.* I, peace.

Mosca. But you shall eat it. [To *Corvino*.

Much worshipful Sir, [Then to *Voltore* again.

Mercury sit upon your thundering tongue,

Or the French Hercules, and make your language

As conquering as his club, to beat along

(As with a tempest) flat, our adversaries; [done.

But much more yours, Sir. *Voltore.* Here they come, ha'

Mosca. I have another witness, if you need, Sir,

I can produce. *Voltore.* Who is it? *Mosca.* Sir, I have her.

S C E N E V.

AVOCATORI 4. BONARIO, CELIA, VOLTORE,
CORBACCIO, CORVINO, MOSCA, NOTARIO,
COMMENDADORI.

THE like of this the senate never heard of.

Avocatori 2. 'Twill come most strange to them, when we report it.

Avocatori 4. The gentlewoman has been ever held
Of unreprieved name. *Avocatori 3.* So the young man.

Avocatori 4. The more unnatural part that of his father.

Avocatori 2. More of the husband. *Avocatori 1.* I not
know to give

His act a name, it is so monstrous!

Avocatori 4. But the impostor, he is a thing created
T' exceed example! *Avocatori 1.* And all after-times!

Avocatori 2. I never heard a true voluptuary
Describ'd, but him. *Avocatori 3.* Appear yet those were

Notario. All but the old *Magnifico, Volpone.* [cited]

Avocatori 1. Why is not he here?

Mosca. Please your fatherhoods,
Here is his advocate: himself's so weak,
So feeble—— *Avocatori 4.* What are you?

Bonario. His parasite,
His knave, his pandar: I beseech the court,
He may be forc'd to come, that your grave eyes
May bear strong witness of his strange impostures.

Volpore. Upon my faith and credit, with your virtues,
He is not able to endure the air.

Avocatori 2. Bring him, however.

Avocatori 3. We will see him. *Avocatori 4.* Fetch him.

Volpore. Your fatherhoods fit pleasures be obey'd;
But sure, the sight will rather move your pities,
Than indignation: may it please the court,
In the mean time, he may be heard in me.
I know this place most void of prejudice,
And there crave it, since we have no reason
To fear our truth should hurt our cause.

Avvocatori 3. Speak free.

Voltaire. Then know, most honoured fathers, I must now
Discover to your strangely abused ears
The most prodigious and most frontless piece
Of solid impudence, and treachery
That ever vicious nature yet brought forth
To shame the state of Venice. This lewd woman
(That wants no artificial looks, or tears,
To help the vizard she has now put on)
Hath long been known a close adulteress
To that lascivious youth there; not suspected,
I say, but known, and taken in the act
With him; and by this man, the easie husband,
Pardon'd; whose timely bounty makes him now
Stand here, the most unhappy, innocent person
That ever man's own goodness made him accus'd.
For these not knowing how to owe a gift
Of that dear grace, but with their shame; being plac'd
So' above all others of their gratitude
Began to hate the benefit; and, in place
Of thanks, began t' extirp the memory
Of such an act: wherein I pray your fatherhoods
T' observe the malice, yea, the rage of creatures,
Discover'd in their evils, and what heart
Such take, even from their crimes. But that anon
Will more appear. This gentleman, the father,
Hearing of this foul fact, with many others,
Which daily struck at his too tender ears,
And griev'd in nothing more than that he could not
Preserve himself a parent, (his son's ills,
Growing to that strange flood) at last decreed
To disinherit him. *Avvocatori* 1. These be strange turns!

Avvocatori 2. The young man's fame was ever fair and honest.

Voltaire. So much more full of danger is his vice,
That can beguile so, under shade of virtue.
But, as I said, (my honour'd fires) his father
Having this settled purpose, (by what means
To him betray'd, we know not) and this day
Appointed for the deed; that parricide,
(I cannot stile him better) by confederacy
Preparing this his paramour to be there,
Ent'red *Volpone's* house (who was the man,

Your fatherhoods must understand, design'd
 For the inheritance) there, sought his father:
 But with what purpose sought he him, my lords?
 (I tremble to pronounce it, that a son
 Unto a father, and to such a father,
 Should have so foul, felonious intent)
 It was to murder him: when, being prevented
 By his more happy absence, what then did he?
 Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now new deeds;
 (Mischief doth ever end where it begins)
 An act of horreur, fathers! he dragg'd forth
 The aged gentleman that had there lien bed-rid
 Three years and more, out of his innocent couch,
 Naked upon the floor, there left him; wounded
 His servant in the face, and with this strumpet,
 The stale to his forg'd practice, who was glad
 To be so active, (I shall here desire
 Your fatherhoods to note by my collections,
 As most remarkable) thought at once to stop
 His father's ends, discredit his free choice
 In the old gentleman, redeem themselves,
 By laying infamy upon this man,
 To whom with blushing, they should owe their lives.

Avocatori 1. What proofs have you of this?

Bonario. Most honour'd fathers,
 I humbly crave there be no credit giv'n,
 To this man's mercenary tongue. *Avocatori 2.* Forbear.

Bonario. His foul moves in his fee.

Avocari 3. O, Sir. *Bonario.* This fellow,
 For six *Souz* more, would plead against his maker.

Avocatori 1. You do forget your self.

Voltore. Nay, nay, grave fathers,
 Let him have scope: can any man imagine
 That he will spare his accuser, that would not
 Have spar'd his parent?

Avocatori 1. Well, produce your proofs.

Celia. I would I could forget I were a creature.

Voltore. Signior *Corbaccio*.

Avocatori 4. What is he? *Voltore.* The father.

Avocatori 2. Has he made an oath?

Notario. Yes. *Corbaccio.* What must I do now?

Notario. Your testimony's crav'd,

Corbaccio. Speak to the knave?

I'll ha' my mouth first stopt with earth; my heart
Abhors his knowlege: I disclaim in him.

Avocatori 1. But for what cause?

Corbaccio. The meer portent of nature:
He is an utter stranger to my loins.

Bonario. Have they made you to this!

Corbaccio. I will not hear thee,
Monster of men, swine, goat, wolf, parricide,
Speak not, thou viper. *Bonario.* Sir, I will sit down,
And rather wish my innocence should suffer,
Than I resist the authority of a father.

Voltore. Signior *Corvino*.

Avocatori 2. This is strange! *Avocatori 1.* Who's this?

Notario. The husband. *Avocatori 4.* Is he sworn?

Notario. He is. *Avocatori 3.* Speak then.

Corvino. This woman (please your fatherhoods) is a whore,
Of most hot exercise, more than a partrich,
Upon record—*Avocatori 1.* No more.

Corvino. Neighs like a jennet.

Notario. Preserve the honour of the court. *Corvino.* I shall,
And modesty of your most reverend ears.

And yet I hope that I may say, these eyes
Have seen her glew'd unto that piece of cedar,
That fine well timber'd gallant; and that here
The letters may be read, thorow the horn,
That make the story perfect. *Mosca.* Excellent! Sir.

Corvino. There is no shame in this now, is there?

Mosca. None.

Corvino. Or if I said, I hop'd that she were onward
To her damnation, if there be a hell
Greater than whore and woman; a good catholic
May make the doubt.

Avocatori 3. His grief hath made him frantic.

Avocatori 1. Remove him hence.

Avocatori 2. Look to the woman.

[*She swoons.*]

Corvino. Rare! prettily feign'd! again!

Avocatori 4. Stand from about her.

Avocatori 1. Give her the air.

Avocatori 3. What can you say? *Mosca.* My wound
May't please your wisdoms) speaks for me, receiv'd
In aid of my good patron, when he mist

His fought-for father, when that well-taught dame
Had her cue giv'n her, to cry out, a rape.

Bonario. O, most laid impudence! fathers——

Avocatori 3. Sir, be silent;

You had your hearing free, so must they theirs.

Avocatori 2. I do begin to doubt th' imposture here.

Avocatori 4. This woman hath too many moods.

Voltore. Grave fathers,

She is a creature of a most profest

And prostituted lewdness, *Corvino.* Most impetuous!

Unsatisfied, grave fathers! *Voltore.* May her feignings

Not take your wisdoms: but this day she baited

A stranger, a grave knight, with her loose eyes,

And more lascivious kisses. This man saw 'em

Together on the water, in a *Gondola*.

Mosca. Here is the lady her self, that saw 'em too,

Without; who then had in the open streets

Pursu'd them, but for saving her knight's honour.

Avocatori 1. Produce that lady.

Avocatori 2. Let her come. *Avocatori* 4. Those things,

They strike with wonder. *Avocatori* 3. I am turn'd a stone

S C E N E VI.

MOSCA, LADY, AVOCATORI, etc.

BE resolute, madam. *Lady.* I, this same 'is she.

Out, thou chameleon harlot; now thine eyes

Vie tears with the *Hyaena*: dar'st thou look

Upon my wronged face? I cry your pardons,

I fear I have (forgettingly) transgress'd

Against the dignity of the court—*Avocatori* 2. No, madam

Lady. And been exorbitant——

Avocatori 2. You have not, lady.

Avocatori 4. These proofs are strong.

Lady. Surely, I had no purpose

To scandalize your honours, or my sexes.

Avocatori 3. We do believe it.

Lady. Surely, you may believe it.

Avocatori 2. Madam, we do.

Lady. Indeed you may, my breeding
Is not so coarse—*Avocatori* 4. We know it. *Lady.* To offend
With pertinacy—*Avocatori* 3. *Lady.* *Lady.* Such a presence!
No, surely. *Avocatori* 1. We well think it.

Lady. You may think it.

Avocatori 1. Let her o'ercome. What witnesses have you,
To make good your report! *Bonario.* Our consciences.

Celia. And heaven, that never fails the innocent.

Avocatori 4. These are no testimonies.

Bonario. Not in your courts,
Where multitude and clamour overcomes.

Avocatori 1. Nay, then you wax insolent.

Voltore. Here, here, [*Volpone is brought in as impotent.*]
The testimony comes, that will convince,
And put to utter dumbness their bold tongues.
See here, grave fathers, here the ravisher,
The rider on mens wives, the great impostor,
The grand voluptuary! do you not think
These limbs should affect venery? or these eyes
Covet a concubine? pray you mark these hands:
Are they not fit to stroke a lady's breast?
Perhaps he doth dissemble! *Bonario.* So he does.

Voltore. Would you ha' him tortur'd?

Bonario. I would have him prov'd.

Voltore. Best try him then with goads, or burning irons;
Put him to the strappado: I have heard
The rack hath cur'd the gout; 'faith, give it him,
And help him of a malady, be courteous.
I'll undertake, before these honour'd fathers,
He shall have yet as many left diseases,
As she has known adulteries, or thou strumpets.
O, my most equal hearers, if these deeds,
Acts of this bold and most exorbitant stain,
May pass with sufferance, what one citizen
But owes the forfeit of his life, yea, fame,
To him that dares traduce him? which of you
Are safe, my honour'd fathers? I would ask
(With leave of your grave fatherhoods) if their plot
Have any face or colour like truth;
Or, if unto the dullest nostril here,
It smelt not rank, and most abhorred slander?
I crave your care of this good gentleman,

Whose life is much endanger'd by their fable;
 And as for them, I will conclude with this,
 That vicious persons, when they're hot and flesh'd
 In impious acts, their constancy abounds:
 Damn'd deeds are gone with great confidence.

Avocatori 1. Take 'em to custody, and sever them.

Avocatori 2. 'Tis pity two such prodigies should live.

Avocatori 1. Let the old gentleman be return'd with care:
 I'm sorry our credulity wrong'd him.

Avocatori 4. These are two creatures!

Avocatori 2. I have an earthquake in me.

Avocatori 3. Their shame (even in their cradles) fled their [faces]

Avocatori 4. You've done a worthy service to the state, Sir,

In their discovery. *Avocatori 1.* You shall hear, ere night,
 What punishment the court decrees upon 'em.

Voltore. We thank you fatherhoods.

How like you it? *Mosca.* Rare.

I'd ha' your tongue, Sir, tipt with gold for this;

I'd ha' you be the heir to the whole city;

'The earth I'd ha' want men, ere you want living:

They're bound to erect your statue in St. Marks.

Signior *Corvino*, I would have you go

And shew yourself, that you have conquer'd.

Corvino. Yes.

Mosca. It was much better that you should profess
 Your self a cuckold thus, than that the other

Should have been prov'd. *Corvino.* Nay, I consider'd that:

Now it is her fault. *Mosca.* Then it had been yours.

Corvino. True, I do doubt this advocate still.

Mosca. I' faith you need not, I dare ease you of that care.

Corvino. I trust thee, *Mosca.*

Mosca. As your own soul, Sir. *Corbaccio.* *Mosca.*

Mosca. Now for your business, Sir.

Corbaccio. How? ha' you business?

Mosca. None else, not I,

Corbaccio. Be careful then.

Mosca. Rest you with both your eyes, Sir.

Corbaccio. Dispatch it. *Mosca.* Instantly.

Corbaccio. And look that all,

Whatever, be put in, jewels, plate, monies,

Household-stuff, bedding, curtains. *Mosca.* Curtain-rings, Sir.

Only the advocate's fee must be deducted.

Corbaccio. I'll pay him now; you'll be too prodigal.

Mosca. Sir, I must tender it. *Corbaccio.* Two *Cecchines* is

Mosca. No. Six, Sir, *Corbaccio.* 'Tis too much. [well.

Mosca. He talk'd a great while;

You must consider that, Sir. *Corbaccio.* Well, there's three.—

Mosca. I'll give it him. *Corbaccio.* Do so, and there's for thee.

Mosca. Bountiful bones! what horrid strange offence

Did he commit against nature, in his youth,

Worthy this age? You see, Sir, how I work

Unto your ends: take you no notice. *Voltore.* No,

I'll leave you. *Mosca.* All is yours, the devil and all:

Good advocate. Madam, I'll bring you home.

Lady. No, I'll go see your patron.

Mosca. That you shall not:

I'll tell you why. My purpose is to urge

My patron to reform his will; and for

The zeal you have shewn to-day, whereas before

You were but third or fourth, you shall be now

First in the first; which would appear as begg'd,

If you were present. Therefor—*Lady.* You shall sway me.

ACT V. SCENE I.

V O L P O N E.

WELL, I am here, and all this brunt is past:

I ne'er was in dislike with my disguise

Till this fled moment; here 'was good in private;

But in your public—*Cave* whilst I breathe.

Fore God, my left leg 'gan to have the cramp,

And I apprehended straight some power had struck me

With a dead palfie: well, I must be merry,

And shake it off. A many of these fears

Would put me into some villanous disease,

Should they come thick upon me: I'll prevent 'em.

Give me a bowl of lusty wine, to fright,

This humour from my heart, (hum, hum, hum,) [*He drinks.*

This almost gone already: I shall conquer.

Any device now, of rare ingenious knavery,
That would possess me with a violent laughter,
Would make me up again. So, so, so, so. [*Drinks again*]
This heat is life: 'tis blood by this time: Mosca!

S C E N E II.

MOSCA, VOLPONE, NANO, CASTRONE.

Mosca. How now, Sir? does the day look clear again?
Are we recover'd, and wrought out of error,
Into our way, to see our path before us?
Is our trade free once more? *Volpone.* Exquisite Mosca.

Mosca. Was it not carried learnedly? *Volpone.* And stoutly
Good wits are greatest in extremities.

Mosca. It were a folly, beyond thought, to trust
Any grand act unto a cowardly spirit:
You are not taken with it enough, methinks.

Volpone. O, more than if I had enjoy'd the wench:
The pleasure of all woman-kind's not like it.

Mosca. Why now you speak, Sir. We must here be firm
Here we must rest; this is our master-piece:

We cannot think we go beyond this. *Volpone.* True,
Thou hast plaid thy prize, my precious Mosca. *Mosca.* Nay, Sir,
To gull the court—*Volpone.* And quite divert the torrent
Upon the innocent. *Mosca.* Yes, and to make
So rare a music out of discords—*Volpone.* Right.

That yet to me's the strangest! how th' hast born it!

That these (being so divided 'mongst themselves)

Should not scent somewhat, or in me, or thee,

Or doubt their own side. *Mosca.* True, they will not see

Too much light blinds 'em, I think. Each of 'em

Is so possess'd and stuf't with his own hopes,

That any thing unto the contrary,

Never so true, or never so apparent,

Never so palpable, they will resist it—

Volpone. Like a temptation of the devil. *Mosca.* Right, Sir,
Merchants may talk of trade, and your great Seigniors
Of land that yields well; but if Italy

Have any glebe more fruitful then these fellows,
I am deceiv'd. Did not your advocate rare?

Volpone. O (my most honour'd fathers, my grave fathers,
Under correction of your fatherhoods,
What face of truth is here? If these strange deeds
May pass, most honour'd fathers—) I had much ado

To forbear laughing. *Mosca.* 'T seem'd to me, you sweat, Sir,

Volpone. In troth, I did a little. *Mosca.* But confess, Sir,
Were you not daunted? *Volpone.* In good faith, I was
A little in a mist, but not rejected;

Never but still my self. *Mosca.* I think it, Sir,
Now (so truth help me) I must needs say this, Sir,

And out of conscience for your advocate,
He has taken pains, in faith, Sir, and deserv'd
(In my poor judgment, I speak it under favour,
Not to contrary you, Sir,) very richly—

Well—to be cozen'd. *Volpone.* Troth, and I think so too,
By that I heard him, in the latter end

Mosca. O, but before, Sir: had you heard him first
Draw it to certain heads, then aggravate,
Then use his vehement figures—I look'd still

When he would shift a shirt; and doing this
Out of pure love, no hope of gain—*Volpone.* 'Tis right

I cannot answer him, *Mosca*, as I would,
Not yet; but for thy sake, at thy intreaty,

I will begin, ev'n now, to vex 'em all,
This very instant.

Mosca. Good Sir. *Volpone.* Call the dwarf
And eunuch forth.

Mosca. Castrone, Nano. *Nano.* Here.

Volpone. Shall we have a jig, now?

Mosca. What you please, Sir. *Volpone.* Go,
Straight give out about the streets, you two,
'That I am dead; do it with constancy,
Sadly, do you hear? impute it to the grief
Of this last slander.

Mosca. What do you mean, Sir? *Volpone.* O,
I shall have instantly my vulture, crow,
Raven, come flying hither, (on the news)
To peck for carrion, my she-wolf, and all,
Greedy, and full of expectation—

Mosca. And then to have it ravish'd from their mouths?

Volpone. 'Tis true; I will ha'thee put on a gown,
And take upon thee, as thou wert mine heir;
Shew 'em a will: open that chest, and reach
Forth one of those that has the blanks; I'll straight
Put in my name. *Mosca.* It will be rare, Sir. *Volpone.* I,
When they ev'n gape, and find themselves deluded—

Mosca. Yes. *Volpone.* And thou use him scurvily.
Dispatch, get on thy gown.

Mosca. But what, Sir, if they ask
After the body? *Volpone.* Say it was corrupted.

Mosca. I'll say, it stunk, Sir; and was fain t'have it
Coffin'd up instantly, and sent away.

Volpone. Any thing, that thou wilt. Hold, here's my will.
Get thee a cap, a count-book, pen and ink,
Papers afore thee; sit as thou wert taking
An inventory of parcels: I'll get up
Behind the curtain, on a stool, and hearken;
Sometime peep over, see how they do look,
With what degrees their blood doth leave their faces!
O! 'twill afford me a real meal of laughter.

Mosca. Your advocate will turn stark dull upon it.

Volpone. It will take off his oratories edge.

Mosca. But your *Clarissimo*, old Round-back, he
Will crump you, like a hog-louse, with the touch.

Volpone. And what *Corvino*? *Mosca.* O Sir, look for him,
To-morrow morning, with a rope and a dagger,
To visit all the streets; he must run mad.
My lady too, that came into the court,
To bear false-witness for your worship—*Volpone.* Yes,
And kiss me 'fore the fathers, when my face
Flow'd with oils.

Mosca. And sweat, Sir. Why your gold
Is such another med'cine, it dries up
All those offensive favours: It transforms
The most deformed, and restores 'em lovely,
As 'twere the strange poetical girdle Jove
Could not invent t'himself a shroud more subtle
To pass *Acrisus*' guards. It is the thing
Makes all the world her grace, her youth, her beauty.

Volpone. I think she loves me. *Mosca.* Who? the lady, Sir?
She's jealous of you. *Volpone.* Dost thou say so? *Mosca.* Hark,
'There's some already. *Volpone.* Look. *Mosca.* It is the vulture;

[Cestus]

He has the quickest scent. *Volpone*. I'll to my place.
Thou to thy posture. *Mosca*. I am set. *Volpone*. But *Mosca*,
Play the artificer now, torture 'em rarely.

S C E N E III.

VOLTORE, MOSCA, CORBACCIO, CORVINO,
LADY, VOLPONE.

Voltore. HOW now, my *Mosca*? *Mosca*. Turkey carpets,

Voltore. Taking an inventory? that is well. [nine—

Mosca. Two futes of bedding, tissue—

Voltore. Where's the will?

Let me read that the while. *Corbaccio*. So, set me down,
and get you home. *Voltore*. Is he come now, to trouble us?

Mosca. Of cloth of gold, two more—

Corbaccio. Is it done, *Mosca*?

Mosca. Of several velvets, eight—

Voltore. I like his care.

Corbaccio. Dost thou not hear?

Corvino. Ha? is the hour come, *Mosca*?

Volpone. I, now they muster. [*Volpone peeps from behind
a traverse.*]

Corvino. What does the advocate here,

Or this *Corbaccio*?

Corbaccio. What do these here? *Lady*. *Mosca*?

Is his thread spun? *Mosca*. Eight chests of linen—

Volpone. O,

My fine dame *Would-be* too! *Corvino*. *Mosca*, the will,
That I may shew it these, and rid 'em hence.

Mosca. Six chests of diaper, four of damask—there.

Corbaccio. Is that the will?

Mosca. Down beds and bolsters—*Volpone*. Rare?
Be busie still. Now they begin to flutter:

They never think of me. Look, see, see, see!

Now their swift eyes run over the long deed

Unto the name, and to the legacies,

What is bequeath'd them there—

Mosca. Ten futes of hangings—

Volpone: I, i' their garters. *Mosca*. Now their hopes
Are at the gasp. *Voltore*. *Mosca* the heir! *Corbaccio*. What's that?

Volpone. My advocate is dumb; look to my merchant,
He has heard of some strange storm, a ship is lost,
He faints, my lady will swoon. Old glazen eyes,
He hath not reach'd his despair yet. *Corbaccio*. All these
Are out of hope; I'm sure the man. *Corvino*. But *Mosca*—

Mosca. Two cabinets—*Corv.* Is this in earnest? *Mosca*. One
Of ebony—*Corvino*. Or do you but delude me?

Mosca. The other, mother of pearl—I am very busie.
Good faith, it is a fortune thrown upon me—
Item, One salt of agat—not my seeking.

Lady. Do you hear, Sir?

Mosca. A perfum'd box—'pray you forbear,
You see I am troubled—made of an *onyx*—*Lady*. How!

Mosca. To-morrow, or next day I shall be at leisure
To talk with you all. *Corvino*. Is this my large hopes issue?

Lady. Sir, I must have a fairer answer. *Mosca*. Madam
Marry, and shall: 'pray you, fairly quit my house.

Nay, raise no tempest with your looks; but heark you,
Remember what your ladyship offer'd me

To put you in an heir; go to, think on't:

And what you said e'en you best madams did
For maintenance; and why not you? enough.

Go home, and use the poor Sir Politic your knight well,
For fear I tell some riddles: go, be melancholy.

Volpone. O, my fine devil! *Corvino*. *Mosca*, 'pray you a word.

Mosca. Lord! will not you take your dispatch hence yet?
Methinks (of all) you should have been th' example.

Why should you stay here? with what thought, what promise?
Hear you? do not you know, I know you an ass?

And that you would most fain have been a wittol,
If fortune would have let you? that you were

A declar'd cuckold, on good terms? This pearl,
You'll say, was yours? Right: this diamond?

I'll not deny't, but thank you. Much here else?
It may be so. Why, think that these good works

May help to hide your bad: I'll not betray you;
Although you be but extraordinary

And have it only in title, it sufficeth.

Go home, be melancholy too, or mad.

Volpone. Rare *Mosca*! how his villany becomes him!

Voltore. Certain he doth delude all those for me.

Corbaccio. Mosca the heir?

Volpone. O his four eyes have found it.

Corbaccio. I am cozen'd, cheated, by a parasite-slave;
Harlot, t' hast gull'd me. *Mosca.* Yes, Sir. Stop your mouth,
Or I shall draw the only tooth is left.

Are not you he, that filthy covetous wretch,
With the three legs, that here, in hope of prey,
Have any time this three years snuft about,
With your most grov'ling nose, and would have hir'd
Me to the pois'ning of my patron, Sir?
Are not you he that have to-day in court
Profest the disinheriting of your son?

Perjur'd yourself; go home, and die, and stink;
If you but croak a syllable, all comes out:
Away, and call your porters, go, go, stink.

Volpone. Excellent varlet! *Voltore.* Now, my faithful Mosca,
Find thy constancy. *Mosca.* Sir?

Voltore. Sincere. *Mosca.* A table
Of porphyry—I mar'le you'll be thus troublesome.

Voltore. Nay, leave off now, they are gone.

Mosca. Why? who are you?

What? who did send for you? O, cry your mercy,
Reverend Sir! good faith, I am griev'd for you,

That any chance of mine should thus defeat
Your (I must needs say) most deserving travels:

But I protest, Sir, it was cast upon me,
And I could almost wish to be without it,
But that the will o'th' dead must be observ'd.

Happy, my joy is, that you need it not,
You have a gift, Sir, (thank your education)
Will never let you want, while there are men
And malice, to breed causes. Would I had
But half the like, for all my fortune, Sir.

If I have any futes (as I do hope,
Things being so easie and direct, I shall not)
Will make bold with your obstreperous aid,
(Conceive me) for your fee, Sir. In mean time,
You that have so much law, I know ha'the conscience
Not to be covetous of what is mine,

Good Sir, I thank you for my place; 'twill help

To set up a young man. Good faith, you look
As you were costive; best go home and purge, Sir.

Volpone. Bid him eat lettuce well: my witty mischief,
Let me embrace thee. O that I could now
Transform thee to a Venus!—*Mosca*, go,
Straight take my habit of *Clarissimo*,
And walk the streets, be seen, torment 'em more:
We must pursue, as well as plot. Who would
Have lost this feast? *Mosca*. I doubt it will lose them.

Volpone. O, my recovery shall recover all.
That I could now but think on some disguise
To meet 'em in, and ask 'em questions:
How I would vex 'em still at every turn?

Mosca. Sir, I can fit you.

Volpone. Canst thou? *Mosca.* Yes, I know
One o' the *Commandatori*, Sir, so like you;
Him I will straight make drunk, and bring you his habit.

Volpone. A rare disguise, and answering thy brain!
O, I will be a sharp disease unto 'em.

Mosca. Sir, you must look for curses——

Volpone. 'Till they burst;
The *Fox* fares ever best when he is curst.

S C E N E IX.

PEREGRINE, MERCATORI 3. WOMAN, POLITIC

Peregrine. AM I enough disguis'd? *Mercatori 1.* I warrant
you.

Peregrine. All my ambition is to fright him only.

Mercatori 2. If you could ship him away, 'twere excellent.

Mer. 3. To Zant, or to *Aleppo*? *Per.* Yes, and ha' his
Adventures put i' th' *Book of Voyages*,
And his gull'd story registred for truth.

Well, gentlemen, when I am in a while,

And that you think us warm in our discourse,

Know your approaches. *Mercatori 1.* Trust to our care.

Peregrine. Save you, fair lady. Is Sir Politic within?

Woman. I do not know, Sir. *Peregrine.* Pray you, say
Here is a merchant, upon earnest business,

Desires to speak with him.

Woman. I will see, Sir. *Peregrine.* Pray you.
I see the family is all female here.

Woman. He says, Sir, he has weighty affairs of state,
That now require him whole; some other time
You may possess him. *Peregrine.* Pray you say again,
If those require him whole, these will exact him,
Whereof I bring him tidings. What might be
His grave affair of state now? how to make
Bolognian saufages here in Venice, sparing
One o' th' ingredients. *Woman.* Sir, he says, he knows
By your word, *Tidings*, that you are no statesman,
And therefor wills your stay.

Peregrine. Sweet, pray you return him;
I have not read so many proclamations,
And studied them for words, as he has done;
But—here he deigns to come. *Politic.* Sir, I must crave
Your courteous pardon. There hath chanc'd (to day)
Unkind disaster 'twixt my lady and me,
And I was penning my apology
To give her satisfaction, as you came now.

Peregrine. Sir, I am griev'd, I bring you worse disaster;
The gentleman you met at th' port to-day,
That told you, he has newly arriv'd—*Politic.* I, was
A fugitive punk? *Peregrine.* No, Sir, a spy set on you;
And he has made relation to the senate,
That you profest to him to have a plot
To sell the state of Venice to the Turk.

Politic. O me!

Peregrine. For which, warrants are sign'd this time,
To apprehend you, and to search your study
For papers—*Politic.* Alas, Sir, I have none, but notes,
Drawn out of play-books—*Peregrine.* All the better, Sir.

Politic. And some essays. What shall I do? *Pere.* Sir, best
Convey your self unto a sugar-chest,
Or, if you would lie round, a frail were rare,
And I could send you abroad. *Politic.* Sir, I but talk'd so,
For discourse-sake meerly. [*They knock without.*

Peregrine. Hark, they are there.

Politic. I am a wretch, a wretch.

Peregrine. What will you do, Sir?

Ha' you ne'er a curran-butt to leap into?

They'll put you to the rack, you must be sudden.

Politic. Sir, I have an ingine——

(*Mercatori 3.* Sir *Politic* Would- e ?)

Mercatori 2. Where is he ?)

Politic. That I have thought upon before time.

Per. What is it? *Pol.* (I shall ne'er endure the torture.)

Marry, it is, Sir, of a tortoise-shell,

Fitted for these extremities: pray you, Sir, help me,

Here, I have a place, Sir, to put back my legs,

(Please you to lay it on, Sir) with this cap,

And my black gloves. I'll lie, Sir, like a tortoise,

Till they are gone. *Peregrine.* And call you this an ingine?

Politic. Mine own device——

Good Sir, bid my wife's woman

To burn my papers.

[*They rustle in*]

Mercatori 1. Where's he hid? *Mercatori 3.* We must

And will sure find him.

Mercatori 2. Which is his study? *Mercatori 1.* What

Are you, Sir? *Peregrine.* I am a merchant, that came here

To look upon this tortoise?

Mercatori 3. How? *Mercatori 1.* St. Mark!

What beast is this? *Peregrine.* It is a fish.

Mercatori 2. Come out here.

Per. Nay, you may strike him, Sir, and tread upon him:
He'll bear a cart.

Mercatori 1. What, to run over him? *Peregrine.* Yes, Sir.

Mercatori 3. Let's jump upon him.

Mercatori 2. Can he not go? *Peregrine.* He creeps, Sir.

Mercatori 1. Let's see him creep.

Peregrine. No, good Sir, you will hurt him.

Mercatori 2. (Heart) I'll see him creep, or prick his guts.

Mercatori 3. Come out here.

Peregrine. Pray you, Sir, (creep a little.)

Mercatori 1. Forth.

Mercatori 2. Yet farther. *Peregrine.* Good Sir, (creep)

Mercatori 2. We'll see his legs. [*They pull off his shell*]

Mercatori 3. Gods so, he has garters! and discover him

Mercatori 1. I, and gloves! *Mercatori 2.* Is this

Your fearful tortoise? *Peregrine.* Now, Sir *Politic*, we are even

For your next project I shall be prepar'd:

I am sorry for the funeral of your notes, Sir.

Mercatori 1. 'Twere a rare motion to be seen in Feet-street

Mercatori 2. I, i' the term!

Mercatori 1. Or *Smithfield* in the fair.

Mercatori 2. Methinks 'tis but a melancholy fight.

Peregrine. Farewell, most politic tortoise.

Politic. Where's my lady?

Knows she of this? *Woman.* I know not, Sir. *Politic.* Enquire.

O, I shall be the fable of all feasts,

The freight of the *Gazetti*, ship-boys tale;

And, which is the worst, even talk for ordinaries!

Woman. My lady's come most melancholy home,

And says, Sir, she will straight to sea, for physic.

Politic. And I, to shun this place and clime for ever,

Creeping with house on back, and think it well

To shrink my poor head in my politic shell.

S C E N E V.

VOLPONE, MOSCA.

[*The first in the habit of a Commandatore; the other of a Clarissimo*]

Volpone. AM I then like him? *Mosca.* O, Sir, you are he:
No man can sever you.

Volpone. Good. *Mosca.* But what am I?

Volpone. 'Fore heaven, a brave *Clarissimo*, thou becom'st it.

Pity thou wert not born one. *Mosca.* If I hold

My made one, 'twill be well. *Volpone.* I'll go and see

What news first at the court. *Mosca.* Do so. My fox

Is out on his hole, and ere he shall re-enter,

I'll make him languish in his borrow'd case,

Except he come to composition with me:

Androgyno, Castrone, Nano. All. Here.

Mosca. Go recreate your selves abroad; go sport.

So, now I have the keys, and am possessor.

Since he will needs be dead afore his time,

I'll bury, or gain by him. I am his heir,

And so will keep me, till he share at least.

To cozen him of all, were but a cheat

Well plac'd; no man would construe it a sin:

Let his sport pay for't; this is call'd the fox-trap.

SCENE VI.

CORBACCIO, CORVINO, VOLPONE.

Corbaccio. THEY say, the court is set. *Corvino.* We must maintain

Our first tale good, for both our reputations.

Corbaccio. Why? mine's no tale: my son would there have kill'd me.

Corvino. That's true, I had forgot; mine is, I am sure. But for your will, Sir. *Corbaccio.* I, I'll come upon him For that hereafter, now his patron's dead.

Volpone. Signior *Corvino!* and *Corbaccio!* Sir, Much joy unto you. *Corvino.* Of what?

Volpone. The sudden good Dropt down upon you——*Corbaccio.* Where?

Volpone. (And none knows how,) From old *Volpone*, Sir. *Corbaccio.* Out, arrant knave.

Volpone. Let not your too much wealth, Sir, make you furious. *Corbaccio.* Away, thou varlet.

Volpone. Why, Sir? *Corbaccio.* Dost thou mock me?

Volpone. You mock the world, Sir; Did you not change wills?

Corbaccio. Out, harlot. *Volpone.* O! belike you are the man, Signior *Corvino?* 'Faith, you carry it well;

You grow not mad withal: I love your spirit;

You are not over-leaven'd with your fortune.

You should ha' some would swell now, like a wine-fat With such an autumn—did he gi' you all, Sir?

Corvino. Avoid, you rascal.

Volpone. Troth, your wife has shewn Herself a very woman: but you are well, You need not care, you have a good estate, To bear it out, Sir, better by this chance:

Except *Corbaccio* have a share. *Corbaccio.* Hence, varlet.

Volpone. You will not be a 'known, Sir; why, 'tis wife. Thus do all gamesters, at all games, dissemble. No man will seem to win. Here comes my vulture, Heaving his beak up i' the air, and snuffing.

S C E N E VII.

VOLTORE, VOLPONE.

Voltore. OUT-STRIP thus, by a parasite, a slave?
Would run on errands, and make legs for crumbs?
Well, what I'll do—

Volpone. The court stays for your worship.
I e'en rejoice, Sir, at your worship's happiness,
And that it fell into so learned hands,
That understand the fingering—

Voltore. What do you mean?

Volpone. I mean to be a suitor to your worship,
For the small tenement, out of reparations,
That at the end of your long row of houses,
By the *Piscaria*: it was in *Volpone's* time,
Your predecessor, ere he grew diseas'd,
A handsom, pretty, custom'd bawdy-house,
As any was in *Venice*, (none disprais'd)
But fell with him; his body and that house
Decay'd together.

Voltore. Come, Sir, leave your prating.

Volpone. Why, if your worship give me but your hand,
That I may ha' the refusal, I have done.
'Tis a meer toy to you, Sir, candle-rents,
As your learn'd worship knows—

Voltore. What do I know?

Volpone. Marry, no end of your wealth, Sir; God decrease
it.

Voltore. Mistaking knave! what, mock'st thou my misfor-
tune?

Volpone. His blessing on your heart, Sir; would 'twere
(Now to my first again, at the next corner.) [more

SCENE VIII.

CORBACCIO, CORVINO, (MOSCA *passant*) VOLPONE*Corbaccio.* SEE, in our habit! see the impudent varlet!*Corvino.* That I could shoot mine eyes at him, like gun-*Volpone.* But is this true, Sir, of the parasite? [stones*Corbaccio.* Again, t' afflict us? monster!*Volpone.* In good faith, Sir,I am heartily griev'd, a beard of your grave length
Should be so over-reach'd. I never brook'd

That parasite's hair; methought this nose should cozen:

There still was somewhat, in his look, did promise

The bane of *Clarissimo*. *Corbaccio.* Knave—*Volpone.* Methinks

Yet you, that are so traded i' the world,

A witty merchant, the fine bird, *Corvino*,

That have such mortal emblems on your name,

Should not have fung your shame, and dropt your cheese,

To let the fox laugh at your emptiness.

Corvino. Sirrah, you think the privilege of the place,

And your red faucy cap, that seems (to me)

Nail'd to your jolt-head, with those two *Cecchines*,

Can warrant your abuses; come you hither. [well,

Volpone. You shall perceive, Sir, I do know your valourSince you durst publish what you are, Sir. *Corvino.* Tarry,I'd speak with you. *Volpone.* Sir, Sir, another time—*Corvino.* Nay, now.*Volpone.* O God, Sir! I were a wise man,
Would stand the fury of a distracted cuckold.*Corbaccio.* What, come again? [*Mosca walks by them.**Volpone.* Upon 'em, *Mosca*; save me.*Corbaccio.* The air's infected where he breathes.*Corvino.* Let's fly him.*Volpone.* Excellent basilisk! turn upon the vulture.

S C E N E IX.

VOLTORÈ, MOSCA, VOLPONE.

Voltore. WELL, flesh-fly, it is summer with you now;
Your winter will come on. *Mosca.* Good advocate,
Pr'ythee not rail, nor threaten out of place thus;
Thou'lt make a *solæcism* (as madam says.)
Get you a biggen more; your brain breaks loose.

Voltore. Well, Sir.

Volpone. Would you ha' me beat the insolent slave?
Throw dirt upon his first good clothes? *Voltore.* This same
Is doubtless some familiar. *Volpone.* Sir, the court,
In troth, stays for you; I am mad, a mule,
That never read *Justinian*, should get up,
And ride an advocate. Had you no quirk
To avoid gullage, Sir, by such a creature?
I hope you do but jest; he has not don't:
This's but confederacy, to blind the rest.
You are the heir? *Voltore.* A strange, officious,
Troublesome knave! thou dost torment me. *Volp.* I know—
It cannot be, Sir, that you should be cozen'd;
'Tis not within the wit of man to do it;
You are so wise, so prudent; and 'tis fit
That wealth and wisdom still should go together.

S C E N E X.

AVOCATORI 4. NOTARIO, COMMANDADORI,
BONARIO, CELIA, CORBACCIO, CORVINO,
VOLTORÈ, VOLPONE.

Avocatori 1. ARE all the parties here? *Notario.* All but the
Avocatori 2. And here he comes. [advocate.]

Avocatori 1. Then bring 'em forth to sentence.

Voltore. O, my most honour'd fathers, let your mercy

M

'Once win your justice, to forgive—
I am distracted—

Volpone. (What will he do now?) *Voltore.* O,
I know not which t' address my self to first,
Whether your fatherhoods, or these innocents—

Corvino. Will he betray himself? *Voltore.* Whom equal
I have abus'd, by my false accusation:
For which, now struck in conscience, here I prostrate
My self at your offended feet, for pardon.

Avocatori 1, 2. Arise.

Celia. O heav'n, how just thou art! *Volpone.* I am caught
I' my own noose—*Corvino.* Be constant, Sir: nought now
Can help, but impudence.

Avocatori 1. Speak forward. *Commandadori.* Silence.

Voltore. It is not passion in me, reverend fathers,
But only conscience, conscience, my good fires,
That makes me now tell truth. That parasite,
That knave hath been the instrument of all.

Avocatori Where is that knave? fetch him.

Volpone. I go. *Corvino.* Grave fathers,
This man's distracted; he confess't it now:
For hoping to be old *Volpone's* heir,

Who now is dead—*Avocatori 3.* How! *Avocatori 2.* Is *Volpone* [dead]

Corvino. Dead since, grave fathers—

Bonario. O sure vengeance! *Avocatori 1.* Stay,
Then he was no deceiver. *Voltore.* O no, none;
The parasite, grave fathers. *Corvino.* He does speak
Out of meer envy, 'cause the servants made
The thing he gap'd for: please your fatherhoods,
This is the truth, though I'll not justify
The other, but he may be some-deal faulty.

Voltore. I, to your hopes, as well as mine, *Corvino:*
But I'll use modesty. Pleaseth your wisdoms
To view these certain notes, and but confer them;
As I hope favour, they shall speak clear truth.

Corvino. The devil has enter'd him! *Bon.* Or bides in you

Avocatori 4. We have done ill, by a public officer
To send for him, if he be heir. *Avocatori 2.* For whom

Avocatori 4. Him that they call the parasite. *Avocatori*
'Tis true,

He is a man of great estate, now left.

Avocatori 4. Go you, and learn his name, and say the con

Intreats his presence here, but to the clearing
 Of some doubts. *Avocatori* 2. This fame's a labyrinth!
Avoc. 1. Stand you upon your first report. *Corv.* My state,
 My life, my fame——
Bonario. (Where is't?) *Corvino.* Are at the stake.
Avocatori 1. Is your's so too? *Corbaccio.* The advocate's a
 knave,
 And has a forked tongue—(*Avoc.* 2. Speak to the point.)
Corb. So is the parasite too. *Avoc.* 1. This is confusion.
Voltore. I do beseech your fatherhoods, read but those.
Corbaccio. And credit nothing the false spirit hath writ:
 It cannot be, but he is possest, grave fathers.

S C E N E XI.

VOLPONE, NANO, ANDROGYNO, CASTRONE.

Volpone. TO make a snare for mine own neck! and run
 My head unto it, willfully! with laughter!
 When I had newly scapt, was free, and clear!
 Out of meer wantonness! O the dull devil
 Was in this brain of mine, when I devis'd it.
 And Mosca gave it second; he must now
 Help to fear up this vein, or we bleed dead.
 How now! who let you loose? whither go you now?
 What, to buy gingerbread, or to drown kitlings?
Nano. Sir, master Mosca call'd us out of doors,
 And bid us all go play, and took the keys. *Androgyno.* Yes.
Volpone. Did master Mosca take the keys? why, so!
 I am farther in. These are my fine conceits!
 I must be merry, with a mischief to me!
 What a vile wretch was I, that could not bear
 My fortune soberly? I must ha' my crotchets!
 And my conundrums! well, go you, and seek him:
 His meaning may be truer than my fear.
 And him, he streight come to me to the court;
 Whither will I, and if't be possible,
 Uncrew my advocate, upon new hopes:
 When I provok'd him, then I lost my self.

SCENE XII.

AVOCATORI, etc.

Av. 1. THESE things can ne'er be reconcil'd, he here
 Professeth, that the gentleman was wrong'd,
 And that the gentlewoman was brought thither,
 Forc'd by her husband, and there left. *Voltore.* Most true.

Celia. How ready is heaven to those that pray!

Avocatori 1. But that

Volpone would have ravish'd her, he holds
 Utterly false, knowing his impotence.

Corvino. Grave fathers, he is posselt; again, I say,
 Posselt: nay, if there be possession,

And obsession, he has both. *Avoc. 3.* Here comes our officer.

Volpone. The parasite will streight be here, grave fathers.

Avoc. 4. You might invent some other name, Sir, varlet.

Avocatori 3. Did not the notary meet him?

Volpone. Not that I know.

Avocatori 4. His coming will clear all.

Avocatori 2. Yet it is mistry.

Voltore. May't please your fatherhoods——

Volpone. Sir, the parasite [*Volpone whispers the Avoc.*
 Will'd me to tell you, that his master lives,
 That you are still the man, your hopes, the same;
 And this was only a jest——

Voltore. How? *Volpone.* Sir, to try
 If you were firm, and how you stood affected.

Voltore. Ar't sure he lives?

Volpone. Do live, Sir? *Voltore.* O me!

I was too violent. *Volpone.* Sir, you may redeem it:
 They said, you were posselt; fall down, and seem so:
 I'll help to make it good. God bless the man!

[*Voltore falls.*

(Stop your wind hard, and swell) see, see, see, see!
 He vomits crooked pins! his eyes are set,
 Like a dead hare's, hung in a poulterer's shop!
 His mouth's running away! do you see, Signior?
 Now 'tis in his belly (*Corvino.* I, the devil!)

Volpone. Now in his throat. (*Corvino.* I, I perceive it plain.)

Volpone. 'Twill out, 'twill outstand clear. See where it flies,
In shape of a blue toad, with bats wings!

Do you not see it, Sir? *Corbaccio.* What? I think I do.

Corvino. 'Tis too manifest.

Volpone. Look! he comes t' himself!

Voltore. Where am I?

Volpone. Take good heart, the worst is past, Sir.

You are dispossest. *Avocatori 1.* What accident is this?

Av. 2. Sudden, and full of wonder! *Av. 3.* If he were
possest, as it appears, all this is nothing.

Corvino. He has been often subject to these fits.

Avoc. 1. Shew him that writing: do you know it, Sir?

Volpone. Deny it, Sir, forswear it, know it not.

Voltore. Yes, I do know it well, it is my hand:

But all that it contains, is false. *Bonario.* O practice!

Av. 2. What maze is this! *Av. 1.* Is he not guilty then,
Whom you there nam'd the parasite? *Voltore.* Grave fathers,
No more than his good patron, old *Volpone.*

Avocatori 4. Why, he is dead?

Voltore. O no, my honour'd fathers,

He lives—*Avocatori 1.* How? lives?

Voltore. Lives. *Avocatori 2.* This is subtler yet!

Avocatori 3. You said he was dead.

Voltore. Never. *Avocatori 3.* You said so.

Corvino. I heard so.

Avocatori 4. Here come the gentleman, make him way.

Avocatori 3. A stool.

Avocatori 4. A proper man, and, were *Volpone* dead,
A fit match for my daughter. *Avocatori 3.* Give him way.

Volpone. Mosca, I was a'most lost: the advocate

Had betray'd all; but now it is recover'd;

All's o' the hinge again—say, I am living.

Mosca. What busie knave is this! most reverend fathers,
I sooner had attended your grave pleasures,
Than that my order for the funeral

Of my dear patron did require me—(*Voltore.* Mosca!)

Mosca. Whom I intend to bury like a gentleman.

Volp. I, quick, and cozen me of all. *Avoc. 2.* Still stranger!
More intricate! *Avocatori 1.* And come about again!

Avocatori 4. It is a match, my daughter is bestow'd.

Mosca. Will you gi' me half?

Volpone. First I'll be hang'd. *Mosca.* I know
Your voice is good, cry not so loud.) *Avoc. 1.* Demand
The advocate: Sir, did not you affirm
Volpone was alive? *Volpone.* Yes, and he is;
This gentleman told me so, (thou shalt have half.)

Mosca. Whose drunkard is the same?

Speak some that know him:

I never saw his face. (I cannot now

Afford it you so cheap. *Volp.* No?) *Avoc. 1.* What say you?

Voltore. The officer told me. *Volpone.* I did, grave fathers,

And will maintain he lives, with mine own life,

And that this creature told me. (I was born

With all good stars my enemies.) *Mosf.* Most grave fathers,

If such an insolence as this must pass

Upon me, I am silent; 'twas not this

For which you sent, I hope. *Avocatori 2.* Take him away.

(*Volpone.* *Mosca!*) *Avocatori 3.* Let him be whipt.

(*Volpone.* Wilt thou betray me?

Cozen me?) *Avocatori 3.* And taught to bear himself

Toward a person of his rank. *Avocatori 4.* Away.

Mosca. I humbly thank your fatherhoods.

Volpone. Soft, soft, whipt?

And lose all that I have? If I confess,

It cannot be much more. *Avocatori 4.* Sir, are you married?

Volpone. They'll be allay'd anon; I must be resolute:

The fox shall here uncase. (*Mosca.* Patron)

Volpone. Nay, now

[*He puts off his disguise.*]

My ruins shall not come alone: your match

I'll hinder sure: my substance shall not glew you,

Nor screw you into a family. (*Mosca.* Why patron!)

Volpone. I am Volpone, and this is my knave;

This, his own knave: this, avarice's fool:

This, a chimera of wittal, fool, and knave:

And reverend fathers, since we all can hope

Nought but a sentence, let's not now despair it.

You hear me brief,

Corvino. May it please your fatherhoods—*Com.* Silence.

Avocatori 1. The knot is now undone by miracle.

Avocatori 2. Nothing can be more clear.

Avocatori 3. Or can more prove

These innocent. *Avocatori 1.* Give them their liberty.

Bon. Heaven could not long let such gross crimes be hid.

Avocatori 2. If this be held the high-way to get riches,
May I be poor. *Avoc 3.* This's not the gain, but torment.

Avoc. 1. These possess wealth, as sick men possess fevers,
Which trulier may be said to possess them.

Avocatori 2. Disrobe that parasite.

Corvino. Mosca. Most honoured fathers

Avoc. 1. Can you plead ought to stay the course of justice?
If you can, speak.

Corvino. Voltore. We beg favour. *Celia.* And mercy.

Avoc. 1. You hurt your innocence, suing for the guilty.

Stand forth; and first the parasite. You appear

Have been the chiefest minister, if not plotter,

In all these lewd impostures; and now, lastly,

Have with your impudence abus'd the court,

And habit of a gentleman of Venice,

Being a fellow of no birth, or blood:

For which our sentence is, first, thou be whipt;

Then live perpetual prisoner in our gallies.

Voltore. I thank you for him.

Mosca. Bane to my wolfish nature.

Avocatori 1. Deliver him to the *Saffi*. Thou *Volpone*,

By blood and rank a gentleman, canst not fall

Under like censure; but our judgment on thee

Is, that thy substance all be straight confiscate

To the hospital of the *Incurabili*.

And since the most was gotten by imposture,

By feigning lame, gout, palsie, and such diseases,

Thou art to lie in prison, cramp't with irons,

Till thou be'st sick and lame indeed. Remove him.

Volpone. This is call'd mortifying of a *Fox*.

Avocatori 1. Thou *Voltore*, to take away the scandal

Thou hast given all worthy men of thy profession,

Are banish'd from their fellowship, and our state.

Corbaccio, bring him near. We here possess

Thy son of all thy state, and confine thee

To the monastery of *San' Spirito*;

Where since thou knowest not how to live well here,

Thou shalt be learnt to die well. *Corb.* Ha! what said he?

Commandadore. You shall know anon, Sir.

Avocatori 1. Thou, *Corvino*, shalt

Be straight embark'd from thine own house, and row'd

Round about Venice, through the *Grand Canale*,
 Wearing a cap, with fair long asses ears,
 Instead of horns: and so to mount (a paper
 Pinn'd on thy breast) to the *Berlino—Corvino*. Yes,
 And have mine eyes beat out with stinking fish,
 Bruis'd fruit, and rotten eggs—'tis well. I am glad
 I shall not see my shame yet. *Avocatori* 1. And to expiate
 Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to send her
 Home to her father, with her dowry trebled:
 And these are all your judgments.

(*All. Honour'd fathers.*)

Avoc. 1. Which may not be revok'd. Now you begin,
 When crimes are done, and past, and to be punish'd,
 To think what your crimes are: away with them.
 Let all that see these vices thus rewarded,
 Take heart, and love to study 'em. Mischiefs feed
 Like beasts, till they be fat, and then they bleed.

V O L P O N E.

THE seasoning of a play, is the applause.
Now, though the Fox be punish'd by the laws,
He yet doth hope there is no suff'ring due,
For any fact which he hath done 'gainst you:
If there be, censure him; here he doubtful stands:
If not, fare jovially, and clap your hands.

T H E E N D.

T H E
A L C H E M I S T .
A
C O M E D Y .

First A C T E D in the Year 1610,

B Y T H E
K I N G ' S M A J E S T Y ' S S E R V A N T S .
The Author B E N . J O N S O N .

— *petere inde coronam,*
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora musæ.

LUCERT.

G L A S G O W :

Printed for R. URIE, M D C C L X V I .

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P R O L O G U E.

FORTUNE, that favours fools, these two short hours
 We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,
 Judging spectators; and desire in place,
 To th' author justice, to our selves but grace.
 Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known,
 No countries mirth is better than our own:
 Nor clime breeds better matter for your whore,
 Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,
 Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed the stage;
 And which have still been subject for the rage
 Or spleen of comic writers. Tho' this pen
 Did never aim to grieve, but better men;
 Howe'er the age he lives in doth endure
 The vices that she breeds, above their cure.
 But when the wholesome remedies are sweet,
 And in their working gain and profit meet,
 He hopes to find no spirit so much diseas'd,
 But will with such fair correctives be pleas'd:
 For here he doth not fear who can apply.
 If there be any that will sit so nigh
 Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,
 They shall find things, they'd think, or wish, were done;
 They are so natural follies, but so shown,
 As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

Subtle, *the alchemist.*
Face, *the house-keeper.*
Dol. Common, *their colleague.*
Dapper, *a clerk.*
Drugger, *a tobacco-man.*
Love-wit, *master of the house.*
Epicure Mammon, *a knight.*
Surley, *a gamester.*
Tribulation, *a pastor of Amsterdam.*
Ananias, *a deacon there.*
Kastrill, *the angry boy.*
Da. Pliant, *his sister, a widow.*

NEIGHBOURS.

OFFICERS.

MUTES.

The SCENE, LONDON.

The principal COMEDIANS were,

RIC. BURBADGE.
JOH. LOWIN.
HEN. CONDEL.
ALEX. COOKE.
ROB. ARMIN.

JOH. HEMMINGS.
WILL. OSTLER.
JOH. UNDERWOOD.
NIC. TOOLY.
WILL. EGGLESTONE.

THE ALCHEMIST.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The sickness hot, a master quit, for fear,
His house in town, and left one servant there,
Ease him corrupted, and gave means to know.*

*A Cheater, and his punk; who, now brought low,
Leaving their narrow practice, were become
Cos'ners at large; and only wanting some
House to set up, with him they here contract,
Each for a share, and all begin to act.
Much company they draw, and much abuse,
In casting figures, telling fortunes, news,
Selling of flies, flat bawd'ry, with the Stone;
Till it, and they, and all in fume are gone.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

FACE, SUBTLE, DOL. COMMON.

BELIEV'T, I will. *Subtle.* Thy worst. I fart at thee.
Dol. Ha' you your wits? Why, gentlemen! for love—
Fac. Sirrah, I'll strip you—*Sub.* What to do? lick figs
at my—*Face.* Rogue, rogue, out of all your sleights.
Dol. Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are you madmen?
Subtle. O, let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your silks
with good strong-water, an' you come.

Dol. Will you have
The neighbours hear you? will you betray all?
Hark, I hear some body. *Face.* Sirrah—*Subtle.* I shall make
All that the taylor has made, if you approach.

Face. You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave,
Dare you do this? *Subtle.* Yes faith, yes faith. *Face.* Why, who
Am I, my mungril? who am I? *Subtle.* I'll tell you,
Since you know not yourself—*Face.* Speak lower, rogue.

Subtle. Yes, you were once (time's not long past) the good
Honest, plain, livery-three-pound-thrum, that kept
Your master's worships house here in the *Friers*,
For the vacations—*Face.* Will you be so loud?

Subtle. Since, by my means, translated Suburb-captain.

Face. By your means, doctor Dog?

Subtle. Within man's memory,
All this I speak of. *Face.* Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanc'd by you, or you by me?
Do but collect, Sir, where I met you first.

Subtle. I do not hear well. *Face.* Not of this, I think
But I shall put you in mind, Sir; at *Pie-corner*,
Taking your meal of steam in, from cook stalls;
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk
Piteously costive, with your pinch'd-horn-nose,
And your complexion of the Roman wash,
Stuck full of black and melancholic worms,
Like powder-corns shot at th' *Artillery-yard*.

Subtle. I wish you could advance your voice a little.

Face. When you went pinn'd up in the several rags
Yo' had rack'd and pick'd from dunghills, before day;
Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes
A felt of rug, and a thin thred-den cloke,
That scarce could cover your no-buttocks——

Subtle. So, Sir!

Face. When all your *Alchemy*, and your *Algebra*,
Your *Minerals*, *Vegetals*, and *Animals*,
Your conjuring, coz'ning, and your dozen of trades,
Could not relieve your corps with so much linen
Would make you tinder, but to see a fire;
I ga' you count'nance, credit, for your coals,
Your stills, your glassess, your materials;
Built you a fornace, drew you customers,

Advanc'd all your black arts; lent you, beside,
A house to practise in—*Subtle*. Your master's house?

Face. Where you have studied the more thriving skill
Of bawd'ry since. *Subtle*. Yes, in your master's house.
You and the rats here kept possession.

Make it not strange. I know yo' were one could keep
The buttry-hatch still lock'd, and save the chippings,
Sell the dol-beer to *Aqua-vita-men*,

The which, together with your *Christmas* vails
At *Post and Pair*, your letting out of counters,
Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,
And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs,
Here, since your mistress death hath broke up house.

Face. You might talk softer, rascal. *Sub*. No, you *Scarabe*,
I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you
How to beware to tempt a fury again,
That carries tempest in his hand and voice.

Face. The place has made you valiant.

Subtle. No, your clothes.

Thou vermin, have I tane thee out of dung,
So poor, so wretched, when no living thing
Would keep thee company, but a spider, or worse?
Bais'd thee from brooms, and dust, and watring pots?
Blim'd thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee
In the *Third Region*, call'd our *State of Grace*?

Brought thee to *Spirit*, to *Quintessence*, with pains
Would twice have won me the *Philosopher's Work*?
Put thee in words and fashion, made thee fit
For more than ordinary fellowships?

Gav'n thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling dimensions?
Gav' rules to cheat at horse-race, cock-pit, cards,
Dice, or whatever gallant tincture else?

Made thee a second in mine own great art;
Had have I this for thanks? do you rebel?

Do you fly out i' the *Projection*?

Should you be gone now?

Dol. Gentlemen, what do you mean?

Will you mar all? *Subtle*. Slave, thou hadst had no name—

Dol. Will you undo yourselves with civil war?

Subtle. Never been known, past *Equi clibanum*,
The heat of horse-dung, under ground, in cellars,
In an ale-house darker than deaf *John's*; been lost

To all mankind, but laundresses, and tapesters,
Had not I been.

Dol. Do you know who hears, sovereign?

Face. Sirrah——

Dol. Nay, general, I thought you were civil——

Face. I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.

Subtle. And hang thy self, I care not.

Face. Hang thee, Colliar,

And all thy pots and pans, in picture, I will,
Since thou hast mov'd me——

Dol. (O, this I'll o'erthrow all.)

Face. Write thee up bawd in *Pauls*, have all thy tricks
Of coz'ning with a hollow coal, dust, scrapings,
Searching for things lost with a sieve and shears,
Erecting *Figures* in your rows of houses,
And taking in of shadows with a glass,
Told in red letters; and a face cut for thee,
Worse than *Gamaliel Ratsey's*. *Dol.* Are you found?
Ha' you your senses, masters? *Face.* I will have
A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures,
Shall prove a true *philosopher's stone*, to printers.

Subtle. Away, thou trencher-rascal.

Face. Out, you dog-leach,
The vomit of all prisons——*Dol.* Will you be
Your own destructions, gentlemen? still spew'd out
For lying too heavy o' the basket.

Subtle. Cheater. *Face.* Bawd.

Subtle. Cow-herd. *Face.* Conjuror. *Subtle.* Cut-purse.

Face. Witch. *Dol.* O me!

We are ruin'd! lost! ha' you no more regard
To your reputations? where's your judgment? 'sight,
Have yet some care of me, o' your republic——

Face. Away, this brach. I'll bring thee, rogue, within
The statute of *Sorcery*, *Tricesimo tertio*
Of *Harry* the eighth: I, and (perhaps) thy neck
Within a noose, for laundring gold, and barbing it.

Dol. You'll bring your head within a cockscorn, will you?

[*She catches out Face's sword, and breaks*

Subtle's glass.

And you, Sir, with your *Menstrue*, gather it up.
'sdeath, you abominable pair of flinkards,
Leave off your barking, and grow one again,

Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.
 I'll not be made a prey unto the marahal,
 For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt o' you both.
 Ha' you together cozen'd all this while,
 And all the world? and shall it now be said,
 You have made most courteous shift to cozen your selves?
 You will accuse him? you will bring him in
 Within the *Statute*? who shall take your word?
 A whoreson, upstart *Apocryphal* captain,
 Whom not a puritan in *Black-Friars* will trust
 So much as for a feather! and you too
 Will give the cause, forsooth? You will insult,
 And claim a primacy in the divisions?
 You must be chief? as it you only had
 The powder to project with, and the work
 Were not begun out of equality?
 The venture *Tripartite*? All things in common?
 Without priority? 'Sdeath, you perpetual curs,
 All to your couples again, and cozen kindly,
 And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,
 And lose not the beginning of a *Term*,
 By this hand, I shall grow factious too,
 And take my part, and quit you. *Face*. 'Tis his fault,
 And says, the weight of all lies upon him.
Subtle. Why, so it does. *Dol*. How does it? do not we
 sustain our parts? *Subtle*. Yes, but they are not equal.
Dol. Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope
 Yours may to-morrow match it. *Subtle*. I, they may.
Dol. May, murmuring mastiff! I, and do. Death on me!
 Help me to throttle him. *Subtle*. *Dorothee*, mistress *Dorothee*,
 As precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean?
Dol. Because o' your *Fermentation* and *Cibation*?
Subtle. Not I, by heaven——
Dol. Your *Sol* and *Luna*—help me.
Subtle. Would I were hang'd then. I'll conform my self.
Dol. Will you, Sir? Do so then, and quickly: swear.
Subtle. What shall I swear?
Dol. To leave your faction, Sir,
 And labour kindly in the common work.
Subtle. Let me not breathe, if I meant ought beside.
 Only us'd those speeches as a spur
 To him. *Dol*. I hope we need no spurs, Sir, do we?

Face. 'Slid, prove to-day, who shall shank best.

Subtle. Agreed.

Dol. Yes, and work close, and friendly.

Subtle. 'Slight, the knot

Shall grow the stronger, for this breach, with me.

Dol. Why, so, my good baboons! shall we go make

A sort of sober, scurvy, precise neighbours,

(That scarce have smil'd twice sin' the king came in)

A feast of laughter at our follies? Rascals,

Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride,

Or you t'have but a hole to thrust your heads in,

For which you should pay ear-rent? no, agree.

And my *Don Provost* ride a feasting long,

In his old velvet jerkin and stain'd scarfs,

(My noble sovereign, and worthy general)

Ere we contribute a new crewel garter

To his most worsted worship. *Subtle.* Royal *Dol!*

Spoken like *Claridiana*, and thyself.

Face. For which, at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,

And not be stil'd *Dol Common*, but *Dol Proper*,

Dol Singular: the longest cut, at night,

Shall draw thee for his *Dol Particular*.

Subtle. Who's that? one rings. To the windo', *Dol.*

Pray heaven,

The master do not trouble us this quarter.

Face. O, fear not him. While there dies one a week

O' the plague, he's safe, from thinking toward *London*.

Beside, he's busie at his hop-yards now:

I had a letter from him. If he do,

He'll send such word, for airing o' the house,

As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:

Tho' we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.

Subtle. Who is it, *Dol?*

Dol. A fine young quodling. *Face.* O,

My lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night

In *Holburn*, at the *Dagger*. He would have

(I told you of him) a familiar,

To rifle with at horses, and win cups.

Dol. O, let him in.

Subtle. Stay. Who shall do't? *Face.* Get you

Your robes on: I will meet him, as going out.

Dol. And what shall I do? *Face.* Not to be seen, away. seem you very reserv'd?

Subtle. Enough. *Face.* God b'w'you, Sir.

pray you let him know that I was here.

His name is *Dapper*. I would gladly have staid, but—

S C E N E II.

DAPPER, FACE, SUBTLE.

Dapper. Captain, I am here.

Face. Who's that? he's come, I think, doctor.

Good faith, Sir, I was going away. *Dapper.* In truth

I am very sorry, Captain. *Face.* But I thought

sure I should meet you. *Dapper.* I, I am very glad.

I had a scurvy writ or two to make,

and I had lent my watch last night to one

that dines to day at the sheriffs, and so was robb'd

of my pass-time. Is this the cunning-man?

Face. This is his worship. *Dapper.* Is he a doctor?

Face. Yes.

Dapper. And ha'you broke with him, captain?

Face. I. *Dapper.* And how?

Face. Faith, he does make the matter, Sir, so dainty,

know not what to say—*Dapper.* Not so, good captain.

Face. Would I were fairly rid on', believe me.

Dapper. Nay, now you grieve me, Sir. Why should you wish so?

I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.

Face. Nay, hear me, Sir, you know the law

is such a thing—and then he says *Read's* matter,

telling so lately—*Dapper.* *Read?* he was an ass,

and dealt, Sir, with a fool. *Face.* It was a clerk, Sir.

Dapper. A clerk?

Face. Nay, hear me, Sir, you know the law

better, I think—*Dapper.* I should, Sir, and the danger.

You know, I shew'd the *Statute* to you? *Face.* You did so.

Dapper. And I will tell then? by this hand of flesh,

Would it might never write good court-hand more,

If I discover. What do you think of me,
That I am a *Chiause*?

Face. What's that? *Drapper.* The Turk was here —
As one would say, do you think I am a Turk?

Face. I'll tell the doctor so.

Dapper. Do, good sweet captain.

Face. Come, noble doctor, pray thee let's prevail;
This is the gentleman, and he is no *Chiause*.

Subtle. Captain, I have return'd you all my answer.

I would do much, Sir, for your love — but this

I neither may, nor can. *Face.* Tut, do not say so.

You deal now with a noble fellow, doctor,

One that will thank you richly, and h' is no *Chiause*:

Let that, Sir, move you.

Subtle. Pray you, forbear — *Face.* He has

Four angels here — *Subtle.* You do me wrong, good Sir.

Face. Doctor, wherein? to tempt you with these spirits?

Subtle. To tempt my art, and love, Sir, to my peril.

'Fore heav'n, I scarce can think you are my friend,

That so would draw me to apparent danger.

Face. I draw you? a horse draw you, and a halter,

You, and your flies together — *Dapper.* Nay, good captain.

Face. That know no difference of men.

Subtle. Good words, Sir.

Face. Good deeds, Sir, doctor dogs-meat.

'Slight, I bring you

No cheating *Clim' o' the Clougos*, or *Claribels*,

That look as big as *Five-and-fifty*, and *Flush*,

And spit out secrets like hot custards — *Dapper.* Captain.

Face. Nor any melancholic under-scribe,

Shall tell the *Vicar*; but a special genteel,

That is the heir to forty marks a year,

Consorts with the small poets of the time,

Is the sole hope of his old grand-mother,

That knows the law, and writes you fix fair hands,

Is a fine clerk, and has his cyph'rine perfect,

Will take his oath o' the *Greek Xenophon*,

If need be, in his pocket; and can court

His mistress out of Ovid. *Dapper.* Nay, dear captain.

Face. Did you not tell me so? *Dap.* Yes, but I'd ha' you

Use the master doctor with some more respect.

Face. Hang him, proud stag, with his broad velvet head.

THE ALCHEMIST.

109

But for your sake, I'd choak, ere I would change
An article of breath with such a puckfoist—

Come, let's be gone. *Subtle.* Pray you le' me speak with you.

Dapper. His worship calls you, captain. *Face.* I am sorry
e'er imbar'd myself in such a business.

Dapper. Nay, Sir, he did call you.

Face. Will he take then?

Subtle. First, hear me—

Face. Not a syllable, 'less you take.

Subtle. Pray ye, Sir—

Face. Upon no terms, but an *assumpsit*.

Subtle. Your humour must be law.

[*He takes money.*]

Face. Why now, Sir, talk.

Now I dare hear you with mine honour. Speak.

So may the gentleman too.

Subtle. Why, Sir—*Face.* No whispering.

Subtle. 'Fore heav'n. you do not apprehend the loss
You do your self, in this. *Face.* Wherein? for what?

Subtle. Marry, to be so importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all:
He'll win up all the money i' the town.

Face. How!

Subtle. Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester,
As they do crackers in a puppet-play.

If I do give him a *Familiar*,

Give you him all you play for; never set him:

For he will have it. *Face.* You are mistaken, doctor.

Why, he does ask one but for cups and horses,

A rising *Fly*: none o' your great *Familiars*.

Dapper. Yes, captain, I would have it for all games.

Subtle. I told you so. *Face.* 'Slight, that's a new business!
I understood you, a tame bird, to fly

Twice in a term, or so, on *Friday* nights,

When you had left the office, for a nag

Of forty or fifty shillings. *Dapper.* I, 'tis true, sir;

But I do think now, I shall leave the law.

And therefor—*Face.* Why, this changes quite the case!

O' you think that I dare move him?

Dapper. If you please, sir;

All's one to him, I see. *Face.* What! for that money?

Cannot with my conscience: nor should you

Make the request, methinks. *Dapper.* No, sir, I mean

To add consideration. *Face.* Why then, fir,
I'll try. Say that it were for all games, doctor?

Subtle. I say then, not a mouth shall eat for him
At an ordinary, but o' the score,
That is a gaming mouth, conceive me. *Face.* Indeed!

Subtle. He'll draw you all the treasure of the realm,
If it be set him. *Face.* Speak you this from art?

Subtle. I, fir, and reason too, the ground of art.
He is o' the only best complexion,

The queen of *Fairy* loves. *Face.* What! is he?

Subtle. Peace.

He'll over-hear you. Sir, should she but see him —

Face. What? *Subtle.* Do not you tell him.

Face. Will he won at cards too?

Subtle. The spirits of dead *Holland*, living *Isaac*,
You'd swear, were in him; such a vigorous luck
As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put
Six o' your gallants to a cloak, indeed.

Face. A strange success, that some man shall be born to!

Subtle. He hears you, man. —

Dapper. Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.

Face. Faith, I have confidence in his good nature:
You hear, he says he will not be ingrateful.

Subtle. Why, as you please; my venture follows yours.

Face. Troth, do it, doctor; think him trusty, and make him.
He may make us both happy in an hour;
Win some five thousand pound, and send us two o' it.

Dap. Believe it, and I will, fir. *Face.* And you shall, fir.
You have heard all?

Dapper. No, what was't? Nothing, I, fir.

Face. Nothing?

[*Face takes him aside.*]

Dapper. A little, fir. *Face.* Well, a rare star
Reign'd at your birth.

Dapper. At mine, fir? No. *Fac.* The doctor
Swears that you are —

Subtle. Nay, captain, you'll tell all now.

Face. Allied to the queen of *Fairy*.

Dapper. Who? that I am?

Believe it, no such matter — *Face.* Yes, and that
Yo' were born with a cawl o' your head.

Dapper. Who says so? *Face.* Come,
You know it well enough, tho' you dissemble it.

THE ALCHEMIST.

III

Dapper. I-fac, I do not: you are mistaken. *Face.* How! Swear by your fac? and in a thing so known Unto the doctor? How shall we, fir, trust you I the other matter? Can we ever think,

When you have won five or six thousand pound, You'll send us shares in 't, by this rate? *Dap.* By Jove, fir, I'll win ten thousand pound, and send you half, I-facs no oath. *Subtle.* No, no, he did but jest.

Face. Go to. Go thank the doctor. He's your friend, To take it so. *Dapper.* I thank his worship. *Face.* So: Another angel. *Dapper.* Must I? *Face.* Must you? 'Slight What else is thānks? will you be trivial? doctor, When must he come for his *Familiar*?

Dapper. Shall I not ha' it with me? *Subtle.* O, good fir! There must a world of ceremonies pass; You must be bath'd and fumigated first: Besides, the queen of *Fairy* does not rise Till it be noon. *Face.* Not, if she danc'd, to-night.

Subtle. And she must bless it. *Face.* Did you never see Her royal grace yet? *Dapper.* Whom? your aunt of *Fairy*?

Subtle. Not since she kist him in the craddle, captain; I can resolve you that. *Face.* Well, see her grace, Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.

It will be somewhat hard to compass; but However, see her. You are made, believe it, If you can see her. Her grace is a lone woman, And very rich; and if she take a phant'sie, she will do strange things. See her, at my hand. Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has!

It is the doctor's fear. *Dapper.* How will't be done then?

Face. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you But say to me, captain, I'll see her grace.

Dapper. Captain, I'll see her grace. *Face.* Enough.

Subtle. Who's there? [One knocks without]

Anon. (Conduct him forth by the back way,)

fir, against one a clock prepare your self:

Till when you must be fasting; only take

Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,

Two at your mouth, and one at either ear:

Then bathe your fingers ends, and wash your eyes,

To sharpen your five senses, and cry *Hum*

Thrice, and then *Buz* as often; and then come.

Face. Can you remember this? *Dap.* I warrant you.

THE ALCHEMIST.

Face. Well then, away. 'Tis but your bestowing
Some twenty nobles 'mong her grace's servants;
And put on a clean shirt: you do not know
What grace her grace may do in clean linen.

S C E N E III.

SUBTLE, DRUGGER, FACE.

Subtle. COME in: (good wives, I pray you forbear me
Troth I can do you no good till after-noon.) [now;

What is your name, say you? *Abel Drugger?*

Drugger. Yes, sir.

Subtle. A seller of tobacco? *Drugger.* Yes, sir. *Sub.* Umh
Free of the Grocers? *Drugger.* I, an't please you.

Subtle. Well——

Your business, *Abel?* *Dru.* This, an't please your worship;
I am a young beginner, and am building
Of a new shop, an't like your worship, just
At corner of a street: (here's the plot on't)
And I would know by art, sir, of your worship
Which way I should make my door, by *Necromancy*,
And where my shelves; and which should be for boxes,
And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, sir.
And I was with'd to your worship by a gentleman,
One captain *Face*, that says you know mens *Planets*,
And their good *Angels*, and their bad. *Subtle.* I do,
If I do see 'em—*Face.* What! my honest *Abel?*
Thou art well met here. *Dru.* Troth, sir, I was speaking,
Just as your worship came here, of your worship.
I pray you speak for me to master doctor.

Face. He shall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear;
This is my friend, *Abel*, an honest fellow;
He let's me have good tobacco, and he does not
Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil,
Nor washes it in muscadell and grains,
Nor buries it in gravel, under ground,
Wrapp'd up in greasie leather, or piss'd clouts:
But keeps it in fine lilly-pots, that open'd,
Smell like conserve of roses or French beans.

He has his maple block, his silver tongs,
Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper,
A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.

Subtle. H' is a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on—

Face. Already, sir, ha' you found it? lo' thee, *Abel*?

Subtle. And in right way to'ward riches—

Face. Sir. *Subtle.* This summer

He will be of the cloathing of his company,
And next spring call'd to the scarlet; spend what he can.

Face. What, and so little beard? *Subtle.* You must think
He may have a receipt to make hair come:

But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't;
His fortune looks for him another way.

Face. 'Slid, doctor, how can'st thou know this so soon?
I am amus'd at that! *Subtle.* By a rule, captain,

In *Metaposcropy*, which I do work by;

A certain star i' the forehead which you see not.

Your chestnut, or your olive-colour'd face

Do's never fail; and your long ear doth promise.

I knew't by certain spots too, in his teeth,

And on the nail of his *Mercurial* finger.

Face. Which finger's that? *Subtle.* His little finger. Look
Yo' were born upon a wednesday?

Drugger. Yes indeed, Sir.

Subtle. The thumb, in *Chiromanty*, we give *Venus*;

The fore-finger, to *Jove*; the midst, to *Saturn*,

The ring, to *Sol*; the least, to *Mercury*:

Who was the lord, Sir, of his *Horoscope*,

His house of life being *Libra*; which fore-shew'd

He should be a merchant, and should trade with balance.

Face. Why, this is strange? is't not, honest *Nab*?

Subtle. There is a ship now, coming from *Ormus*,

That shall yield him such a commodity

Of drugs—This is the west, and this the south?

Drugger. Yes, Sir. *Subtle.* And those are your two sides?

Drugger. I, Sir.

Sub. Make me your door, then, south; your broad-side,
And, on the east-side of your shop, aloft, [west:

Write, *Mathlai*, *Tarmiel*, and *Baraborat*;

Upon the north-part, *Rael*, *Velel*, *Thiel*.

They are the names of those *Mercurial* spirits,

That do fright flies from boxes. *Drugger.* Yes, Sir.

Subtle. And

Beneath your threshold, bury me a load-stone
To draw in gallants, that wear spurs: the rest,
They'll seem to follow. *Face.* That's a secret, *Nab!*

Subtle. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice,
And a court-fucus to call city-dames.

You shall deal much with *Minerals.* *Drugger.* Sir, I have
At home, already—*Subtle* I, I know, you have *Arfsnike*,
Vitriol, *Sal-tartre*, *Algale*, *Alkaly*,
Cinoper: I know all. This fellow, captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,
And give a say (I will not say directly,
But very fair) at the *Philosopher's Stone*.

Face. Why, how now, *Abel!* is this true? *Drugger.* Good
captain,

What must I give? *Face.* Nay, I'll not counsel thee.
Thou hear'st what wealth (he says, spend what thou canst)
Th'art like to come to. *Drugger.* I would gi' him a crown.

Face. A crown! and toward such a fortune? Heart,
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee?

Drugger. Yes, I have a *Portague*, I ha' kept this half year.

Face. Out on thee, *Nab.* 'Slight, there was such an offer
'Shalt keep't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee.

Doctor, *Nab* prays your worship to drink this, and swears
He will appear more grateful, as your skill

Do's raise him in the world. *Drugger.* I would intreat
Another favour of his worship. *Face.* What is't, *Nab?*

Drugger. But, to look over, Sir, my *Almanack*,
And cross out my ill-days, that I may neither
Bargain, nor trust upon them. *Face.* That he shall, *Nab.*
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst the afternoon.

Subtle. And a direction for his shelves. *Face.* Now, *Nab!*
Art thou well pleas'd, *Nab?* *Dru.* 'Thank, Sir, both your
worships.

Face. Away.

Why, now you smoaky persecutor of nature!
Now do you see, that some-thing's to be done,
Beside your beech-coal, and your cor'sive waters,
Your cross'lets, crucibles, and cucurbites?
You must have stuff, brought home to you, to work on?
And, yet, you think, I am at no expence,
In searching these veins, then following 'em,

Then trying 'em out. 'Fore God, my intelligence,
Cost me more money, than my share oft comes to,
In these rare works. *Sub.* You're pleasant, Sir. How now?

S C E N E IV.

FACE, DOL, SUBTLE.

Face. WHAT says my dainty *Dolkin*? *Dol.* Yonder fish-
Will not away. And there's your giants, [wife

The bawd of *Lambeth*. *Sub.* Heart, I cannot speak with 'em.

Dol. Not afore night, I have told 'em in a voice,
Thorough the trunk, like one of your *Familiars*.

But I have spied Sir *Epicure Mammon*—*Subtle.* Where?

Dol. Coming along, at far end of the lane,

Now of his feet, but earnest of his tongue,

To one that's with him. *Subtle.* *Face*, go you, and shift.

Dol. you must presently make ready, too——

Dol. Why, what's the matter? *Sub.* O, I did look for him

With the sun's rising: 'marvel, he could sleep!

This is the day I am to perfect for him

The *Magisterium*, our great work, the *Stone*;

And yield it, made into his hands: of which,

He has, this month, talk'd, as if he were possess'd.

And now he's dealing pieces on't away;

He-thinks I see him entring ordinaries,

Dispensing for the pox, and plaguy houses,

Teaching his dose, walking *Moore-fields* for lepers,

And offering citizens-wives pomander-bracelets,

His preservative, made of the *Elixir*;

Arching the spittle, to make old bawds young;

And the high ways, for beggars, to make rich:

I see no end of his labours. He will make

Nature ashamed of her long sleep: when art,

Tho's but a step-dame, shall do more than she,

Her best love to mankind, ever could.

His dream last, he'll turn the age to gold.

ACT II. SCENE I.

MAMMON, SURLEY.

COME on, Sir. Now, you set your foot on shore
 In *novo orbe*; here's the rich *Peru*:
 And there within, Sir, are the golden mines,
 Great *Solomon's Ophir*! he was failing to't,
 Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months.
 This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
 I will pronounce the happy word, *Be Rich*.
 This day you shall be *spectatissimi*.
 You shall no more deal with the hollow dye,
 Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping
 The livery-punk, for the young heir, that must
 Seal, at all hours, in his shirt. No more
 If he deny, ha' him beaten to't, as he is
 That brings him the commodity. No more
 Shall thirst of fatten, or the covetous hunger
 Of velvet entrails, for a rude-spun cloke,
 To be displaid at *Madam Augusta's*, make
 The sons of *Sword* and *Hazzard* fall before
 The golden calf, and on their knees, whole nights,
 Commit idolatry with wine, and trumpets:
 Or go a feasting, after drum and ensign.
 No more of this. You shall start up young *Viceróis*,
 And have your punques, and punquetees, my *Surley*.
 And unto thee, I speak it first,

Be Rich,

Where is my *Subtle*, there?

Within hough!

He'll come to you, by and by.

Mammon. That's his fire-drake,

His lungs, his *Zephyrus*, he that puffs his coals,
 Till he firke nature up, in her own center.

You are not faithful, Sir. This night, I'll change
 All, that is metal, in thy house, to gold.

And, early, in the morning will I send,

Within. } Sir.

To all the plumbers, and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up: and to *Lothbury*,
For all the copper. *Surley*. What, and turn that too?

Mammon. Yes, and I'll purchase *Devonshire* and *Cornwall*,
And make them perfect *Indies*! you admire now?

Surley. No faith. *Mammon*. But when you see th' effects
of the great medicine!

Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of *Mercury*, or *Venus*, or the *Moon*,
Shall turn it to as many of the *Sun*;
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum*:

You will believe me. *Surley*. Yes, when I see't, I will.

But, if my eyes do cozen me so (and I
Giving 'em no occasion) sure I'll have
A whore, shall piss 'em out, next day. *Mam*. Ha! why?
Do you think, I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the *Flower of the sun*,
The perfect *Ruby*, which we call *Elixir*,
Not only can do that, but by it's virtue,
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life,
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days,
I'll make an old man, of fourscore, a child.

Surley. No doubt, he's that already. *Mam*. Nay, I mean,
Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle;
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,
Young giants; as our *philosophers* have done
(The antient *Patriarchs* afore the flood)
But taking, once a week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it:
Become stout *Marses*, and beget young *Cupids*.

Surley. The decay'd *Vestals* of *Pickt-hatch* would thank you,
That keep the fire a-live, there. *Mammon*. 'Tis the secret
Of nature, naturiz'd 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases, coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day; a year's, in twelve:
And of what age soever, in a month,
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
I'll undertake, withal, to fright the plague
Out o' the kingdom, in three months. *Surley*. And I'll
Be bound, the players shall sing your praises, then,
Without their poets. *Mammon*. Sir, I'll do't. Mean time,

I'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve th' whole city, with preservative,
Weekly; each house his dose, and at the rate —

Surley. As he that built the water-work, do's with water!

Mam. You are incredulous. *Sur.* Faith I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gull'd, your *Stone*
Cannot transmute me. *Mam.* *Pertinax Surley,*
Will you believe antiquity? Records?
I'll shew you a book, where *Moses*, and his sister,
And *Solomon* have written of the art:

I, and a treatise penn'd by *Adam.* *Surley.* How!

Mammon. O the *Philosopher's Stone*, and in high *Dutch.*

Sur. Did *Adam* write, Sir, in high *Dutch*? *Mam.* He did:
Which proves it was the primitive tongue. *Sur.* What paper?

Mam. On cedar board. *Surley.* O that, indeed (they say)
Will last 'gainst worms. *Mam.* 'Tis like your *Irish* wood,
'Gainst cob-webs. I have a piece of *Jason's* fleece, too,
Which was no other than a book of *Alchemy*,
Writ in large sheep-skin, a good fat ram-vellam.
Such as *Pythagoras's* thigh, *Pandora's* tub;
And, all that fable of *Medea's* charms,
The manner of our work: the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire: our *Argent-vive*, the dragon:
The dragon's teeth, *Mercury* sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting;
And they are gather'd into *Jason's* helm,
(Th' *Alembic*) and then sow'd in *Mars* his field,
And thence sublim'd so often, till they are fix'd.
Both this, th' *Hesperian* garden, *Cadmus's* story,
Jove's shower, the boon of *Midas*, *Argus's* eyes,
Boccace his *Demogorgon*, thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our *Stone.* How now?

S C E N E II.

MAMMON, FACE, SURLEY.

Mam. DO we succeed? Is our day come? and hold's it?

Face. The evening will set red upon you, Sir;
You have colour for it, crimson: the red *Ferment*

Has done his office; three hours hence, prepare you
To see projection. *Mam. Pertinax, my Surley,*
Again, I say to thee, aloud, *Be Rich,*
This day thou shalt have ingots: and, to-morrow,
Give lords th' affront. Is it, my *Zephyrus*, right?
Blushes the *Bolts-head*. *Face. Like a wench with child, Sir,*
That were, but now, discover'd to her master.

Mammon. Excellent witty Lungs! My only care is,
Where to get stuff enough now, to project on,
This town will not half serve me. *Face. No, Sir? Buy*
The covering off o' churches. *Mam. That's true. Face. Yes.*
Let 'em stand bare, as do their auditory.

Or cap 'em, new, with shingles. *Mam. No, good thatch:*
Thatch will lye light upo' the rafters, *Lungs.*

Lungs, I will manumit thee, from the furnace;
I will restore thee thy complexion, *Puffe,*
Lost in the embers; and repair this brain,
Hurt with the fume o' the metals. *Face. I have blown, Sir,*
Hard for your worship; thrown by many a coal,
When 'twas not beech; weigh'd those I put in, just,
To keep your heat still even; these becard-eyes
Have wak'd, to read your several colours, Sir:
Of the *pale Citron*, the *green Lyon*, the *Crow*,
The *Peacock's tail*, the *plumed Swan*. *Mammon. And lastly,*
Thou hast descryed the *Flower*, the *Sanguis Agni?*

Face. Yes, Sir. Mam. Where's master? Face. At's pray-
ers, Sir, he,

Good man, he's doing his devotions,
For the success. *Mam. Lungs, I will set a period*
To all thy labours: thou shalt be the master
Of my *Seraglio*. *Face. Good, Sir. Mam. But do you hear?*
I'll geld you, *Lungs. Face. Yes, Sir. Mam. For I do mean*
To have a list of wives and concubines,
Equal with Solomon, who had the *Stone*,
Alike with me: and I will make me a back
With the *Elixir*, that shall be as tough
As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night.

Th' art sure thou saw'st it *Blood?* *Face. Both blood and spirit,*
Sir.

Mammon. I will have all my beds, blown up; not stuf:
Down is too hard. And then, mine oval room
Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took

From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
 But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses
 Cut in more subtil angles, to disperse,
 And multiply the figures, as I walk
 Naked between my *Succabae*. My mists
 I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,
 To lose ourselves; and baths, like pits
 To fall into; from whence we will come forth,
 And roul us dry in gossamour and roses.
 (Is it arriv'd at Ruby?)—Where I spy
 A wealthy citizen, or rich lawyer,
 Have a sublim'd pure wife, unto that fellow
 I'll send a thousand pound, to be my cuckold.

Face. And I shall carry it? *Mam.* No, I'll ha' no bare
 But fathers and mothers. They will do it best,
 Best of all others. And my flatterers
 Shall be the pure, and gravest of divines,
 That I can get for money. My meet fools,
 Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets
 The same that writ so subtilly of the *Fart*;
 Whom I will entertain still for that subject.
 The few that would give out themselves, to be
 Court and town stallions, and, each-where belye
 Ladies, who are known most innocent, for them;
 Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of:
 And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails
 A-piece, made in a plume, to gather wind.
 We will be brave, *Puffe*, now we ha' the *Med'cine*.
 My meat shall all come in Indian shells,
 Dishes of agat set in gold, and studded
 With emeralds, saphirs, hyacinths, and rubies.
 The tongues of carps, dormise, and camels heels,
 Boil'd i' the spirit of *Sol*, and dissolv'd pearl,
 (*Apicius*' diet, 'gainst the *Epilepsie*)
 And I will eat these broaths, with spoons of amber,
 Headed with diamant, and carbuncle.
 My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
 Knots, god-wits, lanpreys: I myself will have
 The beards of barbels serv'd, in stead of fallads;
 Oil'd mushromes; and the swelling unctuous paps
 Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
 Drest with an exquisite, and poynant sauce;

For which, I'll say unto my cook, there's gold,
Go forth, and be a knight. *Face*. I'll go look
A little, how it heightens. *Mammon*. Do. My shirts
I'll have of taffata-sarsnet, soft and light
As cob-webs; and for all my other rayment,
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
Were he to teach the world riot anew.

My gloves of fishes, and bird-skins, perfum'd
With gums of *Paradise*, and eastern air——

Surley. And do' you think to have the *stone*, with this?

Mammon. No, I do think t' have all this, with the *stone*.

Surley. Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,
A pious, holy, and religious man,

And free from mortal sin, a very virgin.

Mammon. That makes it, Sir, he is so. But I buy it.

My venture brings it me. He, honest wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good soul,
Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,
With prayer and fasting for it: and, Sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes.
Not a profane word, afore him: 'Tis payson.

S C E N E III.

MAMMON, SUBTLE, SURLEY, FACE.

Mam. GOOD morrow, father. *Sub*. Gentle son, good
morrow,

And to your friend there. What is he, is with you?

Mam. An heretic, that I did bring along,
In hope, Sir, to convert him. *Subtle*. Son, I doubt
You are covetous, that thus you meet your time
The just point: prevent your day, at morning.

This argues something, worthy of a fear
Of importune, and carnal appetite.

Take heed, do you not cause the blessing to leave you,
With your ungovern'd haste. I shall be sorry
To see my labours, now e'en at perfection,
Lost by long watching, and large patience,

Not prosper, where my love and zeal hath plac'd 'em.
 Which (heaven I call to witness, with your self
 To whom I have pour'd my thoughts) in all my ends,
 Have look'd no way, but unto public good,
 The pious use, and dear charity,
 Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein
 If you, my son, should now prevaricate,
 And, to you own particular lusts, employ
 So great and catholic a bliss, be sure,
 A curse will follow, yea, and overtake
 Your subtle and most secret way. *Mammon.* I know, Sir,
 You shall not need to fear me. I but come,
 To ha' you confute this gentleman. *Surley.* Who is
 Indeed, Sir, somewhat caustive of belief
 Toward your *Stone*: would not be gull'd. *Sub.* Well, son,
 All that I can convince him in, is this,
 The work is done: bright *Sol* is in his *Robe*.
 We have a *Med'cine* of the *triple soul*,
 The *glorified spirit*. Thanks be to heaven,
 And make us worthy of it. *ULEN SPIEGEL.*

Face. Anon, Sir. *Subtle.* Look well to the register,
 And let your heat still lessen by degrees,
 To the *Aludels*. *Face.* Yes, Sir. *Subtle.* Did you look
 O' the *Bolts-head* yet? *Face.* Which, on *D.* Sir? *Subtle.* I.
 What's the complexion? *Fac.* Whitish. *Sub.* Infuse vinegar,
 To draw his *volatile substance*, and his *tincture*:
 And let the water in *Glass E.* be *filtred*,
 And put into the *Gripes egg*. Lute him well;
 And leave him clos'd in *Balneo*. *Face.* I will, Sir.

Surley. What a brave language here is? next to canting?

Subtle. I have another work, you never saw, son,
 That three days since past the *Philosopher's wheel*.
 In the lent heat of *Athamor*; and's become
Sulphur o' nature. *Mam.* But 'tis for me? *Subtle.* What need
 you?

You have enough, in that is perfect. *Mammon.* O, but—

Subtle. Why, this is covetise! *Mam.* No, I assure you,
 I shall employ it all in pious uses,
 Founding of colleges, and grammar schools,
 Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,
 And now, and then, a church. *Sub.* How now?

Face. Sir, please you,

THE ALCHEMIST.

222

Shall I change the *filtrer*? *Sub.* Marry, yes.

And bring me the complexion of *Gl's B.*

Mam. Ha' you another? *Subtle.* Yes, son, were I assured
Your piety were firm, we would not want

The means to glorifie it. But I hope the best:

I mean to tinct *C.* in *Sand-head*, to-morrow,

And give him *Imbibition*. *Mam.* Of white oil?

Subtle. No, Sir, of red. *F.* is come over the *Helm* too,

I thank my maker, in *S. Maries bath*,

And shews *Lac Virginis*. Blessed be heaven.

I sent you of his *faces* there *calcin'd*.

Out of that *calx*, I'ha' won the *Salt of Mercury*.

Mammon. By pouring on your *rectified water*?

Subtle. Yes, and *reverberating* in *Athanas*.

How now? what colour says it? *Face.* The ground black,

Mammon. That's your *Crowes head*? [Sir.

Surley. Your cocks-comb's, is't not?

Subtle. No, 'tis not perfect, would it were the *Crow*.

That work wants something. *Surley.* (O, look'd for this.

The hay is a pitching.) *Subtle.* Are you sure you loos'd 'em

I their own *menstrue*? *Face.* Yes, Sir, and then married 'em,

And put them in a *Bolts-head*, nipp'd to *digestion*,

According as you bade me, when I set

The *Liquor of Mars* to *Circulation*,

In the same heat. *Subtle.* The process, then, was right.

Face. Yes, by the token, Sir, the *Retort* brake,

And what was sav'd, was put into the *Pellicane*,

And sign'd with *Hermes' seal*. *Sub.* I think 'twas so.

We should have a new *Amalgama*. (*Surley.* O, this ferret

Is rank as any pole-cat.) *Subtle.* But I care not.

Let him e'en dye; we have enough beside,

In *Embrion*. H. ha's his *white-shirt* on? *Face.* Yes, Sir,

He's ripe for *inceration*: he stands warm,

In his *Asb-fire*. I would not, you should let

Any die now, if I might counsel, Sir,

For luck's sake to the rest. It is not good.

Mammon. He says right. *Surley.* I, are you bolted?

Face. Nay, I know't, Sir,

I have seen th' ill fortune. What is some three ounces

Of fresh *materials*? *Mam.* Is't no more? *Fac.* No more, Sir.

Of gold, t' *Amalgame*, with some six of *Mercury*.

Mammon. Away, here's money. What will serve?

Face. Ask him, Sir.

Mam. How much? *Sub.* Give him nine pound: you may gi' him ten.

Surley. Yes, twenty, and be cozen'd, do. *Mam.* There 'tis.

Subtle. This needs not. But that you will have it so, To see conclusions of all. For two

Of our inferior works, are at *fixation*.

A third is in *ascension*. Go your ways.

Ha' you set the oil of *Luna* in *Kemia*?

Face. Yes, Sir. *Subtle.* And the *Philosophers* vinegar?

Face. I

Surley. We shall have a fallad. *Mam.* When do you make *Projection*?

Subtle. Son, be not hasty, I *exalt* our *Med'cine*,

By hanging him in *Balneo vaporoso*,

And giving him solution; then *congeal* him;

For look how oft I iterate the work,

So many times I add unto his virtue.

As, if at first one ounce convert a hundred,

After his second loose, he'll turn a thousand;

His third solution, ten; his fourth a hundred.

After his fifth, a thousand thousand ounces

Of any imperfect metal, into pure

Silver or gold, in all examinations,

As good as any of the natural mine.

Get you your stuff here against afternoon,

Your brass, your pewter, and your andirons.

Mammon. Not those of iron?

Subtle. Yes, you may bring them too, We'll change all metals. *Surley.* I believe you in that.

Mammon. Then I may send my spits?

Subtle. Yes, and your racks.

Surley. And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers, and hooks? Shall he not? *Subtle.* If he please. *Surley.* To be an ass.

Subtle. How, Sir!

Mammon. This gent'leman you must bear withal:

I told you, he had no faith. *Surley.* And a little hope, Sir; But much less charity, should I gull my self.

Subtle. Why, what have you observ'd, Sir, in our art, Seems so impossible? *Sur.* But your whole work, no more. That you should hatch gold in a furnace, Sir,

they do eggs in *Egypt*! *Subtle*. Sir, do you believe that eggs are hatch'd so? *Surley*. If I should?

Subtle. Why, I think that the greater miracle, No egg but differs from a chicken more Than metals in themselves. *Surley*. That cannot be. The egg's ordain'd by nature to that end, And is a chicken in *potentia*.

Subtle. The same we say of lead, and other metals, Which would be gold, if they had time. *Mam*. And that Our art doth further. *Subtle*. I, for 'twere absurd To think that nature in the earth bred gold Perfect i' the instant. Something went before.

There must be remote matter. *Surley*. I, what is that?

Sub. Marry, we say—*Mam*. I, now it heats: stand, father, I found him to dust—*Subtle*. It is, of the one part, A humid exhalation, which we call

Materia liquida, or the *unctuous water*; On the other part, a certain crass and viscous Portion of earth; both which, concorporate, Do make the elementary matter of gold; Which is not yet *propria materia*, But commune to all metals, and all stones.

For, where it is forsaken of that moisture, And hath more driness, it becomes a stone; Where it retains more of the humid fatness, It turns to *Sulphur*, or to *Quick-silver*, Who are the parents of all other metals.

Or can this remote matter suddenly Progress so from extreme unto extreme, As to grow gold, and leap o'er all the means.

Nature doth first beget th' imperfect, then Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy And oily water, *Mercury* is engendred; *Sulphur* o' the fat and earthly part; the one Which is the last) supplying the place of male, The other of female, in all metals.

Some do believe *Hermaphrodeity*, That both do act and suffer. But these two Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive. And even in gold they are; for we do find Seeds of them, by our fire, and gold in them; And can produce the *species* of each metal

More perfect thence, than nature doth in earth.
Beside, who doth not see, in daily practice,
Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, wasps,
Out of the carcases and dung of creatures;
Yea, scorpions of an herb, being rightly plac'd?
And these are living creatures, far more perfect
And excellent than metals. *Mammon*. Well said, *Father*!
Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,
He'll bray you in a mortar. *Surley*. Pray you, sir, stay.
Rather than I'll be bray'd, sir, I'll believe
That *Alchemy* is a pretty kind of game,
Somewhat like tricks o' the cards, to cheat a man
With charming. *Subtle* Sir?

Surley. What else are all your terms,
Wherecon no one o' your writers 'grees with other?
Of your *Elixir*, your *Lac Virginis*,
Your *Stone*, your *Medicine*, and your *Crysoferme*,
Your *Sal*, your *Sulphur*, and your *Mercury*,
Your *Oil of height*, your *Tree of life*, your *Blood*,
Your *Marchefite*, your *Tutie*, your *Magnesia*,
Your *Toade*, your *Crow*, your *Dragon*, and your *Panther*,
Your *Sun*, your *Moon*, your *Firmament*, your *Adrop*,
Your *Lato*, *Azoch*, *Zernich*, *Chibrit*, *Heautarit*.
And then your *Red-man*, and your *White-woman*,
With all your *Broths*, your *Menstrues*, and *Materials*,
Of *Piss*, and *Egg shells*, *Womens Terms*, *Man's Blood*,
Hair o' th' head, burnt clouts, chalk, merds, and clay,
Powder of bones, *Scalings of iron*, *Glass*,
And worlds of other strange ingredients,
Wouldst burst a man to name? *Subtle*. And all these nam'd
Intending but one thing; which art our writers
Us'd to obscure their art. *Mammon*. Sir, so I told him,
Because the simple idiot should not learn it,
And make it vulgar. *Subtle*. Was not all the knowlege
Of the *Egyptians* writ in mystic *Symbols*?
Speak not the *Scriptures* oft in *Parables*?
Are not the choicest *Fables* of the *Poets*,
That were the *Fountains* and first *Springs of wisdom*,
Wrapt in perplexed *Allegories*? *Mammon*. I urg'd that,
And cleared to him, that *Sysiphus* was damn'd
To roll the ceaseless stone, only because

THE ALCHEMIST.

127

He would have ours common. Who is this? [Dol is seen.

God's precious—what do you mean? Go in, good lady,

let me intreat you. Where's this varlet? Face. Sir?

Subtle. You very knave! do you use me thus?

Face. Wherein, fir?

Subtle. Go in, and see, you traitor. Go.

Mammon. Who is it, fir?

Subtle. Nothing, fir: nothing.

Mammon. What's the matter, good fir?

I have not seen you thus distemper'd: who is't?

Subtle. All arts have still had, fir, their *adversaries*;

ours the *most ignorant*. What now? [Face returns.

Face. 'Twas not my fault, Sir; she would speak with you.

Subtle. Would she, Sir? Follow me.

Mammon. Stay, Lungs. Face I dare not, fir.

Mammon. How! pray thee stay.

Face. She's mad, fir, and sent hither——

Mam. Stay, man, what is she! Face. A lord's sister, fir.

He'll be mad too. Mammon. I warrant thee.)

Why sent hither?

Face. Sir, to be cur'd. Surley. Why rascal!

Face Loe you. Here, Sir.

[He goes out.

Mammon. 'Fore God, a *Bradamante*, a brave piece.

Surley. Heart, this is a bawdy-house! I'll be burnt else.

Mammon O, by this light, no. Do not wrong him. He's

so scrupulous that way. It is his vice.

Yes, he's a rare physican, do him right,

an excellent *Paracelsian*, and has done

many cures with *Mineral Physic*. He deals all

with spirits, he. He will not hear a word

of *Galen*, or his tedious *Recipe's*

now, Lungs!

[Face again.

Face. Softly, fir, speak softly. I meant

to ha' told your worship all. This must not hear.

Mammon. No, he will not be gull'd: let him alone.

Face. Y'are very right, fir, she is a most rare *Scholar*,

and is gone mad with studying *Broughton's Works*;

you but name a word touching the *Hebrew*,

she falls into her fit, and will discourse

learnedly of *Genealogies*,

you would run mad too, to hear her, fir.

Mam. How might one do t' have conference with her,

Lungs?

Face. O, divers have run mad upon the conference,
I do not know, Sir: I am sent in haste,
To fetch a viol. *Surley.* Be not gull'd, fir *Mammon.*

Mammon. Wherein? 'Pray ye, be patient.

Surley. Yes, as you are,
And trust confederate knaves, and bawds, and whores.

Mam. You are too foul, believe it. Come here, *Ulen,*
One word. *Face.* I dare not, good faith.

Mammon. Stay, knave.

Face. H'is extream angry that you saw her, fir.

Mam. Drink that! What is she when she's out of her fit?

Face. O, the most affablest creature, fir! so merry!
So pleasant! she'll mount you up, like *Quick-silver,*
Over the helm; and circulate, like *Oil,*
A very *Vegetal:* discourse of *State,*
Of *Mathematicks,* *Bawdry,* any thing——

Mammon. Is she no ways accessible? no means,
No trick to give a man a taste of her—wit—
Or so?—*Ulen.* *Face.* I'll come to you again, fir.

Mam. *Surley,* I did not think, one 'your breeding
Would traduce personages of worth *Surley.* Sir *Epicure,*
Your friend to use: yet, still loth to be gull'd.
I do not like your *philosophical* bawds.

Their *Stone* is lechery enough to pay for,
Without this bait. *Mammon.* 'Heart, you abuse your self.
I know the lady, and her friends, and means,
The original of this disaster. Her brother
H'as told me all. *Surley.* And yet you ne'er saw her
Till now? *Mam.* O, yes, but I forgot. I have (believe it)
One o' the treacheroufests memories, I do think,
Of all mankind. *Surley.* What call you her brother?

Mammon. My lord——

He wi' not have his name known, now I think on't.

Surley. A very treacherous memory! *Mam.* O' my faith——

Surley. Tut, if you ha' it not about you, pass it,
Till we meet next. *Mammon.* Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.
He's one I honour, and my noble friend,
And I respect his house. *Surley.* Heart, can it be,
That a grave fir, a rich, that has no need,
A wise fir too, at other times, should thus
With his own oaths, and arguments, make hard means
To gull himself? and this be your *elixir,*

Your *lapis mineralis*, and your *lunary*,
 Give me your honest trick, yet at *Primero*,
 Or *Gleek*? and take your *lutum sapientis*,
 Your *menstruum simplex*: I'll have gold before you,
 And with less danger of the *Quicksilver*,
 Or the hot *Sulphur*.

Face. Here's one from captain Face, Sir; [To Surley.
 Desires you to meet him i' the *Temple-Church*,
 Some half hour hence, and upon earnest business.

Sir, if you please to quit us, now; and come
 [He whispers Mammon.

Again within two hours, you shall have
 My master busie examining o' the works;
 And I will steal you unto the party,
 That you may see her converse. Sir, shall I say,
 You'll meet the captain's worship? Surley. I will.
 But, by attorney, and to a second purpose.

Now, I am sure, it is a bawdy-house;
 I'll swear it, were the marshal here to thank me:

The naming this commander doth confirm it.

Don Face! why, h'is the most authentic dealer

'these commodities! the *Superintendent*

To all the quainter traffickers in town.

He is the *Visitor*, and does appoint,

Who lies with whom, and at what hour; what price;

Which gown; and in what smock; what fall; what tyre.

Him will I prove, by a third person, to find

The subtilties of this dark *Labyrinth*:

Which, if I do discover, dear Sir Mammon,

You'll give your poor friend leave, tho' no *philosopher*,

To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep,

Face. Sir, he does pray, you'll not forget.

Surley. I will not, Sir.

Sir Epicure, I shall leave you.

Mammon. I follow you, straight.

Face. But do so, good Sir, to avoid suspicion.

This gent'man has a par'lous head.

Mammon. But wilt thou, ULEN,

Be constant to thy promise? Face. As my life, Sir.

Mam. And wilt thou insinuate what I am? and praise me

And say, I am a noble fellow? Face. O what else, Sir?

R

And that you'll make her royal, with the stone,
An empress; and yourself king of Bantam.

Mammon. Wilt thou do this?

Face. Will I, sir? *Mammon.* Lungs, my Lungs!
I love thee. *Face.* Send your stuff, sir, that my master
May busie himself about projection.

Mammon. Th' hast witch'd me, rogue. Take, go.

Face. Your jack, and all, sir.

Mammon. Thou art a villain—I will send my jack,
And the weights too. Slave, I could bite thine ear.
Away, thou dost not care for me. *Face.* Not I, Sir?

Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my good weasel,
Set thee on a bench, and ha' thee twirl a chain

With the best lord's vermin of 'em all. *Face.* Away, Sir.

Mammon. A Count, nay, a Count-Palatine—

Face. Good, sir, go.

Mammon. Shall not advance thee better: no, nor faster.

S C E N E IV.

SUBTLE, FACE, DOL.

Subtle. H A S he bit? has he bit?

Face. And swallow'd too, my *Subtle.*

I ha' giv'n him line, and now he plays, yfaith.

Subtle. And shall we twitch him?

Face. Thorow both the gills.

A wench is a rare bait, with which a man
No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad.

Subtle. Dol, my lord *What's 'hum's* sister, you must now
Bear yourself STATELICH. *Dol.* O let me alone.

I'll not forget my race, I warrant you
I'll keep my distance, laugh and talk aloud;

Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady,
And be as rude as her woman. *Face.* Well said, *Sanguine*

Subtle. But will he send his andirons?

Face. His jack too;—

And's iron shooing-horn: I ha' spoken to him. Well,
I must not lose my wary gamester, yonder.

Subtle. O *Monsieur Caution*, that will not be gull'd?

Face. I, if I can strike a fine hook into him, now,
The Temple-church, there I have cast mine angle.
Well, pray for me, I'll about it.

Subtle. What, more gudgeons?

[*One knocks.*]

Dol. scout, scout: stay, *Face*, you must go to the door.
Pray God it may be my *Anabaptist*. Who is't, *Dol*?

Dol. I know him not. He looks like a goldend-man.

Subtle. God's so! 'tis he, he said he would fend,
What call you him?

The sanctified Elder, that should deal
For Mammon's jack and andirons! let him in.
Stay, help me off, first with my gown; away
Madam, to your withdrawing chamber. Now;
In a new tune, new gesture, but old language,
This fellow is sent from one negociates with me
About the stone too; for the holy brethren
Of Amsterdam, the exil'd saints; that hope
To raise their discipline by it. I must use him
In some strange fashion, now, to make him admire me.

S C E N E V.

SUBTLE, FACE, ANANIAS.

Subtle. WHERE is my drudge? *Face.* Sir.

Subtle. Take away the Recipient,
And rectifie your *Menstrue* from the *Pblegma*.
Then pour it o'the *Sol*, in the *Cucurbite*,
And let 'em macerate together. *Face.* Yes, fir.
And save the ground? *Subtle.* No. *Terra damnata*
Must not have entrance in the work. Who are you?

Ananias. A faithful brother, if it please you.

Subtle. What's that?

A Lullianist? a Ripley? *Filius artis*?
Can you sublime and dulcifie? calcine?
Know you the *Sapor pontic*? *Sapor styptic*?
Or what is *homogene*, or *heterogene*?

Ananias. I understand no heathen language, truly.

Subtle. Heathen, you Knipper-doling! is *ars sacra*,
Or *chrysopoeia*, or *spagyrica*,

Or the *pamphysic* or *panarchic* knowlege,
A *heathen* language? *Ananias*. *Heathen Greek*, I take it.

Subtle. How? *heathen Greek*?

Ananias. All's *heathen* but the *Hebrew*.

Sub. *Sirrah*, my varlet, stand you forth, and speak to him
Like a *Philosopher*: answer i' the language.

Name the vexations, and the martyrizations
Of metals in the work. *Face*. Sir, *putrefaction*,
Solution, *ablution*, *sublimation*,

Cobobation, *calcination*, *ceration*, and

Fixation. *Subtle*. This is *heathen Greek*, I take it.

And whence comes *vivification*? *Face*. After *mortification*.

Subtle. What's *cobobation*. *Face*. 'Tis the pouring on
Your *Aqua regis*, and then drawing him off,
To the *Trine circle* of the *Seven Sphears*.

Subtle. What's the proper passion of metals?

Face. *Malleation*.

Subtle. What's your *ultimum supplicium auri*?

Face. *Animonium*.

Sub. This's *heathen Greek* to you? And what's your *Mer-
cury*?

Face. A very fugitive, he will be gone, Sir.

Subtle. How know you him? *Face*. By his *Viscosity*,
His *Oleosity*, and his *Suscitability*.

Subtle. How do you *sublime* him?

Face. With the *calce* of egg-shells,
White marble, *chalk*. *Subtle*. Your *Magisterium*, now?
What's that? *Face*. *Shifting*, sir, your elements,
Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot, hot into cold.

Subtle. This's *heathen Greek* to you still?

Your *Lapis Philosophicus*? *Face*. 'Tis a stone, and not
A Stone; a Spirit, a Soul, and a Body:
Which if you do *dissolve*, it is *dissolv'd*:

If you *coagulate*, it is *coagulated*;

If you make it to fly, it *flieth*. *Subtle*. Enough.

This's *Heathen Greek* to you? What are you, sir?

Ananias. Please you, a servant of the *Exil'd Brethren*,
That deal with widows, and with orphans goods;
And make a just account unto the *Saints*:

A *Deacon*. *Subtle*. O, you are sent from master *Wholesome*.
Your Teacher? *Ananias*. From *Tribulation Wholesome*,

Our very zealous *Pastor*. *Subtle*. Good. I have
Some orphans goods to come here.

Ananias. Of what kind, Sir?

Subtle. Pewter, and brass, andirons, and kitchen-ware,
Metals, that we must use our med'cine on :
Wherein the *Brethren* may have a penn'orth,
For ready money. *Ananias*. Were the orphans parents
Sincere Professors?

Subtle. Why do you ask? *Ananias*. Because
We then are to deal justly, and give (in truth)
Their utmost value. *Subtle*. 'Slid, you'd cozen else,
And if their parents were not of the faithful?
I will not trust you, now I think on't,
Till I ha' talk'd with your *Pastor*. Ha' you brought money
To buy more coals?

Ananias. No surely. *Subtle*. No? How so?

Ananias. The *Brethren* bid me say to you, sir,
Surely they will not venture any more,
Till they may see *projection*.

Subtle. How! *Ananias*. Yo' have had,
For the instruments, as bricks and loam, and glasses,
Already thirty pound; and for materials,
They say, some ninety more: and they have heard since,
That one, at *Heidelberg*, made it of an egg,
And a small paper of pinduff.

Subtle. What's your name?

Ananias. My name is *Ananias*.

Subtle. Out, the varlet

That cozen'd the *Apostles*! hence, away,
Flee mischief; had your holy consistory
No name to send me, of another sound,
Than wicked *Ananias*? send your elders
Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly,
And gi' me satisfaction? or out goes
The fire: and down th' *Alembicks*, and the furnace.
Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch,
Both *Sericon*, and *Buso*, shall be lost,
Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the *Bishops*,
Or th' *Antichristian Hierarchy* shall perish,
If they stay threescore minutes. The *Aqueity*,
Terreity, and *Sulphureity*
shall run together again, and all be annull'd,

Thou wicked *Ananias*. This will fetch 'em,
And make 'em haste towards their gulling more.
A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright
Those that are forward to an appetite.

S C E N E VI.

FACE, SUBTLE, DRUGGER.

Face. H'IS busie with his spirits, but we'll upon him.

Subtle. How now! what mates? What *Baiards* ha' we here!

Face. I told you, he would be furious. Sir, here's *Nab*,
Has brought you another piece of gold to look on;
(We must appease him. Give it me,) and prays you,
You would devise (what is it, *Nab*?) *Drugger*. A sign, fur

Frce. I, a good lucky one, a thriving sign, doctor.

Subtle. I was devising now.

Face. 'Slight, do not say so,

He will repent he ga' you any more.)

What say you to his *Constellation*, doctor?

The *Ballance*?

Subtle. No, that way is stale and common.
A townsman born in *Taurus*, gives the bull;
Or the bull's-head: in *Aries*, the ram,
A poor device. No, I will have his name
Form'd in some mystic character; whose *Radii*,
Striking the senses of the passers by,
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,
That may result upon the party owns it:
As thus — *Face*. *Nab*!

Subtle. He shall have a bell, that's *Abel*;
And by it standing one whose name is *Dee*,
In a rug gown; there's *D*, and *Rug*, that's *Drug*!
And right anenst him a dog snarling *Er*;
There's *Drugger*, *Abel Drugger*. That's his sign.
And here's now *Mystery*, and *Hieroglyphic*!

Face. *Abel*, thou art made.

Drugger. I do thank his worship.

Face. Six o' thy legs more will not do it, *Nab*,
He has brought you a pipe of *tobacco*, doctor.

THE ALCHEMIST.

Drugger. Yes, fir:

have another thing I would impart——

Face. Out with it, *Nab.*

Drugger. Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me,
A rich young widow—*Face.* Good? a *bona roba*?

Drugger. But nineteen at most.

Face. Very good, *Abel.*

Drugger. Marry, sh'is not in fashion yet; she wears
hood; but 't stands acop. *Face.* No matter, *Abel.*

Drugger. And I do now and then give her a *fucus*—

Face. What? dost thou deal, *Nab*?

Subtle. I tell you, captain.

Drugger. And physick too some time, fir: for which she
trusts me

With all her mind. She's come up here of purpose
To learn the fashion.

Face. Good (his match too!) on, *Nab.*

Dru. And she do's strangely long to know her fortune.

Face. Gods lid, *Nab*, send her to the doctor hither.

Dru. Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship already:

but she's afraid it will be blown abroad,

and hurt her marriage. *Face.* Hurt it? 'Tis the way

To heal it, if 'twere hurt, to make it more

follow'd and sought: *Nab*, thou shalt tell her this;

she'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your widows

are ne'er of any price till they be famous;

Their honour is the multitude of suitors:

send her, it may be thy good fortune. What?

Thou dost not know. *Drugger.* No, fir, she'll never marry

under a knight. Her brother has made a vow.

Face. What, and dost thou despair, my little *Nab*,

knowing what the doctor has set down for thee,

and seeing so many of the city dubb'd?

One glass o' thy water, with a *Madam*, I know

Will have it done, *Nab*. What's her brother? a knight?

Dru. No, fir, a gentleman newly warm in 'his land, fir,

scarce cold in his one and twenty, that do's govern

his sister here; and is a man himself

of some three thousand a year, and is come up

to learn to quarrel, and to leave by his wits,

and will go down again, and die i' the country.

Face. How! to quarrel?

THE ALCHEMIST.

Drugger. Yes, fir, to carry quarrels,
As gallants do, to manage 'em by line.

Face. 'Slid, *Nab*! the doctor is the only man
In *Christendom* for him. He has made a table,
With *Mathematical* demonstrations,
Touching the art of quarrels. He will give him
An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em both,
Him and his sister. And, for thee, with her
The doctor happily may persuade. Go to.
'Shalt give his worship a new damask suit
Upon the premises.

Subtle. O, good captain. *Face.* He shall,
He is the honestest fellow, doctor. Stay not,
No offers, bring the damask, and the parties.

Drugger. I'll try my power, fir.

Face. And thy will too, *Nab*.

Subtle. 'Tis good *tobacco*, this! what is't an ounce?

Face. He'll fend you a pound, doctor.

Subtle. O, no. *Face.* He will do't.

It is the gooddest soul. *Abel*, about it.
(Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone.)
A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,
And has the worms, that was the cause indeed
Why he came now. He dealt with me in private,
To get a med'cine for 'em.

Subtle. And shall, fir. This works.

Face. A wife, a wife for one o' us, my dear *Subtle*:
We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails, shall have
The more in goods, the other has in tail.

Subtle. Rather the less. For she may be so light
She may want grains.

Face. I, or be such a burden,
A man would scarce endure her for the whole.

Subtle. Faith, best let's see her first, and then determine.

Face. Content. But *Dol* must ha' no breath on't.

Subtle. Mum.

Away, you to your *Surley* yonder, catch him.

Face. 'Pray God I ha' not staid too long.

Subtle. I fear it.

ACT III. SCENE I.

TRIBULATION, ANANIAS.

Tri. THESE chastisements are common to the saints,
 And such rebukes we of the *separation*
 must bear, with willing shoulders as the trials
 set forth to tempt our frailties,

Ananias. In pure zeal

do not like the man. He is a *beathen*,
 and speaks the language of *Canaan*, truly.

Tribulation. I think him a prophane person indeed.

Ananias. He bears

the visible mark of the beast in his fore-head.

And for his *stone*, it is a work of darknes,

and with *Philosophy* blinds the eyes of man.

Tribulation. Good brother, we must bend unto all means
 that may give furtherance to the *holy cause*.

Ananias. Which his cannot: the *sanctified cause*
 could have a *sanctified course*.

Tribulation. Not always necessary:

the children of perdition are oft-times

made instruments even of the greatest works.

Side, we should give somewhat to man's nature,

the place he lives in, still about the fire,

and fume of metals, that intoxicate

the brain of man, and make him prone to passion.

Where have you greater *Atheists* than your cooks?

more prophane, or choleric, than your glassmen?

more *Antichristian* than your bell-founders?

What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,

than, our common enemy, but his being

perpetually about the fire, and boiling

in *stone* and *Arsnick*? We must give, I say,

to the motives, and the stirrers up

of humours in the blood. It may be so.

When as the work is done, the *stone* is made,

S

This heat of his may turn into a zeal,
And stand up for the beauteous discipline,
Against the menstruous cloth, and rag of *Rome*.
We must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did fault, t'upbraid him
With the *brethrens* blessing of *Heidelberg*, weighing
What need we have to hasten on the work,
For the restoring of the *silenc'd saints*,
Which ne'er will be, but by the *Philosophers stone*.
And so a learned elder, one of *Scotland*,
Assur'd me; *Aurum potabile* being
The only med'cine, for the civil magistrate,
T'incline him to a feeling of the cause;
And must be daily us'd in the disease.

Ananias. I have not edified more, truly, by man;
Not since the beautiful light first shone on me:
And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.

Tribulation. Let us call on him then.

Ananias. The motion's good,
And of the spirit; I will knock first: peace within.

S C E N E II.

SUBTLE, TRIBULATION, ANANIAS.

Subtle. O' Are you come? 'Twas time. Your threescore
minutes

Were at last thread, you see; and down had gone

Furnus acediae, Turris circulatorius:

Lembec, Bolts-head, Retort, and Pellicane

Had all been cinders. Wicked *Ananias*!

Art thou return'd? Nay then, it goes down yet.

Tribulation. Sir, be pleas'd, he is come to humble
Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience,
If too much zeal hath carried him aside

From the due path. *Subtle*. Why, this doth qualify!

Tribulation. The *brethren* had no purpose, verily,
To give you the least grievance: but are ready
To lend their willing hands to any project
The spirit and you direct.

Subtle. This qualifies more!

Tri. And for the orphans goods, let them be valu'd,
 Or what is needful else to the holy work,
 It shall be number'd; here, by me, the *saints*
 Throw down their purse before you.

Subtle. This qualifies most!

Why, thus it should be, now you understand.
 Have I discours'd so unto you of our *stone*,
 And of the good that it shall bring your cause?
 Bew'd you (beside the main of hiring forces
 Broad, drawing the *Hollanders*, your friends,
 From th' *Indies*, to serve you, with all their fleet)
 That even the med'cinal use should make you a faction,
 And party in the realm? As put the case,
 That some great man in state, he have the gout,
 Why, you but send three drops of your *Elixir*,
 You help him straight: there you have made a friend.
 Another has the palfie, or the drop sic,
 He takes of your incombustible stuff,
 He's young again: there you have made a friend.
 A lady that is past the feat of body,
 Tho' not of mind, and hath her face decay'd
 Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore
 With the oil of *Talek*; there you have made a friend:
 And all her friends. A lord that is a *Leper*,
 A knight that has the bone-ach, or a squire
 That hath both these, you make 'em smooth and sound,
 With a bare *fricace* of your med'cine: still
 You increase your friends.

Tribulation I, 'tis very pregnant.

Subtle. And then the turning of this lawyer's pewter
 To plate at *Christmasts*—

Ananias. *Christ-tide*, I pray you.

Subtle. Yet *Ananias*?

Ananias. I have done. *Subtle.* Or changing
 A parcel gilt to massie gold. You cannot
 But raise your friends. Withal, to be of power
 To pay an army in the field, to buy
 The king of *France* out of his realms, or *Spain*
 Out of the *Indies*. What can you not do
 Against lords spiritual and temporal,

That shall oppone you? *Tribulation.* Verily, 'tis true.
We may be temporal lords our selves, I take it.

Subtle. You may be any thing, and leave off to make
Long-winded exercises, or suck up
Your ha, and hum, in a tune. I not deny,
But such as are not graced in a state,
May, for their ends, be adverse in religion,
And get a tune to call the flock together:
For (to say sooth) a tune does much with women,
And other phlegmatic people, it is your bell.

Ananias. Bells are prophane: a tune may be religious.

Sub. No warning with you? Then farewell my patient
'Slight, it shall down: I will not be thus tortur'd.

Tribulation. I pray you, Sir.

Subtle. All shall perish. I have spoke it.

Tribulation. Let me find grace, Sir, in your eyes; the man
He stands corrected: neither did his zeal
(But as your self) allow a tune somewhere;
Which now being to'ard the stone, we shall not need.

Subtle. No, nor your holy vizard, to win widows
To give you legacies; or make zealous wives
To rob their husbands for the *common cause*:
Nor take the start of bonds broke but one day;
And say, *they were foreseited by providence.*
Nor shall you need o'er night to eat huge meals,
To celebrate your next day's fast the better:
The whilst the *brethren* and the *sisters* humbled,
Abate the stiffness of the flesh. Nor cast
Before your hungry hearers scrupulous bones;
As whether a Christian may hawk or hunt,
Or whether *matrons of the holy assembly*
May lay their hairs out, or wear doublet;
Or have that idol starch about their linen.

Ananias. It is indeed an idol.

Tribulation. Mind him not, Sir.

I do command thee, spirit (of zeal, but trouble)
To peace within him. Pray you, Sir, go on.

Subtle. Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the *prelates*,
And shorten so your ears against the hearing
Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor of necessity
Rail against plays, to please the alderman,
Whose daily custard you devour. Nor lie

With zealous rage till you are hoarse. Not one
 Of these so singular arts. Nor call yourselves
 By names of *Tribulation*, *Persecution*,
Restraint, *Long-patience*, and such like affected
 By the whole family, or word of you,
 Only for glory, and to catch the ear
 Of the *disciple*. *Tribulation*. Truly, sir, they are
 Ways that godly brethren have invented
 For propagation of the glorious cause,
 As very notable means, and whereby also
 Themselves grow soon, and profitably famous.
Subtle. O, but the stone, all's idle to't! nothing!
 The art of angels, nature's miracle,
 The divine secret that doth fly in clouds
 From east to west; and whose tradition
 Is not for men, but spirits.

Ananias. I hate traditions:

I do not trust them——*Tribulation*. Peace.

Ananias. They are popish, all.

I will not peace, I will not——*Tribulation*. *Ananias*.

Ana. Please the prophane, to grieve the godly, I may not.

Subtle. Well, *Ananias*, thou shalt over-come.

Tribulation. It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, sir,

But truly, else, a very faithful brother,

A botcher: and a man, by revelation,

That hath a competent knowlege of the truth.

Subtle. Has he a competent sum there i' the bag

To buy the goods within? I am made guardian,

And must, for charity, and conscience sake,

Now see the most be made for my poor orphan:

Tho' I desire the brethren too, good gainers,

There they are within. When you have view'd, and bought

And tane the inventory of what they are,

[em,

They are ready for *projection*; there's no more

To do: cast on the *Medicine*, so much silver

As there is in tin there, so much gold as brass,

I'll gi't you in by weight. *Tribulation*. But how long time,

Sir, must the saints expect yet? *Subtle*. Let me see,

How's the moon now? Eight, nine, ten days hence,

He will be *silver potate*; then three days

Before he *citronise*: some fifteen days

The *Magisterium* will be perfected

Ananias. About the second day or the third week, In the ninth month? *Subtle.* Yes, my good *Ananias*.

Tri. What will the orphans goods arise to, think you?

Sub. Some hundred marks, as much as fill'd three cars, Unladed now: you'll make six millions of 'em. But I must ha' more coals laid in.

Tribulation. How! *Subtle.* Another load, And then we have finish'd. We must now increase Our fire to *ignis ardens*, we are past *Fimus equinus*, *balnei cineris*,

And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse Should with this draught fall low, and that the saints Do need a present sum, I have a trick To melt the pewter, you shall buy now, instantly, And with a tincture make you as good *Dutch* dollars As any are in *Holland*. *Tribulation.* Can you so?

Subtle. I, and shall 'bide the third examination.

Ananias. It will be joyful tidings to the *brethren*.

Subtle. But you must carry it secret. *Tri.* I, but stay, This act of coining, is it lawful? *Ananias.* Lawful? We know no magistrate. Or, if we did, This 's foreign coin.

Subtle. It is no coining, sir.

It is but casting. *Tribulation.* Ha? you distinguish well. Casting of money may be lawful. *Ananias.* 'Tis, Sir.

Tribulation. Truly, I take it so.

Subtle. There is no scruple, Sir, to be made of it: believe *Ananias*: This case of conscience he is studied in.

Tribulation. I'll make a question of it to the *brethren*.

Ana. The *brethren* shall approve it lawful. Doubt not. Where shall it be done?

Subtle. For that we'll talk anon.

[Knock without.]

There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you, And view the parcels. That's the inventory. I'll come to you straight. Who is it? *Face!* appear.

SCENE III.

SUBTLE, FACE, DOL.

Subtle. HOW now? Good prize?

Face. Good pox! yond' caustive cheater

ever came on. *Subtle.* How then?

Face. I ha' walk'd the round

will now, and no such thing.

Subtle. And ha' you quit him?

Face. Quit him? an hell would quit him too, he were happy.

Right would you have me stalk like a mill-jade,

all day, for one that will not yield us grains?

I know him of old. *Subtle.* O, but to ha' gull'd him,

had been a maistry. *Face.* Let him go, black boy,

and turn thee, that some fresh news may possess thee.

A noble count, a *don* of Spain (my dear delicious compeer, and my party bawd)

Who is come hither, private for his conscience,

and brought munition with him, six great sloops,

bigger than three *Dutch* hoys, beside round trunks,

urnish'd with pistolets, and pieces of eight,

Will streight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath,

That is the colour) and to make his battry

upon our *Dol*, our castle, our cinque-port,

our *Dqver* pire, or what thou wilt. Where is she?

He must prepare perfumes, delicate linen,

The bath in chief, a banquet, and her wit,

or she must milk his *Epididymus*.

Where is the *doxy*? *Subtle.* I'll send her to thee:

and but dispatch my brace of little *John Leydens*,

and come again my self. *Face.* Are they within then?

Subtle. Numb'ring the sum. *Face.* How much?

Subtle. A hundred merks, boy.

Face. Why, this's a lucky day! ten pounds of *Mammon*!

Three o' my clark! a *Portague* o' my grocer!

This o' the *brethren*! beside reversions,

And states to come i' the widow, and my count!
My share to day will not be bought for forty——

Dol. What?

Face. Pounds, dainty *Dorothee*; art thou so near?

Dol. Yes, say lord general, how fares our camp?

Face. As with the few that had entrench'd themselves
Safe, by their discipline, against a world, *Dol.*
And laugh'd within those trenches, and grew fat
With thinking on the booties, *Dol.*, brought in
Daily by their small parties. This dear hour
A doughty *don* is taken with my *Dol*;
And thou maist make his ransom what thou wilt,
My *donfabel*: he shall be brought here fetter'd
With thy fair looks before he sees thee; and thrown
In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon;
Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy drum;
Thy drum, my *Dol*; thy drum; till he be tame,
As the poor black-birds were i' the great frost,
Or bees are with a bafon; and so hive him
I' the swan-skin coverlid, and cambric sheets,
Till he work honey and wax, my little *gods-gift*.

Dol. What is he, general? *Face.* An *Adalantado*,
A *grande*, girl. Was not my *Dapper* here yet?

Dol. No. *Face.* Nor my *Drugger*?

Dol. Neither. *Face.* A pox on 'em,
They are so long a furnishing! such stinkards
Would not be seen upon these festival days.
How now! ha' you done?

Subtle. Done. They are gone. The sum
Is here in bank, my *Face*. I would we knew
Another chapman now would buy 'em out-right.

Face. 'Slid, *Nab* shall do't against he ha' the widow
To furnish household. *Subtle.* Excellent well thought on.
Pray God he come. *Face.* I pray he keep away
Till our new business be o'erpast. *Subtle.* But, *Face*,
How cam'st thou by this secret *don*? *Face.* A spirit
Brought me th'intelligence in a paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my circle
For *Surley*; I ha' my flies abroad. Your bath
Is famous, *Subtle*, by my means. Sweet *Dol*,
You must go tune your virginal, no losing
O'the least time. And do you hear? good action.

Firk, like a flounder; kifs like a scallop, close;
 And tickle him with thy mother tongue. His great
Verdugoship has not a jot of language:
 So much the easier to be cozen'd; my *Dolly*,
 He will come here in a hir'd coach, obscure,
 And our own coach-man, whom I have sent as guide,
 No creature else. Who's that? [One knocks?]

Subtle. It is not he!

Face. O, no, not yet this hour.

Subtle. Who is't? *Dol. Dapper*,

Your clerk. *Face*. God's will then, *queen of Fairy*,
 On with your tyre; and doctor, with your robes.
 Let's dispatch him for God's sake. *Subtle*. 'Twill be long.

Face. I warrant you, take but the cues I give you,
 I shall be brief enough. 'Slight, here are more!
Nab, and I think the angry boy, the heir,
 That fain would quarrel.

Subtle. And the widow? *Face*. No,
 Not that I see. Away. O Sir, you are welcome.

S C E N E IV.

FACE, DAPPER, DRUGGER, KASTRIL.

Face. THE doctor is within moving for you;
 I have had the most ado to win him to it)
 He swears you'll be the darling of the dice:
 He never heard her highness dote till now (he says)
 Your aunt has giv'n you the most gracious words
 That can be thought on. *Dapper*. Shall I see her grace?

Face. See her, and kifs her to. What honest *Nab*!

Has't brought the damask? *Nab*. No, Sir, here's tobacco.

Face. 'Tis well done, *Nab*: thou'lt bring the damask too?

Dru. Yes, here's the gentleman, captain, master *Kastril*,
 have brought to see the doctor.

Face. Where's the widow?

Druggier. Sir, as he likes, his sister (he says) shall come.

Face. O, is it so? Good time. Is your name *Kastril*, Sir?

Kastril. I, and the best of the *Kastrils*, I'd be sorry else,
 fifteen hundred a year. Where is the doctor?

T

My mad tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one
That can do things. Has he any skill? *Face.* Wherein, Sir?

Kastril. To carry a business, manage a quarrel fairly,
Upon fit terms. *Face.* It seems, sir, yo' are but young
About the town, that can make that a question.

Kastril. Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech
Of the angry boys, and seen 'em take tobacco;
And in his shop: and I can take it too,
And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down
And practise i' the country. *Face.* Sir, for the *duello*,
The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,
To the least shadow of a hair: and shew you
An instrument he has of his own making,
Wherewith no sooner shall you make report
Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on't
Most instantly, and tell in what degree
Of safety it lies in, or mortality.

And how it may be born, whether in a *right-line*,
Or a *half-circle*; or may else be cast
Into an *angle-blunt*, if not *acute*:

All this he will demonstrate. And then, rules
To give and take the lie by. *Kastril.* How? to take it?

Face. Yes, in *oblique* he'll shew you, or in *circle*.
But never in *diameter*. The whole town

Study his *theorems*, and dispute them ordinarily
At the eating *Academies*. *Kastril.* But does he teach
Living by the wits too? *Face.* Any thing whatever.
You cannot think that subtilty but he reads it.

He made me a captain. I was a stark-pimp,
Just o' your standing, 'fore I met with him:
It i' not two months since. I'll tell you his method:
First, he will enter you at some ordinary.

Kastril. No, I'll not come there. You shall pardon me.

Face. For why, Sir?

Kastril. There's gaming there, and tricks.

Face. Why, would you be

A gallant, and not game? *Kastril.* I, 'twill spend a man.

Face. Spend you? It will repair you when you are spent.
How do they live by their wits there, that have vented
Six times your fortunes?

Kastril. What, three thousand a year!

• *Face.* I, forty thousand.

THE ALCHEMIST.

Kastril. Are there such? *Face.* I, fir,
 And gallants yet. Here's a young gentleman
 Is born to nothing, forty marks a year,
 Which I count nothing. He is to be initiated,
 And have a *flye* o' the doctor. He will win you
 By unresistable luck, wi' hin this fortnight,
 Enough to buy a *barony*. They will set him
 Upmost at the groom-porters all the *christmas*!
 And for the whole year through at every place
 Where there is play, present him with the chair;
 The best attendance, the best drink; iometimes
 Two glasses of *Canary*, and pay nothing;
 The purest linen, and the sharpest knife,
 The partridge next his trencher: and somewhere
 The dainty bed, in private with the dainty.
 You shall ha' your ordinaries bid for him,
 As play-houses for a poet; and the master
 Pray him aloud to name what dish he affects,
 Which must be butter'd *shrimps*: and those that drink
 To no mouth else, will drink to his, as being
 The goodly *president* mouth of all the board.

Kastril. Do you not gull one?

Face. 'Ods my life! do you think it?
 You shall have a cast commander, (can but get
 In credit with a glover, or a spurrier,
 For some two pair of either's ware, aforehand)
 Will, by most swift posts dealing with him,
 Arrive at competent means to keep himself,
 His punk, and naked boy, in excellent fashion,
 And be admir'd for't. *Kastril.* Will the doctor teach this?

Face. He will do more, Sir; when your land is gone,
 As men of spirit hate to keep earth long)
 In a vacation, when small money is stirring,
 And ordinaries suspended till the term,
 He'll shew a perspective, where on one side
 You shall behold the faces and the persons
 Of all sufficient young heirs in town,
 Whose bonds are currant for commodity;
 On th' other side, the merchants forms, and others,
 That without help of any second broker,
 Who will expect a share) will trust such parcels.
 In the third square, the very street, and sign

THE ALCHEMIST.

Where the commodity dwells, and does but wait
To be deliver'd, be it pepper, sope,
Hops, or tobacco, oat-meal, woad, or cheefes.
All which you may so handle, to enjoy
To your own use, and never stand oblig'd.

Kastril. I' faith! is he such a fellow?

Face. Why, *Nab* here knows him.

And then for making matches for rich widows,
Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'st man!
He's sent to, far and near, all over *England*,
To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes.

Kastril. God's will, my suster shall see him.

Face. I'll tell you, Sir,

What he did tell me of *Nab*. It's a strange thing!
(By the way, you must eat no cheefe, *Nab*, it breeds me-
lancholy:

And that same melancholy breeds worms) but pass it,
He told me honest *Nab* here was ne'er at tavern
But once in's life! *Drugger* Truth, and no more I was not.

Face. And then he was so sick——

Drugger. Could he tell that too?

Face. How should I know it?

Drugger. In troth we had been a shooting,
And had a piece of fat-ram mutton to supper,
That lay so heavy o' my stomach——

Face. And he has no head

To bear any wine; for what with the noise o' the fiddlers,
And care of his shop, for he dares keep no servants——

Drugger. My head did so ake——

Face. As he was fain to be brought home,

The doctor told me. And then a good old-woman——

Dru. (Yes, faith, she dwells in *Sea-coal-lane*) did cure me
With foddren ale, and pellitory o' the wall:

Cost me but two-pence. I had another sickness
Was worse than that. *Face.* I, that was with the grief
Thou took'st for being sels'd at eighteen pence,
For the water-work. *Drugger.* In truth, and it was like
T'have cost me almost my life. *Face.* Thy hair went out

Drugger. Yes, Sir, 'twas done for spite.

Face. Nay, so says the doctor.

Kastril. Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my suster,
I'll see this learned boy before I go:

And so shall she. *Face.* Sir, he is busie now:
But if you have a sister to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own pains may command her sooner;
And he by that time will be free. *Kastril.* I go.

Face. *Drugger*, she's thine: the damask. (*Subtle* and I
Must wrastle for her.) Come on, master *Dapper*.
You see how I turn clients here away,
To give your cause dispatch. Ha' you perform'd
The ceremonies were enjoyn'd you?

Dapper. Yes, o' the vinegar,
And the clean shirt.

Face. 'Tis well: that shirt may do you
More worship than you think. Your aunt's a-fire,
But that she will not shew it, t' have a sight on you.
Ha' you provided for her grace's servants?

Dapper. Yes, here are six score *Edward* shillings.

Face. Good.

Dapper. And an old *Harry's* soveraign. *Face.* Very good.

Dap. And three *James* shillings, and an *Elizabeth* groat,
Just twenty nobles. *Face.* O, you are too just.
I would you had the other noble in *Maries*.

Dap. I have some *Philip* and *Maries*. *Face.* I, those same
Are best of all. Where are they? Hark, the doctor.

S C E N E V.

SUBTLE, FACE, DAPPER, DOL.

Subtle disguis'd like a priest of Fairy.

Subtle. IS yet her grace's cousin come? *Face.* He is come.

Subtle. And is he fasting? *Fac.* Yes.

Subtle. And hath cry'd hum?

Face. Thrice, you must answer. *Dapper.* Thrice.

Subtle. And as oft buz?

Face. If you have, say. *Dap.* I have. *Sub.* Then to her
Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses, [cuz,
As he was bid, the *Fairy Queen* dispenses,
By me, this robe, the petticoat of fortune;
Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.

And though to *fortune* near be her petticoat,
 Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth note:
 And therefor, even of that a piece she hath sent,
 Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent;
 And prays him for a scarf he now will wear it
 (With as much love as then her *grace* did tear it)
 About his eyes, to shew he is fortunate.

[*They blind him with a rag.*]

And, trusting unto her to make his state,
 He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him;
 Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.

Face. She need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he has nothing,
 But what he will part withal as willingly,
 Upon her *grace's* word (throw away your purse,)
 As she would ask it: (handkerchiefs and all.)
 She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.
 (If you have a ring about you, cast it off,
 Or a silver seal at your wrist; her *grace* will send
 Her *fairies* here to search you, therefor deal
 Directly with her *highness*. If they find
 That you conceal a mite, you are undone.)

[*He throws away, as they bid him.*]

Dapper. Truly, there's all.

Face. All what? *Dapper.* My money, truly.

Face. Keep nothing that is transitory about you.
 (Bid *Dol* play music.) Look, the *Elves* are come
 To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.

[*Dol enters with a cittern; they pinch him.*]

Dapper. O, I have a paper with a spur-ryal in't.

Face. Ti, ti.

They knew't, they say. *Sub.* Ti, ti, ti, ti, he has more yet.

Face. Ti, ti, ti, ti, I' the t'other pocket?

Subtle. Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi.

They must pinch him, or he will never confess, they say.

Dapper. O, o.

Face. Nay, pray you hold. He is her *grace's* nephew.
 Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good faith, you shall care.
 Deal plainly, Sir, and shame the *Fairies*. Shew
 You are an innocent.

Dapper. By this good light, I ha' nothing.

Subtle. Ti, ti, ti, ti, to, ta. He does equivocate, she says,

ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and swears by the light when he is blinded.

Dap. By this good dark, I ha' nothing but a half-crown of gold about my wrist, that my love gave me; and a leaden heart I wore sin' she forsook me.

Face. I thought 'twas something. And would you incur your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come, had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns. You may wear your leaden heart still. How now?

Subtle. What news, *Dol*?

Dol. Yonder's your knight, Sir *Mammon*.

Face. God's lid, we never thought of him till now.

Where is he? *Dol.* Here hard by. H's at the door.

Subtle. And you are not ready now? *Dol.* Get his suit.

He must be sent back. *Face.* O, by no means.

What shall we do with this same puffing here,

how he's o' the spit?

Subtle. Why, lay him back a while,

With some device. *Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti,* Would her grace speak with me?

come. Help, *Dol.* *Face.* Who's there? Sir *Epicure*,

[He speaks through the key-hole, the other knocking.]

My master's i' the way. Please you to walk

three or four turns but till his back be turn'd,

and I am for you. Quickly, *Dol.* *Subtle.* Her grace

commends her kindly to you, master *Dapper*.

Dapper. I long to see her grace. *Subtle.* She now is set

at dinner in her bed, and has sent you

from her own private trencher, a dead mouse,

and a piece of ginger-bread, to be merry withal,

and stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting:

let if you could hold out till she saw you (she says)

it would be better for you. *Face.* Sir, he shall

hold out, and 'twere this two hours, for her *highness*;

I can assure you that. We will not lose

all we ha' done—*Subtle.* He will not see, nor speak

to any body, till then. *Face.* For that we'll put, Sir,

stay in's mouth. *Sub.* Of what? *Face.* Of ginger-bread.

Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her grace

thus far, shall not now crinkle for a little.

Go, Sir, and let him fit you. *Subtle.* Where shall we now

Bestow him? *Dol.* I' the privy. *Subtle.* Come along, Sir, I now must shew you *fortune's* privy lodgings.

Face. Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready? *Sub.* All. Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.

Face. Sir *Epicure*, I am yours, Sir, by and by.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

FACE, MAMMON, DOL.

O SIR, yo' are come i' the only finest time! —
Mammon. Where's master?

Face. Now preparing for projection, Sir.
Your snuff will b' all chang'd shortly.

Mammon. Into gold?

Fac. To gold and silver, Sir. *Mam.* Silver I care not for.

Face. Yes, Sir, a little to give beggars.

Mammon. Where's the lady?

Face. At hand here. I ha' told her such brave things o' your
Touching your bounty, and your noble spirit —

Mammon. Hast thou?

Face. As she is almost in her fit to see you.
But, good Sir, no *Divinity* i' your conference,
For fear of putting her in rage — *Mammon.* I warrant thee.

Face. Six men will not hold her down. And then
If the old man should hear or see you — *Mam.* Fear not.

Face. The very house, Sir, will run mad. You know it
How scrupulous he is, and violent,
'Gainst the least act of sin. *Physic*, or *Mathematics*,
Poetry, *State*, or *Bawd'ry* (as I told you)
She will endure, and never startle: but

No word of controversy. *Mam.* I am school'd, good *Ulen*.

Face. And you must praise her house, remember that,
And her nobility. *Mammon.* Let me alone:
No *Herald*, nor no *Antiquary*, *Lungs*,
Shall do it better. Go. *Face.* Why, this is yet
A kind of modern happiness, to have

Dol. Common for a great lady. *Mammon.* Now, *Epicure*,

Heighten thy self, talk to her, all in gold;
 Rain her as many showers as *Jove* did drops
 Unto his *Danae*: shew the *God* a miser,
 Compar'd with *Mammon*. What! the *stone* will do't.
 She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep gold:
 Nay, we will *concumbers* gold. I will be puissant,
 And mighty in my talk to her. Here she comes.

Face. To him, *Dol*, suckle him. This is the noble knight,
 I told your ladyship — *Mam*. Madam, with your pardon,
 I kiss your vesture. *Dol*. Sir, I were uncivil
 If I would suffer that; my lip to you, Sir.

Mam. I hope my lord your brother be in health, lady.

Dol. My lord, my brother is, though I no lady, Sir.

Face. (Well said, my *Guiney*-bird.)

Mammon. Right noble madam —

Face. (O, we shall have most fierce idolatry.)

Mammon. 'Tis your prerogative.

Dol. Rather your courtesie.

[me,

Mam. Were there nought else to enlarge your virtues to
 These answers speak your breeding, and your blood.

Dol. Blood we boast none, Sir, a poor baron's daughter.

Mam. Poor, and gat you? Prophane not. Had your fa-
 slept all the happy remnant of my life

[ther

After that act, lien but there still, and panted,

If had done enough to make himself, his issue,

And his posterity noble. *Dol*. Sir, although

We may be said to want the gilt and trappings,

The dress of honour, yet we strive to keep

The seeds and the materials. *Mammon*. I do see

The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost,

Nor the drug money us'd to make your compound.

There is a strange nobility i' your eye,

This lip, that chin! methinks you do resemble

One o' the *Austriac* princes. *Face*. Very like,

Her father was an *Irish* costarmonger.

Mammon. The house of *Valois* just had such a nose,

And such a forehead yet the *Medici*

Of *Florence* boast. *Dol*. Troth, and I have been lik'ned

To all these princes. *Face*. I'll be sworn, I heard it.

Mammon. I know not how! it is not any one,

But e'en the very choice of all their features.

Face. I'll in, and laugh. *Mam*. A certain touch, or air,

That sparkles a divinity, beyond
An earthly beauty! *Dol.* O, you play the courtier.

Mammon. Good lady, gi' me leave——

Dol. In faith, I may not,

To mock me, Sir. *Mammon.* To burn in this sweet flame;
The *Phoenix* never knew a nobler death.

Dol. Nay, now you court the courtier, and destroy
What you would build. This art, Sir, i' your words,
Calls your whole faith in question. *Mam.* By my soul—

Dol. Nay oaths are made o' the same air, Sir.

Mammon. Nature

Never bestow'd upon mortality
A more unblam'd, a more harmonious feature:
She play'd the step-dame in all faces else.
Sweet madam, le' me be particular——

Dol. Particular, Sir? I pray you, know your distance.

Mammon. In no ill sense, sweet lady, but to ask
How you fair graces pass the hours? I see
Yo' are lodg'd here, i' the house of a rare man,
An excellent artist; but what's that to you?

Dol. Yes, Sir; I study here the *Mathematics*,
And *distillation*. *Mammon.* O, cry your pardon,
He's a divine instructor, can extract
The souls of all things by his art; call all
The virtues, and the miracles of the sun,
Into a temperate furnace; teach dull nature
What her own forces are. A man, the emp'ror
Has courted, above *Kelley*; sent his medals
And chains, t' invite him.

Dol. I, and for his physick, Sir——

Mommon. Above the art of *Æsculapius*,
That drew the envy of the thunderer!
I know all this, and more. *Dol.* Troth, I am taken, Sir,
Whole with these studies, that contemplate nature.

Mammon. It is a noble humour: but this form
Was not intended to so dark a use.
Had you been crooked, foul, of some coarse mold,
A cloyster had done well; but such a feature
That might stand up the glory of the kingdom,
To live recluse! is a meer *soloecism*,
Though in a nunnery. It must not be.
I muse, my lord your brother will permit it!

You should spend half my land first, were I he.
Does not this diamant better on my finger,
Than i'the quarry? *Dol.* Yes. *Mam.* Why, you are like it.
You were created, lady, for the light!
Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first pledge
Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.

Dol. In chains of adamant?

Mammon. Yes, the strongest bands.
And take a secret too. Here, by your side,
Doth stand, this hour, the happiest man in *Europe*.

Dol. You are contented, Sir? *Mam.* Nay, in true being,
The envy of princes, and the fear of states.

Dol. Say you so, sir *Epicure*!

Mammon. Yes, and thou shalt prove it,
Daughter of honour. I have cast mine eye
Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty
Above all styles. *Dol.* You mean no treason, Sir!

Mammon. No, I will take away that jealousy.
I am the lord of the *Philosophers stone*,
And thou the lady. *Dol.* How, Sir! ha'you that.

Mammon. I am the master of the *mastery*.
This day the good old wretch here o'the house
Has made it for us: now he's at *projection*.
Think there thy first wish now; let me hear it:
And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower,
But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,
To get a nation on thee. *Dol.* You are pleas'd, Sir,
To work on the ambition of our sex.

Mammon. I'm pleas'd the glory of her sex should know,
This nook, here, of the *Friers* is no climate
For her to live obscurely in, to learn
Physic and surgery, for the constable's wife
Of some old hundred in *Essex*: but come forth,
And taste the air of palaces; eat, drink
The toils of *Emp'rics*, and their boasted practice;
Tincture of pearl, and corral, gold and amber;
Be seen at feasts and triumphs; have it ask'd,
What miracle she is? Set all the eyes
Of court a-fire, like a burning-glass,
And work 'em into cinders, when the jewels
Of twenty stars adorn thee, and the light

Strikes out the stars; that when thy name is mention'd,
Queens may look pale; and we but shewing our love,
Nero's Poppaea may be lost in story!

Thus will we have it. *Dol.* I could well consent, Sir.
But, in monarchy, how will this be?

The prince will soon take notice, and both seize
You and your *stone*, it being a wealth unfit

For any private subject. *Mammon.* If he knew it.

Dol. Yourself do boast it, Sir. *Mam.* To thee, my life,

Dol. O, but beware, Sir! you may come to end
The remnant of your days in a loath'd prison,

By speaking of it. *Mammon.* 'Tis no idle fear:

We'll therefor go withal, my girl, and live

In a free state, where we will eat our mullets,
Sous'd in high-country wines, sup pheasants eggs,

And have your cocklets, boil'd in silver shells,

Our shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd,

In a rare butter, made of dolphins milk,

Whose cream does look like opals; and with these

Delicate meats set our selves high for pleasure,

And take us down again, and then renew

Our youth and strength, with drinking the *Elixir*,

And so enjoy a perpetuity

Of life and lust. And thou shalt ha' thy wardrobe

Richer than *nature's*, still to change thyself,

And vary oftner, for thy pride, than she,

Or art, her wife, and almost equal servant.

Face. Sir, you are too loud. I hear you ev'ry word
Into the laboratory. Some fitter place;

The garden, or great chamber above. How like you her?

Mammon. Excellent! *Lungs.* There's for thee.

Face. But do you hear?

Good Sir, beware, no mention of the *Rabbins*.

Mammon. We think not on 'em.

Face. O, it is well, Sir. *Subtle!*

S C E N E II.

FACE, SUBTLE, KASTRIL, DAME PLIANT.

Face. DOST thou not laugh?*Subtle.* Yes. Are they gone? *Face.* All's clear.*Subtle.* The widow is come.*Face.* And your quarrelling disciple?*Subtle.* I. *Face.* I must to my captainship again then.*Subtle.* Stay, bring 'em in first.*Face.* So I meant. What is she?*Subtle.* I know not. *Face.* We'll draw lots, you'll stand to that?*Subtle.* What else? *Face.* O, for a suit, to fall now like a curtain, flap. *Sub.* To th' door, man.*Face.* You'll have the first kiss, 'cause I am not ready.*Subtle.* Yes, and perhaps hit you thro' both the nostrils.*Face.* Who would you speak with?*Kastril.* Where's the captain? *Face.* Gone, Sir, about some business.*Kastril.* Gone? *Face.* He'll return straight.*Subtle.* At master doctor, his lieutenant, is here.*Subtle.* Come near, my worshipful boy, my *Terrae Fili*, that is, my boy of land; make thy approaches:*Face.* Welcome: I know thy lust, and thy desires,

and will serve and satisfy 'em. Begin,

charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line;

there is my center: ground thy quarrel. *Kastril.* You lie.*Subtle.* How, child of wrath and anger! the loud lie?or what, my sudden boy? *Kastril.* Nay, that look you to,I am afore-hand. *Subtle.* O, this's no true *Grammar*,and as ill *Logic*! You must render causes, child,your first and second *Intentions*, know you *Canons*,and your *Divisions*, *Moods*, *Degrees*, and *Differences*,your *Predicaments*, *Substance*, and *Accident*,and your *Causes*, *efficient*, *Material*, *Formal*, *Final*,and ha' your *Elements* perfect — *Kastril.* What is this!In the angry tongue he talks in? *Subtle.* That *false precept*

Of being afore-hand, has deceiv'd a number,
And made 'em enter quarrels often-times,
Before they were aware; and afterward,
Against their wills. *Kastril*. How must I do then, Sir?

Subtle. I cry this lady mercy: she should first
Have been saluted. I do call you lady,
Because you are to be one, ere't be long,
My soft and buxome widow.

[He kisses her

Kastril. Is she, i' faith?

Subtle. Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.

Kastril. How know you?

Subtle. By inspection on her forehead,
And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted
Often, to make a judgment. 'Slight, she melts

[He kisses her again

Like a *Myrabolane*! Here is yet a line,
In *Rivo frontis*, tells me he is no knight.

Pliant. What is he then, Sir? *Sub*. Let me see your hand.
O, your *Linea fortunae* makes it plain;
And *Stella* here, in *Monte Veneris*:

But, most of all, *junctura annularis*.

He is a soldier, or a man of art, lady;

But shall have some great honour shortly. *Pliant*. Brother
He's a rare man, believe me! *Kastril*. Hold your peace.
Here comes the t'other rare man. 'Save you, captain.

Face. Good master *Kastril*. Is this your sister? *Kas*. I, fir
Please to kiss her, and be proud to know her.

Face. I shall be proud to know you, lady. *Pliant*. Brother
He calls me lady too. *Kastril*. I, peace, I heard it.

Face. The count is come.

Subtle. Where is he? *Face*. At the door

Sub. Why, you must entertain him. *Face*. What'll you do
With these the while?

Subtle. Why, have 'em up, and shew 'em
Some fustian book, or the dark glass. *Face*. 'Fore God,
She is a delicate dab-chick! I must have her.

Subtle. Must you? I, if your fortune will, you must.
Come, Sir, the captain will come to us presently:
I'll ha' you to my chamber of *Demonstrations*,
Where I'll shew you both the *Grammar*, and *Logic*,
And *Rhetoric* of quarrelling; my whole method
Drawn out in tables; and my instrument,

that hath the several scales upon't, shall make you
 able to quarrel, at a straws-breadth by moon-light.
 And, lady, I'll have you look in a glass,
 some half an hour, but to clear your eye-sight,
 against you see your fortune; which is greater
 than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.

S C E N E III.

FACE, SUBTLE, SURLEY.

Face. WHERE are you, doctor?

Subtle. I'll come to you presently.

Face. I will ha' this same widow, now, I ha' seen her,
 any composition. *Subtle.* What do you say?

Face. Ha' you dispos'd of them? *Subtle.* I ha' sent 'em up.

Face. *Subtle*, in troth, I needs must have this widow.

Subtle. Is that the matter?

Face. Nay, but hear me. *Subtle.* Go to,
 you rebel once, *Dol* shall know it all.

Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.

Face. Nay, thou art so violent now—do but conceive.
 You art old, and canst not serve——

Subtle. Who, cannot I?

Right, I will serve her with thee, for a—*Face.* Nay,
 understand, I'll gi' you composition.

Subtle. I will not treat with thee: what, sell my fortune?
 Is better than my birth-right. Do not murmur.

In her, and carry her. If you grumble, *Dol*
 shows it directly. *Face.* Well, Sir, I am silent.

Will you go help to fetch in *Don* in state?

Subtle. I follow you, Sir. We must keep *Face* in awe,
 he will over-look us like a tyrant.

Min of a taylor! who comes here? *Don John?*

[*Surley* like a Spaniard.

Surley. Sennores, beso las manos, a vuestras mercedes.

Subtle. Would you had stoop'd a little, and kist our anos.

Fac. Peace, *Subtle.* *Sub.* Stab me; I shall never hold, man.

Looks in that deep ruff, like a head in a platter,
 'd in by a short cloke upon two treffils.

Face. Or, what do you say to a collar of brawn, cut down
Beneath the fouse, and wriggled with a knife?

Subtle. 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a Spaniard.

Face. Perhaps some *Fleming*, or some *Hollander* got him
In d' *Alva's* time; count *Egmont's* bastard. *Subtle.* Don,
Yoor scurvy, 'yellow, *Madrid* *Face* is welcome.

Surley. *Gratia.* *Subtle.* He speaks out of a fortification.
Pray God, he ha' no squibs in those deep sets.

Surley. *Por dios, señores, muy linda casa!*

Subtle. What says he? *Face.* Praises the house, I think
I know no more but's action. *Subtle.* Yes, the *casa*,
My precious *Diego*, will prove fair enough
To cozen you in. Do you mark? You shall
Be cozen'd, *Diego.* *Face.* Cozen'd do you see?
My worthy *Donzel* cozen'd. *Surley.* *Entiendo.*

Subtle. Do you intend it? So do we, dear *don.*
Have you brought pistolets, or Portagues,
My solemn *don*? Dost thou feel any? *Face.* Full.

[He feels his pockets]

Subtle. You shall be emptied, *don*, pumped and drawn
Dry, as they say. *Face.* Milked, in troth, sweet *don.*

Subtle. See all the monsters; the great lion of all, *don.*

Surley. *Con licentia, se puede ver a esta senhora?*

Subtle. What talks he now?

Face. O the *senhora.* *Subtle.* O, *don*,
That is the lioness, which you shall see
Also, my *don.* *Face.* 'Slid, *Subtle*, how shall we do?

Subtle. For what?

Face. Why *Dol's* employ'd, you know. *Subtle.* That's true
'Fore heaven, I know not: he must stay, that's all.

Face. Stay! That he must not by no means.

Subtle. No! why?

Face. Unless you'll mar all. 'Slight, he'll suspect it:
And then he will not pay, not half so well.

This is a travell'd punk-master, and do's know
All the delay; a notable hot-rascal,

And looks already rampant. *Subtle.* 'Sdeath, and *Mammon*
Must not be troubled. *Face.* *Mammon!* in no case.

Subtle. What shall we do then?

Face. Think: you must be sudden.

Sur. *Entiendo, qua la senhora es tan hermosa, que codicio tan
a ver la, como la bien aventuranza di mi vida.*

Face. *Mi vida?* 'Slid, *Subtle*, he puts me in mind o' the
What dost thou say to draw her to't? ha'? [widow.

and tell her it is her fortune? all our venture

Now lies upon't, it is but one man more,

Which on's chance to have her: and beside

There is no maidenhead to be fear'd or lost.

What dost thou think on't, *Subtle*?

Subtle. Who, I, why?

Face. The credit of our house too is engag'd.

Subtle. You made me an offer for my share ere-while.

What wilt thou gi' me, i' faith? *Face.* O, by that light

I'll not buy now. You know your doom to me.

I'll take your lot, obey your chance, Sir; win her,

and wear her out for me.

Subtle. 'Slight, I'll not work her then.

Face. It is the *Common Cause*; therefor bethink you.

Or else must know it, as you said. *Subtle.* I care not.

Surley. *Sennores, por que se tarda tanta?*

Subtle. Faith, I am not fit, I am old.

Face. That's now no reason, Sir.

Surley. *Puede ser, de hazer burla di mi amor.*

Face. You hear the *Don* too? By this air, I call,

and loose the hinges: *Dol.* *Subtle.* A plague of hell—

Face. Will you then do? *Subtle.* Yo' are a terrible rogue,

I'll think of this: will you, Sir, call the widow?

Face. Yes, and I'll take her too, with all her faults,

Now, I do think on't better. *Subtle.* With all my heart, sir;

and I discharg'd o' the lot? *Face.* As you please.

Subtle. Hands.

Face. Remember now, that upon any change,

you never claim her,

Subtle. Much good joy, and health to you, Sir.

I'll marry a whore? *Fate*, let me wed a witch first.

Surley. *Por estas honrada's barbas—*

Subtle. He swears by his beard.

Dispatch, and call the brother too.

Surley. *Tiengo, duda, sennores,*

que no me bogan alguna traycion.

Subtle. How, issue on? Yes, *praeſta ſennor.* Please you

with the *Chambrata*, worthy *don*?

Where if you please the fates, in your *Bathada*,

you shall be soak'd, and stroak'd, and tub'd, and rub'd,

And scrub'd, and fub'd, dear *don*, before you go.
 You shall in faith, my scurvy baboon *don*,
 Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.
 I will the heartlier go about it now,
 And make the widow a punk so much the sooner,
 To be reveng'd on this impetuous *Face*:
 The quickly doing of it, is the grace.

S C E N E IV.

FACE, KASTRIL, DA. PLIANT, SUBTLE, SURLEY.

Face. COME, lady: I knew the doctor would not leave,
 Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.

Kas. To he a *countess*, say you? A *Spanish countess*, Sir?

Pliant. Why, is that better than an *English countess*?

Face. Better: 'Slight, make you that a question, lady?

Kastril. Nay, she is a fool, captain, you must pardon her.

Face. Ask from your courtier, to your inns-of-court-man,
 To your meer millener? they will tell you all,
 Your *Spanish* gennet is the best horse; your *Spanish*
 Stoup is the best garb; your *Spanish* beard
 Is the best cut; your *Spanish* ruffs are the best
 Wear; your *Spanish* Pavin the best dance;
 Your *Spanish* titillation in a glove
 The best perfume. And for your *Spanish* pike,
 And *Spanish* blade, let your poor captain speak.
 Here comes the doctor. *Subtle*. My most honour'd lady,
 (For so I am now to style you, having found
 By this my *scheme*, you are to undergo
 An honourable fortune, very shortly)
 What will you say now, if some——

Face. I had told her all, Sir;

And her right worshipful brother here, that she shall be
 A *countess*; do not delay 'em, Sir: a *Spanish countess*.

Subtle. Still, my scarce worshipful captain, you can keep
 No secret. Well, since he has told you, madam,
 Do you forgive him, and I do.

Kastril. She shall do that, Sir,
 I'll look to't, 'tis my charge.

Subtle. Well then: nought rests
but that she fit her love now to her fortune.

Pliant. Truly I shall never brook a *Spaniard*. *Subtle.* No!

Pliant. Never sin' eighty-eight could I abide 'em,
and that was some three year afore I was born, in truth.

Subtle. Come, you must love him, or be miserable;
chuse which you will.

Face. By this good rush, persuade her,
he will cry strawberries else, within this twelve-month.

Subtle. Nay, shads and mackarel, which is worse.

Face. Indeed, Sir?

Kastril. God's lid, you shall love him, or I'll kick you.

Pliant. Why?

Will do as you will hu' me, brother. *Kastril.* Do,
by this hand I'll maul you. *Face.* Nay, good Sir,
not so fierce. *Subtle.* No, my enraged child,

he will be rul'd. What, when she comes to taste
the pleasures of a countess! to be courted——

Face. And kist, and ruffled! *Sub.* I, behind the hangings.

Face. And then come forth in pomp!

Subtle. And know her state!

Face. Of keeping all th' idolaters o' the chamber
near to her, than at their prayers! *Subtle.* Is serv'd
upon the knee! *Face.* And has her pages, ushers,
footmen, and coaches——

Subtle. Her six mares—— *Face.* Nay, eight!

Subtle. To hurry her through London, to th' Exchange,
St. Paul's, the China-house—— *Face.* Yes, and have
the citizens gape at her, and praise her tires!

And my lord's goose-turd bands, that rides with her!

Kastril. Most brave! by this hand you are not my sister,
you refuse. *Pliant.* I will not refuse, brother.

Subtle. *Que es esto, sennores, que non se venga?*

La tardanza me mata! *Face.* Is it the count come?

He doct'or knew he would be here, by his art.

Subtle. *En gallanta madama, don! gallantissima!*

Surley. *Por todos los dioses, le mas acabada*

ermosura, que he visto en mi vida!

Face. Is't not a gallant language that they speak?

Kastril. An admirable language! is't not French?

Face. No, Spanish, Sir. *Kastril.* It goes like law-French,
and that, they say, is the courtliest language. *Face.* List, Sir.

Surley. *El sol ha perdido su lumbré, con el Resplandor, que trae esta dama. Valga me dios!*

Face. He admires your sister.

Kastril. Must not she make court'sie?

Subtle. 'Ods will, she must go to him, man, and kiss him. It is the *Spanish* fashion, for the women

To make first court. *Face.* 'Tis true he tells you, Sir, His art knows all. *Surley.* *Por que no se acude?*

Kastril. He speaks to her, I think. *Face.* That he does, Sir.

Surley. *Por el amor de dios, que es esto, que se tarda?*

Kastril. Nay, see: she will not understand him! gull.

Noddy. *Pliant.* What say you, brother? *Kas.* As, suster, G. kufs him, as the cunning man would ha' you, I'll thrust a pin i' your buttocks else. *Face.* O, no Sir.

Surley. *Sennora mia, mi persona muy indigna esta Alle gar a tanta Hermosura.*

Face. Does he not use her bravely? *Kas.* Bravely, i' faith.

Face. Nay, he will use her better. *Kas.* Do you think so?

Surley. *Sennora, si sera servida, entremus.*

Kastril. Where does he carry her?

Face. Into the garden, Sir;

Take you no thought: I must interpret for her.

Sub. Give *Dol* the word. Come, my fierce child, advance We'll to our quarrelling lesson again. *Kastril.* Agreed, I love a *Spanish* boy with all my heart.

Subtle. Nay, and by this means, Sir, you shall be brother To a great count. *Kastril.* I, I knew that at first.

This match will advance the house of the *Kastrils*.

Subtle. 'Pray God your sister prove but pliant.

Kastril. Why,

Her name is so, by her other husband. *Subtle.* How!

Kastril. The widow *Pliant*. Knew you not that?

Subtle. No faith, Sir:

Yet, by erection of her figure, I guest it, Come, let's go practise. *Kas.* Yes, but do you think, do you I e'er shall quarrel well? *Subtle.* I warrant you.

S C E N E V.

DOL, MAMMON, FACE, SUBTLE.

*Dol. FOR, after Alexander's death—[In her fit of talking.**Mammon. Good lady——**Dol. That Perdiccas and Antigonus were slain,
The two that stood, Seleuc', and Ptolmee——**Mam. Madam. Dol. Made up the two legs and the fourth
beast,**That was Gog-north, and Egypt-south: which after
Was call'd Gog-iron-leg, and South iron-leg—Mammon. Lady——**Dol. And then Gog-borned. So was Egypt, too.
Then Egypt clay-leg, and Gog clay-leg——**Mammon. Sweet madam.**Dol. And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall
In the last link of the fourth chain. And these
Be stars in story, which none see or look at——**Mammon. What shall I do? Dol. For, as he says, except
We call the rabbins, and the Heathen Greeks——**Mammon. Dear lady. Dol. To come from Salem, and from
And teach the people of great Britain [Athens,**Face. What's the matter, Sir?**Dol. To speak the tongue of Eber, and Javan—Mammon. O,
She's in her fit. Dol. We shall know nothing—Face. Death, Sir,
We are undone. Dol. Where then a learned linguist
Shall see the ancient us'd communion**Of vowels and consonants—Face. My master will hear!**Dol. A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high——**Mammon. Sweet honourable lady. Dol. To comprize
All sorts of voices, in few marks of letters——**Face. Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.**Dol. And so we may arrive by Talmud skill,
And prophane Greek, to raise the building up
Of Helen's house against the Ismaelite,
King Thogarma, and his Habergions
Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the force
Of the king Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim;*

Which Rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos,
And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.

Face. How did you put her into't? *Mam.* Alas, I talk'd,
Of a fifth Monarchy I would erect, [*They speak together.*
With the *Philosophers* (by chance) and she
Falls on the other four strait. *Face.* Out of Broughton!

I told you so. 'Slid stop her mouth. *Mammon.* Is't best?

Face. She'll never leave else. If the old man hear her,
We are but *faces*, ashes. *Subtle.* What's to do there?

Face. O, we are lost. Now she hears him she is quiet.

Mammon. Where shall I hide me?

[*Upon Subtle's entry they disperse.*

Subtle. How! what fight is here!

Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light!

Bring him again. Who is he? what, my son!

O, I have liv'd too long. *Mam.* Nay, good, dear father,

There was no unchaste purpose. *Subtle.* Not? and flee me

When I come in? *Mam.* That was my error. *Sub.* Error?

Guilt, guilt, my son. Give it the right name. No marvel,

If I found cheek in our great work within,

When such affairs as these are managing!

Mammon. Why, have you so?

Subtle. It has stood still this half hour,

And all the rest of our *less works* gone back.

Where is the instrument of wickedness,

My lewd false drudge? *Mam.* Nay, good Sir, blame not him,

Believe me, 'twas against his will, or knowlege.

I saw her by chance. *Subtle.* Will you commit more sin,

T'excuse a varlet? *Mammon.* By my hope 'tis true, Sir.

Subtle. Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom

The blessing was prepar'd, would so tempt heaven,

And lose your fortunes. *Mammon.* Why, Sir?

Subtle. This 'll retard

The work, a month at least. *Mammon.* Why, if it do,

What remedy? but think it not, good father:

Our purposes were honest. *Subtle.* As they were,

So the reward will prove. How no! aye me.

God, and all saints be good to us. What's that?

[*A great crack and noise within.*

Face. O Sir, we are defeated? all the works

Are flown in *fumo*: every glass is burst.

Fornace, and all rent down! as if a bolt

of thunder had been driven through the house
 torts, receivers, pellicanes, bolt-heads,
 all struck in shivers! help, good Sir! alas,

[Subtle falls down as in a swoon.

oldness and death invades him. Nay, Sir Mammon,
 do the fair offices of a man! you stand,
 as you were readier to depart than he.
 Who's there? My lord her brother is come.

Mammon. Ha, Lungs?

Face. His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight,
 for he's as furious as his sister is mad. [One knocks.

Mammon. Alas!

Face. My brain is quite undone with the fume, Sir.
 ne'er must hope to be mine own man again.

Mammon. Is all lost, Lungs? Will nothing be preserv'd,
 of all your cost? Face. Faith, very little, Sir.

peck of coals, or so, which is cold comfort, Sir.

Mammon. O my voluptuous mind! I am justly punish'd.

Face. And so am I, Sir.

Mammon. Cast from all my hopes——

Face. Nay, certainties, Sir.

Mammon. By mine own base affections.

Subtle. O, the curst fruits of vice and lust!

[Subtle seems to come to himself.

Mammon. Good father,

was my sin. Forgive it. Subtle. Hangs my roof

over us still, and will not fall, O justice,

upon us, for this wicked man! Face. Nay, look, sir,

you grieve him now with staying in his sight:

Good sir, the noble man will come too, and take you,

and that may breed a tragedy. Mammon. I'll go.

Face. I, and repent at home, sir. It may be,

or some good penance you may ha't yet,

hundred pound to the box at Bet'lem—Mammon. Yes.

Face. For the restoring such as ha' their wits.

Mammon. I'll do't.

Face. I'll send one to you to receive it. Mammon. Do.

no projection left? Face. All flown, or stinks, sir.

Mam. Will nought be sav'd, that's good for med'cine,
 think'st thou?

Face. I cannot tell, Sir. There will be, perhaps,
 something, about the scraping of the shards,

Will cure the itch, though not your itch of mind, fir.
It shall be fav'd for you, and sent home. Good fir,
This way, for fear the lord should meet you. *Subtle. Face.*

Face. I. Subtle. Is he gone? *Face.* Yes, and as heavily
As the gold he hop'd for, were in his blood.
Let us be light though. *Subtle. I,* as balls, and bound
And hit our heads against the roof for joy:
There's so much of our care now cast away.

Face. Now to our don.

Subtle. Yes, your young widow, by this time
Is made a countess, *Face:* Sh' has been in travail
Of a young heir for you.

Face. Good, fir. *Subtle.* Off with your case,
And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should,
After these common hazards. *Face.* Very well, fir:
Will you go fetch *don Diego* off, the while?

Subtle. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, fir:
Would *Dol* were in her place, to pick his pockets now.

Face. Why, you can do it as well, as if you would fet to't.
I pray you prove your virtue. *Subtle.* For your sake, fir.

S C E N E VI.

SURLEY, DA. PLIANT, SUBTLE, FACE.

Surley. Lady, you see into what hands you are faln;
'Mongst what a nest of villains! and how near
Your honour was t' have catch'd a certain clap
(Thro' your credulity) had I but been
So punctually forward, as place, time,
And other circumstances would ha' made a man:
For yo' are a handsome woman, would you were wise too
I am a gentleman come here disguis'd,
Only to find the knaveries of this *Citadel*,
And where I might ha' wrong'd your honour, and ha' not,
I claim some interest in your love. You are,
They say, a widow, rich: and I am a batchellor,
Worth nought: your fortunes may make me a man,
As mine ha' preserv'd you a woman. Think upon it,
And whether I have deserv'd you, or no.

Pliant. I will, sir.

Surley. And for these household-rogues, let me alone, To treat with them.

Subtle. How doth my noble *Diego*? And my dear madam *countess*? Hath the count been courteous, lady? liberal? and open? *Donsel*, methinks you look melancholic After your *coitum*, and scurvy! True-ly, I do not like the dulness of your eye, It hath a heavy cast, 'tis *upsec-Dutch*, And says you are a lumpish whore-master. Be lighter, I will make your pockets so.

[*He falls to picking of them*]

Sur. Will you, *don bawd*, and pick-purse? How now! reel and up, Sir, you shall find since I am so heavy, [you? I'll gi' you equal weight. *Subtle.* Help, murder!

Surley. No, Sir. There's no such thing intended. A good and a clean whip shall ease you of that fear.

Am the *Spanish don*, that should be cozened, Do you see? cozen'd? where's your captain *Face*? That parcel-broker, and whole bawd, all raskal.

Face. How, *Surley*? *Surley.* O, make your approach, good captain.

Have found from whence your copper-rings and spoons come, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns.

'Twas here you learn'd t' anoint your boot with brimstone,

Then rub mens gold on't, for a kind of touch,

And say 'twas naught, when you had chang'd the colour,

That you might ha't for nothing. And this doctor,

Your sooty, smoaky-bearded compeer, he

Will close you so much gold, in a bolts-head,

And, on a turn, convey (i' the stead) another

With *sublim'd Mercury*, that shall burst i' the heat,

And fly out all in *fumo*? Then weeps *Mammon*:

Then swoons his worship. Or, he is the *Faustus*,

That casteth figures, and can conjure, cures

Agues, piles, and pox, by the *Ephemerides*,

And holds intelligence with all the bawds,

And midwives of three shires? while you send in——

Captain, (what is he gone?) Dam'fels with child,

And wives that are barren, or the waiting maid

With the green sickness? Nay, Sir, you must tarry
Tho' he be scap'd; and answer, by the ears, Sir.

S C E N E VII.

FACE, KASTRIL, SURLEY, SUBTLE, DRUGGER,
ANANIAS, DAME PLIANT, DOL.

Face. WHY, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel
Well (as they say) and be a true-born child,
The doctor, and your sister, both are abus'd.

Kastril. Where is he? which is he? he is a slave
What e'er he is, and the son of a whore. Are you
The man, Sir, I would know? *Surley.* I should be loth, sir,
To confess so much. *Kas.* Then you lie i' your throat? *Sur.*

Face. A very errant rogue, Sir, and a cheater, [How?
Employ'd here by another conjurer,
That does not love the doctor, and would cross him,
If he knew how—*Surley.* Sir, you are abus'd. *Kas.* You lie:
And 'tis no matter. *Face.* Well said, Sir. He is
The impudent'st rascal——

Surely. You are indeed. Will you hear me, sir?

Face. By no means: bid him be gone. *Kas.* Be gone, sir,
quickly.

Surley. This's strange! lady, do inform your brother.

Face. There is not such a foist in all the town,
The doctor had him presently: and finds yet,
The *Spanish count* will come here. Bear up, *Subtle.*

Subtle. Yes, Sir, he must appear within this hour.

Face. And yet this rogue will come in a disguise,
By the temptation of another spirit,

'To trouble our art, tho' he could not hurt it. *Kastril.* I,
I know—Away, you talk like a foolish mauther.

Sur. Sir, all is truth, she says. *Face.* Do not believe him, sir.
He is the lying'st swabber! come your ways, sir.

Surley. You are valiant out of company. *Kas.* Yes, how
then, sir?

Face. Nay, here's an honest fellow too, that knows him
And all his tricks. (Make good what I say, *Abel*)

This cheater shall ha' cozen'd thee o' the widow.
He owes this honest *Druggger*, here, seven pound,
He has had on him, in two penny'orths of *tobacco*.

Drug. Yes, sir. And he has damn'd himself three terms to pay me.

Face. And what does he owe for *Lotium*? *Drug*. Thirty shillings, sir.

And for six *Syringes*. *Surley*. *Hydra* of villany!

Face. Nay, Sir, you must quarrel him out o' the house.

Kastril. I will.—Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lye:
And you are a pimp. *Surley*. Why, this is madness, Sir,
Not valor in you: I must laugh at this.

Kastril. It is my humour: you are a pimp, and a trig,
And an *Amadis de Gaule*, or a *Don Quixot*.

Dru. Or a knight o' the curious *coxcomb*. Do you see?

Ananias. Peace to the household. *Kastril*. I'll keep peace for no man.

Ananias. Casting of dollers is concluded lawful. [Sir.]

Kaf. Is he the constable? *Sub*. Peace, *Ananias*. *Face*. No,

Kastril. Then are you an *Otter*, and a *Shad*, a *Whit*,

very *Tim*. *Surley*. You'll hear me, Sir? *Kaf*. I will not.

Ananias. What is the motive? *Subtle*. Zeal in the young gentleman,

gainst his *Spanish* slops—*Ananias*. They are prophane,
lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.

Surley. New raskals! *Kastril*. Will you be gone, sir?

Ananias. Avoid, *Satan*.

Thou art not of the light. That ruff of pride,
about thy neck, betrays thee: and is the same
with that which the unclean birds, in *seventy-seven*,
were seen to prank it with, on divers coasts.

Thou looks like *Anti-christ*, in the lewd hat.

Surley. I must give way. *Kaf*. Be gone, sir. *Surley*. But
I'll take

course with you—*Ananias*. Depart, proud *Spanish* fiend.

Surley. Captain, and doctor—*Ananias*. Child of perdition.

Kastril. Hence, sir.

And I not quarrel bravely? *Face*. Yes, indeed, sir.

Kastril. Nay, an' I give my mind to't, I shall do't.

Face. O, you must follow, Sir, and threaten him tame.

I'll turn again else. *Kastril*. I'll return him then.

Face. *Druggger*, this rogue prevented us, for thee:

We had determin'd that you should'st ha' come,
In a *Spanish* suit, and ha' carry'd her so; and he
A brokerly slave, goes, puts it on himself.

Hast 'brought the damask? *Drugger*. Yes, sir. *Face*. Thou
must borrow

A *Spanish* suit. Hast thou no credit with the players?

Drugger. Yes, sir; did you never see me play the fool?

Face. I know not, *Nab*: thou shalt, if I can help it.
Hieronymo's old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve,

[*Subtle* hath whisper'd with him this while

I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em. *Ananias*. Sir, I

The *Spaniard* hates the brethren, and hath spies [know

Upon their actions: and that this was one

I make no scruple. But the holy synod

Have been in prayer, and meditation for it.

And 'tis reveal'd no less to them than me,

That casting of money is most lawful. *Subtle*. True:

But here I cannot do it; if the house

Shou'd chance to be suspected, all would out,

And we be lock'd up in the *Tower* for ever,

To make gold there (for th' state) never came out:

And then you are defeated. *Ananias*. I will tell

This to the elders, and the weaker brethren,

That the whole company of the separation

May join in humble prayer again. (*Subtle*. And fasting)

Ananias. Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of mine

Rest with these walls. *Subtle*. Thanks, courteous *Ananias*

Face. What did he come for? *Sub*. About casting dollars

Presently out of hand. And so I told him,

A *Spanish* minister came here to spie,

Against the faithful—*Face*. I conceive. Come, *Subtle*,

Thou art so down upon the least disaster!

How would'st tho' ha' done, if I had not helpt thee out?

Subtle. I thank thee, *Face*, for the angry boy, i-faith.

Face. Who would ha' lookt it should ha' been that rascal

Surley? He had dy'd his beard and all. Well, Sir,

Here's damask come to make you a suit. *Subtle*. Where

Drugger?

Face. He's gone to borrow me a *Spanish* habit;

I'll be the count, now. *Subtle*. But where's the widow?

Face. Within, with my lord's sister: madam *Del*

is entertaining her. *Subtle*. By your favour, *Face*,
Now she is honest, I will stand again.

Face. You will not offer it? *Subtle*. Why? *Face*. Stand to
your word,

Or—here comes *Dol*. She knows—*Subtle*. Yo' are tyrannous
still.

Face. Strict for my right. How now, *Dol*? Hast' told her.
The *Spanish* count will come? *Dol*. Yes, but another is come,
You little look'd for! *Face*. Who's that? *Dol*. Your master:
The master of the house. *Subtle*. How, *Dol*? *Face*. She lies,
This is some trick. Come leave your quibblins, *Dorothee*.

Dol. Look out and see. *Subtle*. Art thou in earnest? *Dol*.
Forty o' the neighbours are about him, talking. [*Slight*.

Face. 'Tis he, by this good day. *Dol*. 'Twill prove ill day,
For some on us. *Face*. We are undone, and taken.

Dol. Lost, I'm afraid. *Sub*. You said he would not come,
While there died one a week, within the liberties.

Face. No: 'twas within the walls. *Subtle*. Was't so? Cry'
you mercy.

I thought the liberties. What shall we do now, *Face*?

Face. Be silent, not a word, if he call or knock.

I'll into mine own shape again and meet him,

Of *Jeremy*, the butler. I' the mean time,

Do you two pack up all the goods, and purchase,

That we can carry i' the two trunks. I'll keep him

Off for to-day, if I cannot longer: and then

At night, I'll ship you both away to *Ratcliff*,

Where we'll meet to-morrow, and there we'll share.

Let *Mammon*'s brass and pewter keep the cellar:

We'll have another time for that. But, *Dol*,

Pr'y thee go heat a little water quickly,

Subtle must shave me. All my captain's beard

Must off, to make me appear smooth *Jeremy*.

You'll do't? *Subtle*. Yes, I'll shave you, as well as I can.

Face. And not cut my throat, but trim me? *Subtle*. You
shall see, sir.

ACT V. SCENE I.

LOVE-WIT, NEIGHBOURS.

Love. **H**AS there been such resort, say you? *Nei. 1.*
Daily, sir.

Nei. 2. And nightly, too. *Nei. 3.* I, some as brave as lords.

Nei. 4. Ladies, and gentlewomen. *Nei. 5.* Citizens wives.

Neighbour 1. And knights. *Neighbour 6.* In coaches.

Neighbour 2. Yes, and oyster-women.

Nei. 1. Beside other gallants. *Nei. 3.* Sailors wives.

Neighbour. 4. Tobacco-men. *Nei. 5.* Another Pimlico!

Love-wit. What should my knave advance,
To draw this company? He hung out no banners
Of a strange calf, with five legs, to be seen?

Or a huge lobster, with six claws? *Neighbour 6.* No, sir.

Nei. 3. We had gone in then, sir. *Love.* He has no gift
Of teaching i' the nose, that e'er I knew of.

You saw no bills set up that promis'd cure

Of agues, or the tooth-ach? *Nei. 2.* No such thing, sir.

Love. Nor heard a drum strook, for baboons, or puppets?

Neighbour 5. Neither, sir.

Love-wit. What device should he bring forth now?

I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment:

'Pray God he ha' not kept such open house,

That he hath sold my hangings, and my bedding:

I left him nothing else: if he have eat 'em,

A plague o' the mouth, say I: sure he has got

Some bawdy pictures, to call this ging;

The frier, and the nun; or the new *Motion*

Of the knight's courfers, covering the parson's mare;

The boy of six year old, with the great thing:

Or't may be, he has the fleas that run at tilt,

Upon a table, or some dog to dance?

When saw you him? *Neighbour 1.* Who, sir, *Jeremy?*

Neighbour 2. *Jeremy* butler?

We saw him not this month. *Love-wit.* How!

Neighbour 4. Not these five weeks, fir.

Neighbour 6. These six weeks at the least.

Love-wit. Yo' amaze me, neighbours!

Nei. 5. Sure, if your worship know not where he is,

he's slipt away. *Nei. 6.* Pray God, he be not made away.

[*He knocks.*]

Lov. Ha? It's no time to question then. *Nei. 6.* About

three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry,

I sat up, a-mending my wife's stockings.

Love-wit. This's strange! that none will answer!

Didst thou hear

cry, saist thou? *Neighbour. 6.* Yes, fir, like unto a man

that had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.

Nei. 2. I heard it too, just this day three weeks, at two o'clock

next morning. *Lov.* These be miracles, or you make 'em so!

man an hour strangled, and could not speak,

and both you heard him cry? *Nei. 3.* Yes, downward, fir.

Lov. Thou art a wise fellow: give me thy hand I pray

that trade art thou on? [thee.]

Neighbour 3. A smith, an't please your worship.

Lov. A smith? Then lend me thy help to get this door open.

Nei. 3. That I will presently, Sir, but fetch my tools—

Nei. 1. Sir, best to knock again, afore you break it.

S C E N E II.

LOVE-WIT, FACE, NEIGHBOURS.

Lov. I WILL. *Face.* What mean you, fir? *Nei. 1, 2, 4.*

O, here's *Jeremy*!

Face. Good fir, come from the door.

Love-wit. Why! what's the matter?

Face. Yet farther, you are too near yet.

Lov. I'the name of wonder! What means the fellow?

Face. The house, fir, has been visited.

Lov. What? with the plague? stand thou then farther.

Face. No, fir, I had it not. *Lov.* Who had it then? I left

one else, but thee, i'the house! *Face.* Yes, fir, my fellow,

The cat, that kept the buttry, had it on her
A week before I spied it: but I got her
Convey'd away, i' the night. And so I shut
The house up for a month——

Love-wit. How? *Face.* Purposing then, fir,
T'have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar,
And ha'made it sweet, that you should ne'er ha' known it
Because I knew the news would afflict you, fir.

Lov. Breathe less, and farther off. Why this is stranger
The neighbours tell me all, here, that the doors
Have still been open—*Face.* How, fir!

Love-wit. Gallants, men and women,
And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here
In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second *hogs-den*,
In days of *Pimlico*, and *Eye-bright*! *Face.* Sir,
Their wisdoms will not say so! *Lov.* To-day, they speak
Of coaches, and gallants; one in a *French-hood*
Went in, they tell me: and another was seen
In a velvet gown at the window! divers more
Pass in and out! *Face.* They did pass thro' the doors then
Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their spectacles;
For here, fir, are the keys; and here have been,
In this my pocket, now above twenty days!
And for before, I kept the fort alone there,
But that 'tis yet not deep i' the afternoon,
I should believe my neighbours had seen double
Thro' the black-pot, and made these apparitions!
For, on my faith to your worship, for these three weeks,
And upwards, the door has not been open'd. *Lov.* Strange

Nei. 1. Good faith, I think I saw a coach! *Nei. 2.* And
I too,

I'd ha' been sworn! *Love-wit.* Do you but think it now
And but one coach? *Nei. 4.* We cannot tell, fir: *Jeremy*
Is a very honest fellow. *Face.* Did you see me at all!

Nei. 1. No; that we are sure on. *Nei. 2.* I'll be sworn
that.

Love-wit. Fine rogues to have your testimonies built on
Nei. 3. Is *Jeremy* come? *Nei. 1.* O, yes, you may leave
your tools,

We are deceiv'd, he says. *Nei. 2.* He has had the keys:
And the door has been shut these three weeks. *Nei. 3.* Like
enough.

Lov. Peace. and get hence, you changelings. *Face.* *Surley* And *Mammon* made acquainted? They'll tell all. [come! (How shall I beat them off? What shall I do?) Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience.

S C E N E III.

SURLEY, MAMMON, LOVE-WIT, FACE, NEIGHBOURS, KASTRIL, ANANIAS, TRIBULATION, DAPPER, SUBTLE,

Surley NO, Sir, he was a great physician. This, it was no bawdy-house; but a meer *chancel*.

You knew the lord, and his sifter. *Mam.* Nay, good *Surley*—

Sur. The happy word, *be rich*—*Mam.* Play not the tyrant—

Surley. Should be to-day pronounc'd to all my friends.

And where be your andirons now? and your brass pots, That should ha' been golden flaggons, and great wedges?

Mam. Let me but breathe. What! they ha' shut their Me-thinks! *Sur.* I, now 'tis holy-day with them. [doors,

Mammon. Rogues, Cozeners, impostors, bawds! *Face.* What mean you, sir!

[*Mammon and Surley knock.*

Mam. To enter if we can: *Face.* Another man's house?

Here is the owner, Sir. Turn to him,

and speak your business. *Mam.* Are you, sir, the owner?

Love-wit. Yes, sir.

Mammon. And are those knaves within your cheaters?

Lov. What knaves? what cheaters? *Mam.* *Subtle*, and his *Lungs*.

Face. The gentleman is distracted, Sir! No lungs,

nor lights ha' been seen here these three weeks, sir,

Within these doors, upon my word! *Surley.* Your word,

Groom arrogant? *Face.* Yes, Sir, I am the house-keeper,

and know the keys ha' not been out o' my hands.

Surley. This's a new *Face*.

Face. You do mistake the house, Sir!

What sign was't at? *Surley.* You rascal! this is one

O' the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,
And force the door. *Love-wit.* 'Pray you stay, gentlemen.
Surley. No, Sir, we'll come with warrant.

Mammon. I, and then

We shall ha' your doors open. *Love-wit.* What means this!
Face. I cannot tell, Sir.

Neighbour 1. These are two o' the gallants,
That we do think we saw. *Face.* Two of the fools!
You talk as idly as they. Good faith, Sir,
I think the *moon* has craz'd 'em all! (O me!
The angry boy come too? He'll make a noise,
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all.)

Kastril. What rogues, bawds, slaves, you'll open the door
anon, [*Kastril knocks.*]

Punk, cocatrice, my suster. By this light
I'll fetch the marshal to you. You are a whore,
To keep your castle——

Face. Who would you speak with, Sir?

Kastril. The bawdy doctor, and the cozening captain,
And Pus my suster. *Love-wit.* This is something sure!

Face. Upon my trust, the doors were never open, sir.

Kaf. I have heard all their tricks told me twice over,
By the fat knight, and the lean gentleman.

Love-wit. Here comes another. *Face.* *Ananias* too?
And his *Pastor*? *Tribulation.* The doors are shut against us.
[*They beat too at the door.*]

Ananias. Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons of fire,
Your stench is broke forth: abomination
Is in the house. *Kaf.* I, my suster's there. *Ana.* The place,
It is become a cage of unclean birds.

Kaf. Yes, I will fetch the scavenger, and the constable.
Tribulation. You shall do well.

Ananias. We'll join to weed 'em out.

Kaf. You will come then? Punk, device, my suster!

Ananias. Call her not suster. She's a harlot, verily.

Kastril. I'll raise the street.

Love-wit. Good gentlemen, a word.

Ananias. Satan, avoid, and hinder not our zeal.

Love-wit. The world's turn'd *Bet'lem*.

Face. These are all broke loose,
Out of *St. Kath'rines*, where they use to keep
The better sort of mad-folks. *Nei. 1.* All these persons

We saw go in and out here. *Neighbour 2.* Yes indeed, sir.

Nei. 3. These were the parties. *Face.* Peace, you drunkards, sir,

I wonder at it! please you to give me leave
To touch the door, I'll try an' the lock be chang'd.

Love-wit. It mazes me! *Face.* Good faith, Sir, I believe
There's no such thing: 'tis all *deceptio visus*.

Would I could get him away. [*Dapper cries out within.*]

Dap. Master captain, master doctor. *Lov.* Who's that?

Face. (Our clerk within, that I forgot!) I know not, sir.

Dap. For God's sake, when will her grace be at leisure?

Face. Ha!

Illusions, some spirit o' the air: (his gag is melted,
And now he sets out the throat.) *Dap.* I am almost stifled—

Face. (Would you were altogether.)

Love-wit. 'Tis i' the house.

Ha! list. *Face.* Believe it, sir, i' the air!

Love-wit. Peace, you——

Dapper. Mine aunt's grace does not use me well.

Subtle. You fool,

Peace, you'll mar all.

Face. Or you will else, you rogue.

Love-wit. O, is it so? Then you converse with spirits!

Come, sir. No more o' your tricks, good *Jeremy*,

The truth, the shortest way. *Face.* Dismiss this rabble, sir.

What shall I do? I am catch'd.

Love-wit. Good neighbours,

I thank you all. You may depart. Come, Sir.

You know that I am an indulgent master;

And therefor conceal nothing. What's your medicine,

To draw so many several sorts of wild fowl?

Face. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit:

(But here's no place to talk on't i' the street.)

Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune,

And only pardon me th' abuse of your house:

It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,

In recompence, that you shall gi' me thanks for,

Will make you seven years younger, and a rich one.

'Tis but a putting on a *Spanish* cloak.

I have her within. You need not fear the house,

It was not visited. *Love-wit.* But by me, who came

Sooner than you expected. *Face.* It is true, sir,

'Pray you forgive me.

Love-wit. Let's see your widow.

S C E N E IV.

SUBTLE, DAPPER, FACE, DOL.

Subtle. HOW! ha' you eaten your gag?

Dapper. Yes faith, it crumbled

Away i' my mouth.

Subtle. You ha' spoil'd all then. *Dapper.* No, I hope my aunt of *Fairy* will forgive me.

Subtle. Your aunt's a gracious lady: but in troth You were to blame. *Dapper.* The fume did overcome me, And I did do't to stay my stomach. 'Pray you So satisfie her grace. Here comes the captain.

Face. How now! Is his mouth down?

Subtle. I! he has spoken.

Face. (A pox, I heard him! and you too.) He's undone then. (I have been fain to say, the house is haunted With spirits, to keep Churle back.

Subtle. And hast thou done it?

Face. Sure, for this night.

Subtle. Why, then triumph and sing Of *Face* so famous, the precious king

Of present wits. *Face.* Did you not hear the coil, About the door? *Subtle.* Yes, and I dwindled with it.)

Face. Shew him his aunt, and let him be dispatch'd: I'll send her to you. *Subtle.* Well, Sir, your aunt her grace Will give you audience presently, on my fist, And the captain's word, that you did not eat your gag In any contempt of her *highness*.

Dapper. Not I, in troth, Sir.

[*Dol* like the queen of *Fairy*

Sub. Here she is come. Down o' your knees and wriggle. She has a stately pefence. Good. Yet nearer, And bid, God save you. *Dapper.* Madam.

Subtle. And your aunt.

Dap. And my most gracious aunt, God save your grace

Dol. Nephew, we thought to have been angry with you

But that sweet face of yours hath turn'd the tide,
 And made it flow with joy, that ebb'd of love.
 Arise, and touch our velvet gown. *Subtle.* The skirts,
 And kiss 'em. *So.* *Dol.* Let me now stroak that head.
*Much, nephew, shalt thou win; much shalt thou spend;
 Much shalt thou give away, much shalt thou lend.*

Sub. (I, much indeed.) Why do not you thank her grace?

Dapper. I cannot speak for joy.

Subtle. See the kind wretch!

Your grace's kinsman right. *Dol.* Give me the bird.
 Here is your fly in a purse, about your neck, cousin,
 Wear it, and feed it about this day sev'night,
 On your right wrist—*Subtle.* Open a vein with a pin,
 And let it suck but once a week: till then,
 You must not look on't. *Dol.* No. And, kinsman,
 Bear yourself worthy of the blood you come on.

Sub. Her grace would ha' you eat no more *Woolfack* pies,
 Nor *Dagger* frume'ty. *Dol.* Nor break his fast,

In heaven and hell. *Subtle.* She's with you ev'ry where!

Nor play with costar-mongers, at *mum-chance*, *tray-trip*.

God make you rich, (when as your aunt has done it :) but keep
 The gallant'st company, and the best games—*Dap.* Yes, fir.

Sub. *Gleek* and *Primero*: and what you get, be true to us.

Dapper. By this hand, I will.

Subtle. You may bring's a thousand pound
 before to-morrow night, (if but three thousand
 be stirring) an' you will. *Dapper.* I swear, I will then.

Sub. Your grace will command him no more duties? *Dol.*

but come, and see me often. I may chance [No:

To leave him three or four hundred chests of treasure,

add some twelve thousand acres of *Fairy* land,

If he game well, and comely, with good gamesters.

Subtle. There's a kind aunt! kiss her departing part.

but you must sell your forty mark a year, now.

Dapper. I, fir, I mean. *Subtle.* Or, gi't away: pox on't.

Dap. I'll gi't mine aunt. I'll go and fetch the writings.

Subtle. 'Tis well, away. *Face.* Where's *Subtle*?

Subtle. Here. What news?

Face. *Drugger* is at the door, go take his suit,

and bid him fetch a parson, presently:

for, he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt spend

hundred pound by the service! Now queen *Dol.*

Ha' you pack'd up all? *Dol.* Yes. *Face.* And do you like The lady *Pliant*? *Dol.* A good dull innocent.

Subtle. Here's your *Hieronimo's* cloke, and hat.

Face. Give me 'em. *Subtle.* And the ruff too?

Face. Yes, I'll come to you presently.

Subtle. Now he is gone about his project, *Dol.* I told you of, for the widow. *Dol.* 'Tis direct Against our articles. *Subtle.* Well, we'll fit him, wench. Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels, or her bracelets?

Dol. No, but I will do't. *Subtle.* Soon at night, my *Dolly*, When we are shipt, and all our goods abroad, East-ward for *Ratcliff*; we will turn our course To *Brainford*, west-ward, if thou saist the word, And take our leaves of this o'er-weening raskal, This peremptory *Face.* *Dol.* Content, I am weary of him.

Sub. Thou 'hast cause, when the slave will run a wiving, *Dol.* Against the instrument that was drawn between us.

Dol. I'll pluck his bird as bare as I can. *Sub.* Yes, tell her, She must by any means address some present To th' cunning man; make him amends for wronging His art with her suspicion; send a ring, Or chain of pearl; she will be tortur'd else Extremely in her sleep, say; and ha' strange things Come to her. Wilt thou? *Dol.* Yes. *Sub.* My fine flitter-mouse My bird o' the night; we'll trickle it at the *Pigeons*, When we have all, and may unluck the trunks, And say, this's mine, and thine; and thine and mine.

[*They kiss*]
Face. What now, a billing? *Subtle.* Yes, a little exalted In the good passage of our stock affairs.

Face. *Drugger* has brought his parson; take him in, *Subtle.* And send *Nab* back again to wash his face.

Sub. I will: and shave himself. *Face.* If you can get him.

Dol. You are hot upon it, *Face*, whate'er it is!

Face. A trick, that *Dol* shall spend ten pound a month by Is he gone? *Subtle.* The chaplain waits you i' the hall, sir.

Fac. I'll go bestow him. *Dol.* He'll now marry her, instantly.

Subtle. He cannot, yet, he is not ready. Dear *Dol*, Cozen her all thou canst. To deceive him Is no deceit, but justice, that would break Such an inextricable tye as ours was.

Dol. Let me alone to fit him. *Face.* Come, my ventures, you ha' packt up all? Where be the trunks? Bring forth.

Sub. Here. *Face.* Let's see 'em. Where's the money? *Sub.* Here.

The brethrens money, this. *Druggers*, and *Dappers*.

What paper's that? *Dol.* The jewel of the waiting-maid's, that stole it from her lady, to know certain——

Fac. If she should have precedence of her mistress? *Dol.* Yes.

Fac. What box is that? *Sub.* The fish-wives rings, I think. And th' ale-wives single money. Is't not *Dol*?

Dol. Yes: and the whistle, that the sailor's wife brought you to know an' her husband were with *Ward*.

Face. We'll wet it to-morrow: and our silver-breakers, and tavern cups. Where be the *French* peti-coats,

and girdles, and hangers? *Subtle.* Here, i' the trunk,

and the bolts of lawn. *Face.* Is *Drugger's* damask there?

And the tobacco? *Sub.* Yes. *Face.* Give me the keys.

Dol. Why you the keys! *Subtle.* No matter, *Dol*: because we shall not open 'em, before he comes.

Face. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed: for have 'em forth. Do you see? Not forth, *Dol.* *Dol.* No!

Face. No, my smock-rampant. The right is, my master knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep 'em;

Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your figures:

sent for him, indeed. Wherefor, good partners,

both he, and she, be satisfied: for here

determines the *Indenture tripartite*,

Twixt *Subtle*, *Dol* and *Face*. All I can do

to help you over the wall, o' the back side;

I lend you a sheet to save your velvet gown, *Dol*.

There will be officers presently, bethink you,

of some course suddainly to scape the dock:

or thither you'll come else. Hark you, thunder.

[Some knock.

Subtle. You are a precious fiend! *Off.* Open the door.

Face. *Dol*, I am sorry for thee i' faith. But hearest thou?

shall go hard, but I will place thee some where:

thou shalt ha' my letter to mistress *Amo*. *Dol.* Hang you.

Face. Or madam *Cesarean*. *Dol.* Pox upon you, rogue,

would I had but time to beat thee. *Fac.* *Subtle*,

let's know where you set up next: I'll send you

customer, now and then, for old acquaintance:

What new course ha' you? *Subtle*. Rogue, I'll hang myself
That I may walk a greater devil than thou,
And haunt thee i' the flock-bed, and the buttery.

S C E N E V.

LOVE-WIT, OFFICERS, MAMMON, SURLEY, FACE
KASTRIL, ANANIAS, TRIBULATION, DRUGGER
D A. P L I A N T.

WHAT do you mean, my masters? *Mam*. Open your door
Cheaters, bawds, conjurers. *Off*. Or we'll break it open.

Lov. What warrant have you? *Off*. Warrant enough, if
doubt not.

If you'll not open it. *Love-wit*. Is there an officer, there?

Off. Yes, two or three for failing. *Lov*. Have but patience
And I will open it straight. *Face*. Sir, ha' you done?

Is it a marriage? perfect? *Lovewit*. Yes, my brain.

Face. Off with your ruff, and cloke then; be yourself, fir.

Sur. Down with the door. *Kas*. 'Slight, ding it open. *Lov*.

Hold,

Hold, gentlemen, what means this violence?

Mam. Where is this colliar? *Sur*. And my captain *Face*.

Mam. These day-owls. *Surley*. That are birding in men
purfes.

Mammon. Madam *Suppository*. *Kastril*. Doxey, my sister

Ana. Locusts

Of the foul pit. *Tribulation*. Prophane as *Bel* and the dragons

Ana. Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice of Egypt.

Love-wit. Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers
And cannot stay this violence? *Officers*. Keep the peace.

Lov. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom do you seek?

Mam. The chymical cozener. *Sur*. And the captain *Pander*.

Kas. The nun my suster. *Mam*. Madam *Rabbi*. *Ana*. Scold
pions,

And caterpillars. *Love-wit*. Fewer at once, I pray you.

Officers. One after another, gentlemen, I charge you,
By virtue of my staff—*Ananias*. They are the vessels

Of pride, lust, and the cart. *Love-wit.* Good zeal, lie still,
A little while. *Tribulation.* Peace, deacon *Ananias.*

Lov. The house is mine here, and the doors are open :

If there be any such persons you seek for,
Use your authority, search on o' God's name.

I am but newly come to town, and finding

This tumult 'bout my door (to tell you true)

It somewhat maz'd; till my man, here, (fearing

My more displeasure) told me he had done

Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house

Belike, presuming on my known aversion

From any air o' the town, while there was sickness)

To a doctor, and a captain: who, what they are,

Or where they be, he knows not. *Mam.* Are they gone?

[*They enter.*]

Love-wit. You may go in and search, fir. Here, I find

The empty walls worse than I left 'em, smock'd,

A few crack'd pots, and glasses, and a furnace;

The ceiling fill'd with *poesies* of the candle:

And *madam*, with a *dildo*, writ o' the walls.

Only one gentlewoman, I met here,

That is within, that said she was a widow——

Kaf. I, that's my suster. I'll go thump her. Where is she?

Love-wit. And should ha' married a *Spanish count*; but he,

When he came to't, neglected her so grossly,

That I, a widower, am gone through with her.

Surley. How! have I lost her then?

Love-wit. Were you the *don*, fir?

Good faith, now, she do's blame yo' extremely, and says

You swore, and told her, you had tane the pains

To dye your bread, and umbre o'er your face,

Borrowed a suit, and ruff, all for her love;

And then did nothing. What an oversight,

And want of putting forward, fir, was this!

Well fare an old *harquebuzier*, yet,

Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit,

All in a twinkling. *Mammon.* The whole nest are fled!

Love-wit. What a sort of birds were they?

[*Mammon comes forth.*]

Mammon. A kind of choughs,

Or thievish daws, fir, that have pickt my purse

Of eight-score and ten pounds, within these five weeks,

A a

Beside my first materials: and my goods,
That lie i' the cellar; which I am glad they ha' left.
I may have home yet. *Lov.* Think you so, sir? *Mammon.* I.
Love-wit. By order of law, sir, but not otherwise.

Mam. Not mine own stuff? *Lov.* Sir, I can take no know-
That they are yours but by public means. [*lege,*
If you can bring certificate; that you were gull'd of 'em,
Or any formal writ out of a court,
That you did cozen yourself, I will not hold them.

Mam. I'll rather lose 'em. *Lov.* That you shall not, sir,
By me, in troth. Upon these terms they are yours.
What should they ha' been, sir, turn'd into gold all? *Mam.*
I cannot tell. It may be they should. What then? [*No.*

Love-wit. What a great loss in hope have you sustain'd!

Mam. Not I, the commonwealth has. *Face.* I, he would
The city new; and made a ditch about it [*ha' built*
Of silver, should have run with cream from *Hogsdon*;
That every Sunday in *Moorfields*, the youngers,
And tits, and tom-boys should have fed on, gratis.

Mammon. I will go mount a turnip-cart, and preach
The end o' the world, within these two months. *Surley*,
What! in a dream? *Surley.* Must I needs cheat myself,
With that foolish vice of honesty!

Come, let us go, and hearken out the rogues.

That *Face* I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.

Face. If I can hear of him, sir, I'll bring you word,
Unto your lodging; for in troth, they were strangers
To me, I thought 'em honest, as myself, sir.

[*They come forth.*

Tri. 'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all yet. Go,
And get some carts—*Lov.* For what, my zealous friends?

Ananias. To bear away the portion of the righteous
Out of this den of thieves. *Love-wit.* What is that portion?

Ana. The goods, sometimes the orphans, that the brethren
Bought with their silver pence. *Lov.* What! those i' the cellar,
The knight sir *Mammon* claims? *Ananias.* I do desire
The wicked *Mammon*, so do all the brethren.

Thou prophane man, I ask thee with what conscience
Thou canst advance that idol against us,
That have the seal? Were not the shillings numb'ed,
That made the pounds? Were not the pounds told out,
Upon the second day of the fourth week,

In the eighth month, upon the table dormant,
The year of the last patience of the *saints*,
Six hundred and ten?

Love-wit. Mine earnest vehement botcher,
And *deacon* also, I cannot dispute with you,
But if you get you not away the sooner,
I shall confute you with a cudgel. *Ananias.* Sir.

Tribulation. Be patient, *Ananias.* *Ananias.* I am strong,
And will stand up, well girt, against an host,
That threaten *Gad* in exile. *Love-wit.* I shall send you
To *Amsterdam* to your cellar. *Ananias.* I will pray there,
Against thy house: may dogs defile thy walls,
And wasps, and hornets breed beneath thy roof,
This seat of falsehood, and this cave of coz'nage.

Love-wit. Another too? *Dru.* Not I, sir, I am no brother.
[*Drugger enters, and he beats him away.*]

Love-wit. Away you *Harry Nicholas*, do you talk?

Face. No, this was *Abel Drugger*. Good sir, go,
To the parson.

And satisfie him; tell him, all is done:
He staid too long a washing of his face.

The doctor, he shall hear of him at *Westchester*;

And of the captain, tell him, at *Farmouth*, or

Some good port-town else, lying for a wind.

If you get off the angry child, now, sir——

Kaf. Come on, you yew, you have match'd most sweetly,
ha' you not? [To his sister.]

Did not I say, I would never ha' you tupt
But by a dubb'd boy, to make you a lady-*Tom*?

'Slight, you are a mammet! O, I could touse you, now.

Death, mun'you marry with a pox? *Lov.* You lye, boy:

As sound as you: and I am afore-hand with you. *Kaf.* Anon?

Lov. Come, will you quarrel? I will seize you, firrah.

Why do you not buckle to your tools? *Kaf.* God's light?

This is a fine old boy, as e'er I saw!

Lov. What do you change your copy, now? Proceed,
Here stands my dove: stoop at her if you dare.

Kaf. 'Slight, I must love him! I cannot chuse i' faith!

And I should be hang'd for't. *Suster*, I protest,

I honour thee for this match. *Love-wit.* O, do you so, sir.

Kaf. Yes, an' thou canst take *tobacco*, and drink, old boy,

I'll give her five hundred pound more to her marriage,
Than her own state. *Love-wit.* Fill a pipe full, *Jeremy.*

Face. Yes, but go in, and take it, sir. *Lov.* We will.
I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, *Jeremy.*

Kes. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound! thou art a *Jovy*' boy!
Come let's in, I pry'thee, and take our whifs.

Lov. Whiff in your sister, brother boy. That master
That had receiv'd such happiness by a servant,
In such a widow, and with so much wealth,
Were very ungrateful, if you wou'd not be
A little indulgent to that servant's wit,
And help his fortune, though with some small strain
Of his own candor. Therefor, gentlemen,
And kind spectators, if I have out-stript
An old man's gravity, or strict canon, think
What a young wife, and a good brain may do :
Stretch ages truth sometimes, and crack it too,
Speak for thyself, knave. *Face.* So I will, sir. Gentlemen,
My part a little fell in this last scene,
Yet 'twas decorum. And though I am clean
Got off from *Subtle*, *Surley*, *Mammon*, *Dol*,
Hot *Ananias*, *Dapper*, *Drugger*, all
With whom I traded ; yet I put myself
On you, that are my country : and this pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests
To feast you often, and invite new guests.

EPICONE:

OR, THE

SILENT WOMAN.

A

COMEDY.

First ActED in the Year 1609,

BY THE

KING'S MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

The Author BEN. JONSON.

Ut sis tu similis, Cæli, Byrrhique latronum,

Non ego sim Capri, neque Sulci: cur metuas me? HORAT.

GLASGOW:

Printed for R. URIE, MDCCLXVI.

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P R O L O G U E.

TRUTH says of old, the art of making plays,
 Was to content the people; and their praise
 Was to the poet money, wine, and bays.
 But in this age, a sect of writers are,
 That, only, for particular likings care,
 And will taste nothing that is popular.
 With such we mingle neither brains nor breasts;
 Our wishes, like to those make public feasts,
 Are not to please the cook's taste, but the guests.
 Yet, if those cunning palates hither come,
 They shall find guests, entreaty, and good room;
 And though all relish not, sure there will be some,
 That, when they leave their seats, shall make 'em say,
 Who wrote that piece, could so have wrote a play;
 But that, he knew, this was the better way.
 Or, to present all custard, or all tart,
 And have no other meats to bear a part,
 Or want to bread, and salt, were but coarse art.
 The poet prays you then, with better thought
 To sit; and, when his cates are all in-brought,
 Though there be none far-fet, there will dear-bought,
 Be fit for ladies: some for lords, knights, 'squires;
 Some for your waiting-wench, and city-wires;
 Some for your men, and daughters of White-Friers.
 For is it, only, while you keep your seat
 Here, that his feast will last; but you shall eat
 A week at ordinaries, on his broken meat:
 If his muse be true,
 Who commends her to you.

A N O T H E R.

*THE ends of all, who for the scene do write,
Are, or should be, to profit and delight.
And still't hath been the praise of all best times,
So persons were not touch'd, to tax the crimes.
Then, in this play, which we present to night,
And make the object of your ear and sight,
On forfeit of yourselves, think nothing true;
Lest so you make the maker to judge you;
For he knows, poet never credit gain'd
By writing truths, but things (like truths) well fain'd.
If any yet will (with particular slight
Of application) wrest what he doth write;
And that he meant, or him, or her, will say:
They make a libel, which he made a play.*

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

Morose, *a gentleman that loves not noise.*
 Daup Eugene, *a knight, his nephew.*
 Clerimont, *a gentleman, his friend.*
 True-wit. *another friend.*
 Epicœne, *a young gentlewoman, suppos'd the silent woman.*
 Joh. Daw, *a knight, her servant,*
 Amorous La-Fool, *a knight also.*
 Thom. Otter, *a land and sea-captain.*
 Cutberg, *a barber,*
 Mute, *one of Morose his servants.*
 Mad. Haughty, }
 Mad. Centaure, } *Ladies collegiate.*
 Mad. Mavis, }
 Mrs. Mavis, *the lady Haughty's woman.*
 Mrs. Otter, *the captain's wife.*
 Pretenders.

PERSONS.

PAGES.

SERVANTS.

The SCENE, LONDON.

The principal COMEDIANS were,

MAT. FIELD. SIL. CARIE. JUG. ATTAWEL. JOHN SMITH.	WILL. BARKSTED. WILL. PEN. RICH. ALLIN. JOH. BLANEY.
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E P I C O E N E:

OR, THE

SILENT WOMAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CLERIMONT, BOY, TRUE-WIT.

H A' you got the song yet perfect, I ga' you, boy?
[He comes out making himself ready.]

Boy. Yes, fir.

Clerimont. Let me hear it.

Boy. You shall, fir; but i' faith let nobody else.

Clerimont. Why, I pray?

Boy. It will get you the dangerous name of a poet in town,
 ar; besides, me a perfect deal of ill-will at the mansion you
 got of, whose lady is the argument of it, where now I am
 the welcomest thing under a man that comes there.

Clerimont. I think, and above a man too, if the truth
 were rackt out of you.

Boy. No faith, I'll confess before, Sir. The gentlewomen
 lay with me, and throw me o' the bed; and carry me in to
 ay lady, and she kisses me with her oil'd face; and puts a
 erruke o' my head; and asks me an' I will wear her gown?
 and I say, no: and then she hits me a blow o' the ear, and
 calls me innocent, and lets me go.

Clerimont. No marvel, if the door be kept shut against
 our master, when the entrance is so easy to you——well,

Sir, you shall go there no more, lest I be fain to seek your voice in my lady's rushes, a fortnight hence. Sing, sir.

[*Boy sings.*]

True-wit. Why, here's the man that can melt away his time, and never feels it! What between his mistress abroad, and his engle at home, high fare, soft lodging, fine clothes, and his fiddle; he thinks the hours ha' no wings, or the day no post-horse. Well, Sir gallant, were you struck with the plague this minute, or condemn'd to any capital punishment to-morrow, you would begin then to think, and value every particle o' your time, esteem it at the true rate, and give all for't,

Clerimont. Why, what should a man do?

True-wit. Why, nothing: or, that, which when 'ts done, is as idle. Harken, after the next horse-race, or hunting-match; lay wagers, praise puppy, or pepper-corn, white-foot, franklin; swear upon white-mains party; speak aloud, that my lords may hear you; visit my ladies at night, and be able to give them the character of every bowler or better o' the green. These be the things, wherein your fashionable men exercise themselves, and I for company.

Clerimont. Nay, if I have thy authority, I'll not leave yet. Come, the other are considerations, when we come to have grey heads, and weak hams, moist eyes, and shrunk members. We'll think on 'em then; then we'll pray and fast.

True-wit. I, and destine only that time of age to goodness, which our want of ability will not let us employ in evil?

Clerimont. Why, then 'tis time enough.

True-wit. Yes; as if a man should sleep all the term, and think to effect his business the last day; O, *Clerimont!* this time, because it is an incorporeal thing, and not subject to sense, we mock ourselves the fineliest out of it, with vanity and misery indeed; not seeking an end of wretchedness, but only changing the matter still.

Clerimont. Nay, thou'lt not leave now——

True-wit. See but our common disease! with what justice can we complain, that great men will not look upon us, nor be at leisure to give our affairs such dispatch, as we expect when we will never do it ourselves: nor hear, nor regard ourselves.

Clerimont. Foh, thou has read *Plutarch's* *Morals*, now, or some such tedious fellow; and it shows so vilely with thee: fore God, 'twill spoil thy wit utterly. Talk me of pins, and feathers, and ladies, and rushes, and such things: and leave this *Stoicitic* alone, 'till thou mak'st sermons.

True-wit. Well, fir; if it will not take, I have learn'd to loose as little of my kindness, as I can. I'll do good to no man against his will, certainly. When were you at the college?

Clerimont. What college?

True-wit. As if you knew not!

Clerimont. No faith, I came but from court yesterday.

True-wit. Why, is it not arriv'd there yet, the news? A new foundation, Sir, here i' the town, of ladies, that call themselves the collegiates, an order between courtiers and country-madams, that live from their husbands; and give entertainment to all the wits, and braveries o' the time, as they call 'em: cry down, or up, what they like, or dislike in a brain or a fashion, with most masculine, or rather hermaphroditical authority; and every day gain to their college some new probationer.

Clerimont. Who is the president?

True-wit. The grave and youthful matron, the lady *Haughty*.

Clerimont. A pox of her autumnal face, her piec'd beauty: there's no man can be admitted till she be ready, now-a-days, till she has painted, and perfum'd, and washt, and scour'd, but the boy here; and him she wipes her oil'd lips upon, like a sponge. I have made a song, I pr'y thee hear it, o' the subject.

S O N G.

*Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd;
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.*

*Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They strike my eyes, but not my heart.*

True-wit. And I am clearly o' the other side: I love good dressing before any beauty o' the world. O, a woman is then like a delicate garden; nor is there one kind of it she may vary every hour; take often counsel of her glass and chuse the best. If she have good ears, show 'em; good hair, lay it out; good legs, wear short clothes: a good hand discover it often; practise any art to mend breath, cleanse teeth, repair eye-brows, paint, and profess it.

Clerimont. How? Publicly?

True-wit. The doing of it, not the manner: that must be private. Many things, that seem foul i' the doing, do please done. A lady should, indeed, study her face, when we think she sleeps; nor when the doors are shut, should men be inquiring; all is sacred within, then. Is it for us to see their perrukes put on, their false teeth, their complexion, their eye-brows, their nails? you see guilders will not work but inclos'd. They must not discover, how little serves with the help of art, to adorn a great deal. How long did the canvas hang afore *Aldgate*? Were the people suffer'd to see the city's love and charity, while they were rude stones before they were painted and burnish'd? No: no more should servants approach their mistresses but when they are complete, and finish'd.

Clerimont. Well said, my *True-wit*.

True-wit. And a wise lady will keep a guard always upon the place, that she may do things securely. I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber where the poor madam, for haste, and troubled, snatch'd at her perruke, to cover her baldness: and put it on the wrong way.

Clerimont. O prodigy!

True-wit. And the unconscionable knave held her in compliment an hour with that reverse face, when I still look'd when she should talk from the t'other side.

Clerimont. Why? Thou shouldst ha' reliev'd her.

True-wit. No faith, let her alone, as we'll let this argument, if you please, and pass to another. When saw you *Lauphine Eugene*?

Clerimont. Not these three days. Shall we go to him this morning? He is very melancholic, I hear.

True-wit. Sick o' the uncle? Is he? I met that stiff piece of formality, his uncle, yesterday, with a huge turban of night-caps on his head, buckled over his ears.

Clerimont. O, that's his custom when he walks abroad. He can endure no noise, man.

True-wit. So I have heard. But is the disease so ridiculous in him as it is made? They say he has been upon divers treaties with the fish-wives, and orange-women; and articles propounded between them: marry, the chimney-sweepers will not be drawn in.

Clerimont. No, nor the broom-men: they stand out stilly. He cannot endure a costard-monger, he swoons if he hear

True-wit. Methinks a smith should be ominous.

Clerimont. Or any hammer-man. A brazier is not suffer'd dwell in the parish, nor an armorer. He would have smug'd a pewt'r's prentice once on a *Shrove Tuesday*'s riot, being o' that trade, when the rest were quiet.

True-wit. A trumpet would fright him terribly, or the boys.

Clerimont. Out of his senses. The wrights of the city have pension of him not to come near that ward. This youth actis'd on him one night like the bell-man; and never left till he had brought him down to the door, with a long word; and there left him flourishing with the air.

Boy. Why, sir, he hath chosen a street to lie in, so narrow at both ends, that it will receive no coaches, nor carts, nor any of these common noises: and therefor, we that love him, devise to bring him such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to breathe him. He would grow resty else in his ease: his virtue would rust without action. I intreat a bearward, one day to come down with the dogs of some parish that way, and I thank him he did; and cried at the games under master *Morose*'s window; till he was sent flying away, with his head made a most bleeding spectacle to the multitude. And, another time, a fencer, going to

his prize, had his drum most tragically ronn through, for taking that street in his way, at my request.

True-wit. A good wag. How does he for the bells?

Clerimont. O, i' the queen's time, he was wont to go out of town every *Saturday* at ten a clock, or on holy-day even. But now, by reason of the sickness, the perpetuity of ringing has made him devise a room, with double walls, and treble cieling; the windows close shut and chalk'd; and there he lives by candlelight. He turn'd away a man, last week, for having a pair of new shoes that creak'd. And this fellow waits on him now in tennis-court socks, or slip-pers soal'd with wool; and they talk to each other in a drunk. See, who comes here.

S C E N E II.

DAUPHINE, TRUE-WIT, CLERIMONT

Dauphine. HOW now! what ails you, Sirs? dumb?

True-wit. Struck into stone, almost, I am here, with talk o' thine uncle! There was never such a prodigy heard of.

Dauphine. I would you would once lose this subject, my masters, for my sake. They are such as you are, that have brought me into that predicament I am with him.

True-wit. How is that?

Dauphine. Marry, that he will disinheret me. No more. He thinks, I, and my company are authors of all the ridiculous acts and mon'ments are told of him.

True-wit. 'Slid, I would be the author of more to you than him; that purpose deserves it: it gives the law of plagues to him. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a false almanac, get it printed: and then ha' him drawn out on coronation day to the tower-wharf, and kill him with the noise of the ordnance. Disinheret thee? he cannot, may he? Art not thou the next of blood, and his sister's son?

Dauphine. I, but he will thrust me out of it, he vows, and marry.

True-wit. How! that's a more portent. Can he endure no noise, and will venture on a wife?

Clerimont. Yes; why thou art a stranger, it seems, to

best trick, yet. He has imploy'd a fellow this half year, all over England, to hearken him out a dumb woman; he she of any form, or any quality, so she be able to bear children: her silence is dowry enough, he says.

True-wit. But I trust to God he has found none.

Clerimont. No, but he has heard of one that's lodg'd i' the next street to him, who is exceedingly soft spoken; thrifty of her speech: that spends but fix words a day. And ever he's about now, and shall have her.

True-wit. Is't possible; who is his agent i' the business?

Clerimont. Marry a barber; an honest fellow, one that sells *Dauphine* all here.

True-wit. Why you oppress me with wonder! A woman, and a barber, and love no noise!

Clerimont. Yes faith. The fellow trims him silently, and has not the knack with his sheers or his fingers: and that continency in a barber he thinks so eminent a virtue, as it has made him chief of his counsel.

True-wit. Is the barber to be seen? or the wench!

Clerimont. Yes, that they are.

True-wit. I pr'y thee, *Dauphine*, let's go thither,

Dauphine. I have some business now; I cannot i' faith.

True-wit. You shall have no business shall make you neglect this, Sir: we'll make her talk, believe it; or if she will not, we can give out, at least, so much as shall interrupt the treaty: we will break it. Thou art bound in conscience, when he suspects thee without cause, to torment him.

Dauphine. Not I, by any means. I'll give no suffrage to it. He shall never have that plea against me, that I oppos'd the least phant'sie of his. Let it lye upon my stars to be guilty, I'll be innocent.

True-wit. Yes, and be poor, and beg; do, innocent: when some groom of his has got him an heir, or his barber, he himself cannot. Innocent, I pr'y thee, *Ned*, where is she? let him be innocent still.

Clerimont. Why right over against the barber's; in the house where Sir *John Daw* lies.

True-wit. You not mean to confound me?

Clerimont. Why?

True-wit. Does he that would marry her know so much?

Clerimont. I cannot tell.

True-wit. 'Twere enough of imputation to her with him.

Clerimont. Why?

True-wit. The only talking Sir i' the town! *Jack Daw!* And he teach her not to speak, God b'w'you. I have some business too.

Clerimont. Will you not go thither then?

True-wit. Not with the danger to meet *Daw*, for mine ears.

Clerimont. Why, I thought you two had been upon very good terms.

True-wit. Yes, of keeping distance.

Clerimont. They say, he is a very good scholar.

True-wit. I, and he says it first. A pox on him, a fellow that pretends only to learning, buys titles, and nothing else of books in him.

Clerimont. The world reports him to be very learned.

True-wit. I am sorry, the world should so conspire to belie him.

Clerimont. Good faith, I have heard very good things come from him.

True-wit. You may. There's none so desperately ignorant to deny that: would they were his own. God b'w' gentleman.

Clerimont. This is very abrupt!

S C E N E III.

DAUPHINE, CLERIMONT, BOY.

Dauphine. COME, you are a strange open man, to tell every thing thus.

Clerimont. Why, believe it, *Dauphine*, *True-wit's* a very honest fellow.

Dauphine. I think no other; but this frank nature of his is not for secrets.

Clerimont. Nay then, you are mistaken, *Dauphine*: I know where he has been well trusted, and discharg'd the trust very truly, and heartily.

Dauphine. I contend not, *Ned*; but, with the fewer a business is carried, it is ever the safer. Now we are alone, if you'll go thither, I am for you.

THE SILENT WOMAN.

223

Clerimont. When were you there?

Dauphine. Last night: and such a *decameron* of sport fallen out, *Boccace* never thought of the like. *Daw* does nothing but court her; and the wrong way. He would lye with her, and praises her modesty; desires that she would talk, and be free, and commends her silence in verses; which he reads and swears, are the best that ever man made. Then rails at his fortunes, stamps, and mutines, why he is not a counsellor, and call'd to affairs of state.

Clerimont. I pr'y thee let's go, I would fain undertake this. Some water, *Boy*.

Dauphine. We are invited to dinner together, he, and I, by one that came thither to him, *Sir La-Foole*.

Clerimont. O, that's a precious mannikin.

Dauphine. Do you know him?

Clerimont. I, and he will know you too, if e'er he saw you but once, tho' you should meet him at church in the midst of prayers. He is one of the *Braveries*, tho' he be none of the *Wits*. He will salute a judge upon the bench, and a bishop in the pulpit, a lawyer when he is pleading at the bar, and a lady when she is dancing in a masque, and put her out. He does give plays, and suppers, and invites his guests to 'em, aloud out of his window, as they ride by in coaches. He has a lodging in the Strand for the purpose: or to watch when ladies are gone to the *China* houses, or the exchange, that he may meet 'em by chance, and give 'em presents, some two or three hundred pounds worth of toys, to be laught at. He is never without a spare-banquet, or sweet-meats in his chamber, there women to alight at, and come to for a bait.

Dauphine. Excellent! He was a fine youth last night, but now he is much finer! what is his christen name? I ha' forgot.

Clerimont. *Sir Amorous La Foole*.

Boy. The gentleman is here that owns that name.

Clerimont. Heart, he's come to invite me to dinner, I hold my life.

Dauphine. Like enough: pr'y thee let's ha' him up.

Clerimont. *Boy*, marshal him.

Boy. With a truncheon, Sir?

Clerimont. Away, I beseech you. I'll make him tell us his pedigree, now; and what meat he has to dinner; and who

are his guests; and, the whole course of his fortunes with a breath.

S C E N E IV.

LA-FOOLE, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE.

La-Foole. SAVE dear Sir *Dauphine*; honour'd master *Clerimont*.

Clerimont. Sir *Amorous*! you have very much honested my lodging, with your presence.

La-Foole. Good faith, it is a fine lodging! almost, as delicate a lodging as mine.

Clerimont. Not so, Sir.

La-Foole. Excuse me, Sir, if it were i' the Strand, I assure you. I am come, master *Clerimont*, to intreat you to wait upon two or three ladies, to dinner, to-day.

Clerimont. How, Sir! wait upon 'em? did you ever see me carry dishes?

La-Foole. No, Sir, dispense with me; I meant, to bear 'em company.

Clerimont. O, that I will, Sir: the doubtfulness o' your phrase, believe it, Sir, would breed you a quarrel once an hour, with the terrible boys, if you should keep 'em fellowship a day.

La-Foole. It should be extremely against my will, Sir, if I contested with any man.

Clerimont. I believe 'it, Sir; where hold you your feast?

La-Foole. At *Tom Otter's*, Sir.

Dauphine. *Tom Otter*! what is he?

La-Foole. Captain *Otter*, Sir; he is a kind of gamester, but he has had command both by sea and land.

Dauphine. O, then he is *animal amphibium*.

La-Foole. I, Sir: his wife was the rich *China*-woman, that the courtiers visited so often; that gave her rare entertainment. She commands all at home.

Clerimont. Then, she is captain *Otter*.

La-Foole. You say very well, Sir; she is my kinswoman, a *La-Foole* by the mother-side, and will invite any great ladies, for my sake.

Dauphine. Not of the *La-Fooles* of *Essex*?

La-Foole. No, Sir, the *La-Fooles* of *London*.

Clerimont. Now, he's in.

La-Foole. They all come out of our house, the *La-Fooles* of the north, the *La-Fooles* of the west, the *La-Fooles* of the east and south—we are as ancient a family as any in *Europe*—but I myself am descended lineally of the *French La-Fooles*—and, we do bear our coat yellow; or, *Or*, checker'd *Azure*, and *Gules*, and some three or four colours more, which is a very noted coat, and has, sometimes, been solemnly worn by divers nobility of our house—but let that pass, antiquity is not respected now—I had a brace of fat *Goats*, sent me, gentlemen, and half a dozen of pheasants, a dozen or two of godwits, and some other fowl, which I would have eaten, while they are good, and in good company—there will be a great lady, or two, my lady *Haughbarrow*, my lady *Centaure*, mistress *Dol Mavis*—and they come a purpose, to see the silent gentlewoman, mistress *Epicæne*, that honest Sir *John Daw* has promis'd to bring thither—and then, mistress *Trusty*, my ladies woman, will be there too, and this honourable knight, Sir *Dauphine*, with yourself master *Clerimont*—and we'll be very merry, and have *Widdlers*, and dance—I have been a mad wag, in my time, and have spent some crowns since I was a page in court, to my lord *Lofly*, and after, my ladies gentleman usher, who got me knighted in *Ireland*, since it pleas'd my elder brother to dye—I had as fair a gold jerkin on that day, as any was worn in the island-voyage, or at *Cadiz*, none disprais'd, and I came over in it hither, show'd myself to my friends in court, and after went down to my tenants in country, and survey'd my lands, let new leases, took their money, spent in the eye o' the land here, upon ladies—and now I can take up at my pleasure.

Dauphine. Can you take up ladies, Sir?

Clerimont. O, let him breathe, he has not recover'd.

Dauphine. Would I were your half, in that commodity.

La-Foole. No, Sir, excuse me: I meant money, which I can take up any thing; I have another guest, or two, to invite; and say as much to. Gentlemen, I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not fail—Your servant.

Dauphine. We will not fail you, Sir precious *La-Foole*;

but she shall, that your ladies come to see: if I have credit
before Sir Daw.

Clerimont. Did you ever hear such a wind-sucker, as this

Dauphine. Or such a rook as the other! that will betray
his master to be seen. Come, it's time we prevented it.

Clerimont. Go.

ACT II. SCENE I.

MOROSE, MUTE.

Morose. CANNOT I, yet, find out a more compendious
method, than by this trunk, to save my
servants the labour of speech, and mine ears the discord of
sounds? Let me see: all discourses but my own afflict me,
they seem harsh, impertinent, and irksome. Is it not possible,
that thou shouldst answer me by signs, and I apprehend thee,
fellow? speak not tho' I question you. You have taken the ring
off from the street door, as bad you? answer me not by speech,
but by silence; unless it be otherwise (—) very good. And, you
have fastened on a thick quilt, or flock-bed, on the outside of
the door; that if they knock with their daggers, or with brick
bats, they can make no noise? but with your leg, you answer,
unless it be otherwise (—) very good. This is not only fit modesty
in a servant, but good state and discretion in a master. And you
have been with Cutberd the barber to have him come to me? (—)
good. And, he will presently? answer me not with your leg,
unless it be otherwise, shake your head, or shrug. (—) So your
Italian, and Spaniard, are wise in these! and it is a frugal and
comely gravity. How long will it be ere Cutberd come? stay,
if an hour, hold up your whole hand; if half an hour, two
fingers; if a quarter, one; (—) good. half a quarter? 'tis well.
And have you given him a key to come in without knocking? (—)
good. And, is the lock oyl'd, and the hinges to-day? (—)
good. And the

*At the breaches
still the fellows
makes legs of
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milting of the stairs no where worn out and bare? (—) very good. I see, by much doctrine, and impulsion, it may be effected? stand by. The *Turk*, in this divine discipline, is admirable, 'exceeding all the potentates of the earth; still waited on by mutes; and all his commands so executed; yea, even in war, (as I have heard) and in his marches, most of his charges and directions given by signs, and with silence: an exquisite art! and I am heartily ashamed, and angry oftentimes, that the princes of *Chrislendom* would suffer a barbarian to transcend 'em in so high a point of felicity. I will practise it, hereafter. How now? oh! what villain? what prodigy of mankind is that? look. cut his throat, cut his throat: what murderer, hell-bound, devil can this be? [*One winds a horn without again.*]

Mute. It is a post from the court——

Morose. Out rogue, and must thou blow thy horn too?

Mute. Alas, it is a post from the court, Sir, that says, he must speak you, pain of death——

Morose. Pain of thy life, be silent.

S C E N E II.

TRUE-WIT, MOROSE, CUTBERD.

True-wit. BY your leave, Sir, I am a stranger here: is our name master *Morose*? is your name master *Morose*? Alas! *Pythagoreans* all! this is strange. What say you, Sir, nothing? Has *Harpocrates* been here with his club, among you? well, Sir, I will believe you to be the man at this time: I will venture upon you, Sir. Your friends at court commend 'em to you, Sir——

(*Morose.* O men! O manners! was there ever such an impudence?)

True-wit. And are extremely solicitous for you, Sir.

Morose. Whose knave are you?

True-wit. Mine own knave, and your compeer, Sir,

Morose. Fetch me my sword——

True-wit. You shall taste the one half of my dagger, if you do (groom); and you the other, if you stir, Sir: be patient, I charge you, in the king's name, and hear me

without insurrection. They say, you are to marry! To marry! Do you mark, Sir?

Morose. How then, rude companion!

True-wit. Marry, your friends do wonder, Sir, the *Thames* being so near, wherein you may drown, so handsomely; or *London-Bridge*, at a low fall, with a fine leap to hurry you down the stream; or such a delicate steeple in the town, as *Bow*, to vault from; or, a braver height, as *Paul's*; or, if you affected to do it nearer home, and a shorter way, an excellent garret-window into the street; or, a beam, in the

He shews him said garret, with this halter, which they have sent, and desire, that you would sooner com-

a halter. mit your grave head to this knot, than to the wedlock noose; or, take a little sublimate, and go out of the world, like a rat; or, a fly (as one said) with a straw i' your arse: any way, rather than to follow this goblin *Matrimony*. Alas, Sir, do you ever think to find a chaste wife, in these times? now! when there are so many masques, plays, puritan parlees, mad folks, and other strange fights to be seen daily, private and public? if you had liv'd in the king *Ethelred's* time, Sir, or *Edward the confessor's*, you might, perhaps, have found in some cold country hamlet, then, a dull frosty wench, would have been contented with one man: now, they will as soon be pleas'd with one leg, or one eye. I'll tell you, Sir, the monstrous hazards you shall run with a wife.

Morose. Good Sir! have I ever cozen'd any friends of yours of their land? bought their possessions? taken forfeitures of their mortgage? begg'd a reversion from 'em? bastarded their issue? what have I done, that may deserve this?

True-wit. Nothing, Sir, that I know, but your itch of marriage.

Morose. Why, if I had made an assassinate upon your father; vitiated your mother; ravished your sisters——

True-wit. I would kill you, Sir, I would kill you, if you had.

Morose. Why? you do more in this, Sir: it were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous acts, that could be nam'd, to do that you do——

True-wit. Alas, Sir, I am but a messenger: but tell you, what you must hear. It seems, your friends are careful after your soul's health, Sir, and would have you know the

anger (but you may do your pleasure for all them; I persuade not, Sir) if, after you are married, your wife do run away with a vaulter, or the *Frenchman* that walks upon ropes, or him that dances the jig, or a fencer, for his skill at his weapon; why it is not their fault, they have discharged their consciences; when you know what may happen. Nay, suffer valiantly, Sir, for I must tell you all the perils that you are obnoxious to. If she be fair, young and vegetous, so sweet-meats ever drew more flies; all the yellow doublets, and green roses i' the town will be there. If foul and crooked, she'll be with them, and buy those doublets and roses, Sir. If rich, and that you marry her dowry, not her; she'll reign in your house, as imperious as a widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your tyrants. If fruitful, as proud as *May*, and humorous as *April*; she must have her doctors, her midwives, her nurses, her longings every hour: though it be for the dearest morsel of man. If learned, there was never such a parrat; all your patrimony will be too little for the guests that must be invited, to hear her speak *Latin* and *Greek*: and you must lye with her in those languages too, if you will please her. If precise, you must cast all the silenc'd brethren, once in three days; salute the sisters; entertain the whole family, or wood of 'em; and long-winded exercises, singings and catechisings, which you are not given to, and yet must give for; to please the zealous matron your wife, who, for the holy cause, will censure you over and above. You begin to sweat, Sir, but this is not half i' faith: you may do your pleasure notwithstanding, as I said before, I come not to persuade you. Upon my oath, master serving-man, if you do stir, I will beat you.

[*The mute is stealing away.*]

Morose. O, what is my sin! what is my sin!
True-wit. Then, if you love your wife, or rather dote on her, Sir; O, how she'll torture you! and take pleasure i' your torments! You shall lye with her but when she lists; she will not hurt her beauty, her complexion: or it must be for that jewel, or that pearl when she does; every half our's pleasure must be bought anew, and with the same pain and charge you woo'd her at first. Then you must keep what servants she please; what company she will; what friend must not visit you without her license; and him she loves most, she will seem to hate eagerliest, to decline

your jealousie; or, feign to be jealous of you first; and for that cause go live with her she-friend, or cousin at the college, that can instruct her in all the mysteries of writing letters, corrupting servants; taming spies; where she must have that rich gown for such a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be serv'd in silver; have the chamber fill'd with a succession of grooms, footmen, ushers, and other messengers; besides, embroiderers, jewellers, tire-women, semsters, feather-men, perfumers; while she feels not how the land drops away; nor the acres melt; nor foresees the change, when the mercer gets your woods for her velvet; never weighs what her pride costs, Sir: so she may kiss a page, or a smooth-chin, that has the despair of a beard; be a stateswoman, know all the news, what was done at *Salisbury*, what at the *Bath*, what at court, what in progress; or, so she may censure *Poets*, and authors, and styles, and compare 'em, *Daniel* with *Spenser*, *Johnson* with the t'other youth, and so forth; or be thought cunning in controversies, or the very knots of divinity; and have often in her mouth the state of the question: and then skip to the *mathematics*, and demonstration and answer, in religion to one; in state to another; in baud'ry to a third.

Morose. O, O!

True-wit. All this is very true, Sir. And then her going in disguise to that conjurer, and this cunning woman: where the first question is, how soon you shall dy? next, if her present servant love her? next, that if she shall have a new servant? and how many? which of her family would make the best baud, male or female? what precedence she shall have by her next match; and sets down the answers, and believes 'em above the scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll study the art.

Morose. Gentle Sir, ha' you done? ha' you had your pleasure o' me? I'll think of these things.

True-wit. Yes, Sir: and then comes reeking home of vapour and sweat, with going a foot, and lies in a mouth of a new face, all oyl, and birdlime; and rises in asses milk, and is cleans'd with a new *fucus*: God b'w' you, Sir. One thing more (which I had almost forgot.) This too, with whom you are to marry, may have had a conveyance of her virginity afore-hand, as your wise widows do of their states before they marry, in trust to some friend, Sir: who can

well? or if she have not done it yet, she may do, upon the wedding-day, or the night before, and antidate you cuckold. The like has been heard of in nature. 'Tis no devis'd impossible thing, Sir. God b'w'you: I'll be bold to leave this rope with you, Sir, for a remembrance. Farewel *Mute*.

Morose. Come, ha'me to my chamber: but
 shut the door. O, shut the door: is he come *The horn*
 again?

Cutberd. 'Tis I, Sir, your barber.

Morose. O *Cutberd*, *Cutberd*, *Cutberd*! here has been a cut-throat with me: help me into my bed, and give me physic with thy counsel.

S C E N E III.

DAW, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE, EPICOENE.

Daw. NAY, an' she will, let her refuse at her own charge: 'tis nothing to me, gentlemen. But she will not be invited to the like feasts or guests every day.

Clerimont. O, by no means, she may not refuse to stay at home, if you love your reputation; *They dis-*
 slight, you are invited thither o' purpose to be *suade her*
 seen, and laugh'd at by the lady of the college, *privately.*
 and her shadows. This trumpeter hath proclaim'd you.

Dauphine. You shall not go; let him be laugh'd at in our stead, for not bringing you: and put him to his temporal faculty of fooling, and talking aloud to satisfy the company.

Clerimont. He will suspect us, talk aloud. 'Pray mistress *Epicoene*, let's see your verses, we have Sir *John Daw's* gave: do not conceal your servant's merit, and your own glories.

Epicoene. They'll prove my servant's glories, if you have leave so soon.

Dauphine. His vain glories, lady!

Daw. Shew 'em, shew 'em, mistress, I dare own them.

Epicoene. Judge you, what glories?

Daw. Nay, I'll read them myself, too: an author must cite his own works. It is a *madrigal* of modesty.

*Modest, and fair, so fair and good are near
neighbours, how ere.*

Dauphine. Very good.

Clerimont. I, Is't not?

*Daw. No noble virtue ever was alone,
But two in one.*

Dauphine. Excellent!

Clerimont. That again, I pray, Sir John.

Dauphine. It has something in't like rare wit and sense,

Clerimont. Peace.

*Daw. No noble virtue ever was alone,
But two in one.*

*Then, when I praise sweet modesty, I praise
Bright beauty's rais:
And having prais'd both beauty and modesty,
I have prais'd thee.*

Dauphine. Admirable!

*Clerimont. How it chimes, and cryes tink i'the close, di-
vinely!*

Dauphine. I, 'tis Seneca.

Clerimont. No, I think 'tis Plutarch.

*Daw. The Dor on Plutarch and Seneca, I hate it: they
are mine own imaginations, by that light. I wonder those
fellows have such credit with gentlemen!*

Clerimont. They are very grave authors.

*Daw. Grave asses! mere Essayists! a few loose sentences,
and that's all. A man would talk so, his whole age; I do
utter as good things every hour, if they were collected and
observ'd, as either of 'em.*

Dauphine. Indeed! Sir John.

*Clerimont. He must needs, living among the Wits and Bra-
veries too.*

Dauphine. I, and being president of 'em, as he is.

*Daw. There's Aristotle, a mere common-place fellow:
Plato, a discourser; Thucydides and Livy, tedious and dry;
Tacitus, an entire knot: sometimes worth the untying, very
seldom.*

Clerimont. What do you think of the Poets, Sir John?

*Daw. Not worthy to be nam'd for authors. Homer, an
old tedious prolix ass, talks of curriers, and chines of bees.*

Virgil, of dunging of land, and bees. Horace, of I know not what.

Clerimont. I think so.

Daw. And so Pindarus, Lycophron, Anacreon, Catullus, Seneca the Tragedian, Lucan, Propertius, Tibullus, Martial, Juvenal, Aufonius, Statius, Politian, Valerius Flaccus, and the rest——

Clerimont. What a sack full of their names he has got!

Dauphine. And how he pours 'em out! Politian, with Valerius Flaccus!

Clerimont. Was not the character right of him?

Dauphine. As could be made, i' faith.

Daw. And Persius, a crabbed cockscom, not to be endur'd.

Dauphine. Why? whom do you account for authors, Sir John Daw?

Daw. *Syntagma Juris civilis*, *Corpus Juris civilis*, *Corpus Juris canonici*, the king of Spain's bible.

Dauphine. Is the king of Spain's bible an author?

Clerimont. Yes, and *Syntagma*.

Dauphine. What was that *Syntagma*, Sir?

Daw. A civil lawyer, a Spaniard.

Dauphine. Sure, *Corpus* was a Dutch man.

Clerimont. I, both the *Corpusses*, I knew 'em: they were very corpulent authors.

Daw. And, then there's *Vatablus*, *Pomponatius*, *Symancha*; the other are not to be receiv'd, within the thought of a scholar.

Dauphine. 'Fore God, you have a simple learn'd servant, lady, in titles.

Clerimont. I wonder that he is not called to the helm, and made a counsellor!

Daw. He is one extraordinary.

Clerimont. Nay, but in ordinary! to say truth, the state wants such.

Dauphine. Why, that will follow.

Clerimont. I muse a mistress can be so silent to the dotes of such a servant.

Daw. 'Tis her virtue, Sir. I have written somewhat of her silence too.

Dauphine. In verse, Sir John!

Clerimont. What else?

Dauphine. Why? how can you justify your own being of a Poet, that so slight all the old Poets?

Daw. Why, every man that writes in verse, is not a poet; you have of the wits that writ verses; and yet are no poets; they are poets that live by it, the poor fellows that live by it.

Dauphine. Why, would not you live by your verses, Sir John?

Clerimont. No, 'twere pity he should. A knight live by his verses! He did not make 'em to that end, I hope.

Dauphine. And yet the noble *Sidney* lives by his, and the noble family not asham'd

Clerimont. I, he profess himself; but, Sir John Daw has more caution: he'll not hinder his own rising i' the state so much? Do you think he will? Your verses, good Sir John, are no poems.

Daw. Silence in woman, is like speech in man;

Deny't who can.

Dauphine. Not I, believe it: your reason, Sir.

Daw.

Nor is't a tale,

That female vice should be a virtue male,

Or masculine vice a female virtue be:

You shall it see

Prov'd with increase;

I know to speak, and she to hold her peace.

Do you conceive me, gentlemen?

Dauphine. No, faith; how mean you with increase, Sir John?

Daw. Why, with increase, is, when I court her for the common cause of mankind, and she says nothing but *consentire videtur*; and in time is *gravida*.

Dauphine. Then this is a ballad of procreation?

Clerimont. A madrigal of procreation; you mistake.

Epicœne. 'Pray give me my verses again, servant.

Daw. If you'll ask 'em aloud, you shall.

Clerimont. See, here's *True-wit* again.

S C E N E IV.

CLERIMONT, TRUE-WIT, DAUPHINE, CUT-
BERD, DAW, EPICOENE.

Clerimont. WHERE hast thou been, in the name of madness! thus accoutred with thy horn?

True-wit. Where the sound of it might have pierc'd your senses with gladness, had you been in ear-reach of it. *Dauphine,* fall down and worship me; I have forbid the banes, had: I have been with thy virtuous uncle, and have broke the match.

Dauphine. You ha' not, I hope.

True-wit. Yes, faith; an' thou should'st hope otherwise, I should repent me: this horn got me entrance; kiss it. I had no other way to get in, but by feigning to be post; but when I got in once, I prov'd none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a post, or a stone, or what is stiffer, with thundring into him the incommodities of a wife, and the miseries of marriage. If ever *Gorgon* were seen in the shape of a woman, he hath seen her in my description. I have put him off o'that scent for ever. Why do you not applaud and adore me, Sirs? Why stand you mute? Are you stupid? You are not worthy o'the benefit.

Dauphine. Did not I tell you? Mischief!

Clerimont. I would you had plac'd this benefit somewhere else.

True-wit. Why so?

Clerimont. 'Slight, you have done the most inconsiderate, rash, weak thing that ever man did to his friend.

Dauphine. Friend! If the most malicious enemy I have, had studied to inflict an injury upon me, it could not be a greater.

True-wit. Wherein, for God's sake? Gentlemen, come to yourselves again.

Dauphine. But I presag'd thus much afore to you.

Clerimont. Would my lips had been solder'd when I spake n't. 'Slight, what mov'd you to be thus impertinent?

True-wit. My masters, do not put on this strange face to

pay my court'sie : off with this vizor. Have good turns done you, and thank 'em this way?

Dauphine. 'Före heav'n, you have undone me. That which I have plotted for, and been maturing now these four months, you have blasted in a minute; now I am lost, I may speak. This gentlewoman was lodg'd here by me o' purpose, and, to be put upon my uncle, hath profess'd this obstinate silence for my sake, being my entire friend, and one that for the requital of such a fortune as to marry him, would have made me very ample conditions; where now, all my hopes are utterly miscarried by this unlucky accident.

Clerimont. Thus 'tis, when a man will be ignorantly officious, do services, and not know his why: I wonder what courteous itch possesseth you! You never did absurder part i' your life, nor a greater trespass to friendship or humanity.

Dauphine. Faith, you may forgive it best; 'twas your cause principally.

Clerimont. I know it, would it had not.

Dauphine. How now, *Cutberd*? what news?

Cutberd. The best, the happiest that ever was, Sir. There has been a mad gentleman with your uncle this morning, (I think this be the gentleman) that has almost talk'd him out of his wits, with threatenng him from marriage—

Dauphine. On, I pr'y thee.

Cutberd. And your uncle, Sir, he thinks 'twas done by your procurement; therefor he will see the party you wot of presently; and if he like her, he says, and that she be so inclining to dumb, as I have told him, he swears he will marry her to day, instantly, and not defer it a minute longer.

Dauphine. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

True-wit. Beyond our expectation! By this light, I knew it would be thus.

Dauphine. Nay, sweet *True-wit*, forgive me.

True-wit. No, I was ignorantly officious, impertinent: this was the absurd, weak part.

Clerimont. Wilt thou ascribe that to merit now, was mere fortune?

True-wit. Fortune! mere providence. Fortune had not a finger in't. I saw it must necessarily in nature fall out so: my *genius* is never false to me in these things. Shew me how it could be otherwise.

Dauphine. Nay, gentlemen, contend not, 'tis well now.

True-wit. Alas, I let him go on with inconsiderate, and rash, and what he pleas'd.

Clerimont. Away, thou strange justifier of thyself, to be wiser than thou wert, by the event.

True-wit. Event! by this light, thou shalt never persuade me, but I foresaw it, as well as the stars themselves.

Dauphine. Nay, gentlemen, 'tis well now: do you two entertain Sir *John Daw* with discourse, while I send her away with instructions.

True-wit. I'll be acquainted with her first, by your favour.

Clerimont. Master *True-wit*, lady, a friend of ours.

True-wit. I am sorry I have not known you sooner, lady, to celebrate this rare virtue of your silence.

Clerimont. Faith, an' you had come sooner, you should ha' seen and heard her well celebrated in Sir *John Daw*'s madrigals.

True-wit. Jack *Daw*, God save you; when saw you *La-Foole*?

Daw. Not since last night, master *True-wit*.

True-wit. That's a miracle! I thought you had been inseparable.

Daw. He's gone to invite his guests.

True-wit. Gods so! 'tis true. What a false memory have I towards that man! I am one: I met him ev'n now, upon that he calls his delicate fine black horse, rid into a foam, with posting from place to place, and person to person, to give 'em the cue——

Clerimont. Lest they should forget?

True-wit. Yes: there was never poor captain took more pains at a muster to shew men, than he, at this meal, to shew friends.

Daw. It is his quarter-feast, Sir.

Clerimont. What! do you say so, Sir *John*?

True-wit. Nay, *John Daw* will not be out, at the best friends he has, to the talent of his wit: where's his mistress, to hear and applaud him? Is she gone?

Daw. Is mistress *Epicæne* gone?

Clerimont. Gone afore, with Sir *Dauphine*, I warrant, to the place.

True-wit. Gone afore! That were a manifest injury, a

disgrace and a half; to refuse him at such a festival time as this, being a bravery, and a wit too.

Clerimont. Tut, he'll swallow it like cream: he's better read in *jure civili*, than to esteem any thing a disgrace, is offer'd him from a mistress.

Daw. Nay, let her e'en go; she shall sit alone, and be dumb in her chamber a week together, for *John Daw*, I warrant her: does she refuse me?

Clerimont. No, Sir, do not take it so to heart: she does not refuse you, but a little neglect you. Good faith, *True-wit*, you were to blame to put it into his head, that she does refuse him.

True-wit. Sir, she does refuse him palpably, however you mince it. An' I were as he, I would swear to speak ne'er a word to her to day for't.

Daw. By this light, no more I will not.

True-wit. Not to any body else, Sir.

Daw. Nay, I will not say so, gentlemen.

Clerimont. It had been an excellent happy condition for the company, if you could have drawn him to it.

Daw. I'll be very melancholic, i' faith.

Clerimont. As a dog, if I were as you, Sir *John*.

True-wit. Or a snail, or a hog-louse: I would roll myself up for this day in troth, they should not unwind me.

Daw. By this pick-tooth, so I will.

Clerimont. 'Tis well done: he begins already to be angry with his teeth.

Daw. Will you go, gentlemen?

Clerimont. Nay, you must walk alone, if you be right melancholic, Sir *John*.

True-wit. Yes, Sir, we'll dog you, we'll follow you afar off.

Clerimont. Was there ever such a two yards of knighthood measur'd out by time, to be sold to laughter?

True-wit. A mere talking mole! hang him: no mushroom was ever so fresh. A fellow so utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be.

Clerimont. Let's follow him: but first, let's go to *Dauphine*, he's hovering about the house, to hear what news.

True-wit. Content.

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S C E N E V.

MOROSE, EPICOENE, CUTBERD, MUTE.

Morose. WELCOME, *Cutberd*; draw near with your fair charge: and in her ear, softly intreat her to unmask (—) So. Is the door shut? (—) Enough. Now, *Cutberd*, with the same discipline I use to my family, I will question you. As I conceive, *Cutberd*, this gentlewoman is she you have provided, and brought, in hope she will fit me in the place and person of a wife. Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise: (—) Very well done, *Cutberd*. I conceive besides, *Cutberd*, you have been pre-acquainted with her birth, education, and qualities, or else you would not prefer her to my acceptance, in the weighty consequence of marriage. (—) This I conceive, *Cutberd*. Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise. (—) Very well done, *Cutberd*. Give

aside now a little, and leave me to examine her condition, and aptitude to my affection. *He goes about her, and views her.*

She is exceeding fair, and of a special good favour; a sweet composition, or harmony of limbs; her temper of beauty has the true height of my blood. The knave hath exceedingly well fitted me without: I will now try her within. Come near, fair gentlewoman; let not my behaviour seem rude, though unto you, being rare, it may happily appear strange, (—) *She curtsies.*

Nay, lady, you may speak, though *Cutberd* and my man might not; for of all sounds, only the sweet voice of a fair lady has the just length of mine ears. I beseech you, say, lady; out of the first fire of meeting eyes (they say) love is stricken: do you feel any such motion suddenly shot into you, from any part you see in me? ha, lady? *Curtesie.*

(—) Alas, lady, these answers by silent curtesies from you, are too courtless and simple. I have ever had my breeding in court; and she that shall be my wife, must be accomplished with courtly and audacious ornaments. Can you speak, lady?

Epicourne. Judge you, forsooth. [*She speaks softly.*]

Morose. What say you, lady? Speak out, I beseech you.

Epicourne. Judge you, forsooth.

Morose. O' my judgment, a divine softness! But can you naturally, lady, as I enjoin these by doctrine and industry, refer yourself to the search of my judgment, and (not taking pleasure in your tongue, which is a woman's chiefest

Curtis. pleasure) think it plausible to answer me by silent gestures, so long as my speeches jump right with what you conceive? (—) Excellent! Divine! if it were possible she should hold out thus! Peace, *Cutberd*, thou art made for ever, as thou hast made me, if this felicity have lasting: but I will try her further. Dear lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and must have mine ears banquetted with pleasant and witty conferences, pretty girds, scoffs, and dalliance in her, that I mean to chuse for my bed-pheere. The ladies in court think it a most desperate impair in their quickness of wit, and good carriage, if they cannot give occasion for a man to court 'em; and when an amorous discourse is set on foot, minister as good matter to continue it, as himself: and do you alone so much differ from all them, that what they (with so much circumstance) affect and toil for, to seem learn'd, to seem judicious, to seem sharp and conceited, you can bury in yourself with silence, and rather trust your graces to the fair conscience of virtue, than to the world's or your own proclamation.

Epicourne. I should be sorry else.

Morose. What say you, lady? Good lady, speak out.

Epicourne. I should be sorry else.

Morose. That sorrow doth fill me with gladness. O *Morose*! thou art happy above mankind! Pray that thou maist contain thyself. I will only put her to't once more, and it shall be with the utmost touch and test of their sex. But hear me, fair lady; I do also love to see her whom I shall chuse for my hiefter, to be the first and principal in all fashions, precede all the dames at court by a fortnight, have her council of taylors, linneners, lace-women, embroiderers, and sit with 'em sometimes twice a day upon fresh intelligences, and then come forth varied like nature, or oftner than she, and better, by the help of art, her emulous servant. This do I affect; and how will you be able, lady, with this frugality of speech, to give the manifold (but ne-

cessary) instructions, for that bodies, these sleeves, those skirts, this cut, that stitch, this embroidery, that lace, this girdle, those knots, that ruff, those roses, this girdle, that scarf, these gloves? Ha! what say you, lady?

Epicæne. I'll leave it to you, Sir.

Morose. How, lady? pray you rise a note.

Epicæne. I leave it to wisdom and you, Sir.

Morose. Admirable creature! I will trouble you no more: I will not sin against so sweet a simplicity. Let me now be bold to print on those divine lips the seal of being mine.

Cutberd. I give thee the lease of thy house free; thank me not, but with thy leg. (—) I know what thou wouldst say, she's poor, and her friends deceased; she has brought a wealthy dowry in her silence, *Cutberd*; and in respect of her poverty, *Cutberd*, I shall have her more loving and obedient, *Cutberd*. Go thy ways, and get me a minister presently, with a soft low voice, to marry us; and pray him he will not be impertinent, but brief as he can; away: softly, *Cutberd*. Sirrah, conduct your mistress into the dining-room, your now-mistress. O my felicity! How shall I be reveng'd on mine insolent kinsman, and his plots, to fright me from marrying! This night I will get an heir, and thrust him out of my blood, like a stranger. He would be knighted, forsooth, and thought by that means to reign over me, his title must do it: no, kinsman, I will now make you bring me the tenth lord's, and the sixteenth lady's letter, kinsman; and it shall do you no good, kinsman. Your knighthood itself shall come on its knees, and it shall be rejected; it shall be sued for its fees to execution, and not be redeemed; it shall cheat at the twelve-penny ordinary, it shall be knighted, for its diet all the term-time, and tell-tales for it in the vacation to the hostess; or it knighthood shall do worse, take sanctuary in *Colebarbour*, and fast. It shall fright all its friends with borrowing letters; and when one of the fourscore hath brought it knighthood ten shillings, it knighthood shall go to the *Cranes*, or the *Bear* at the *Bridge-foot*, and be drunk in fear; it shall not have money to discharge one tavern-reckoning, to invite the old creditors to forbear knighthood, or the new, that should be, to trust it knighthood. It shall be the tenth name in the bond, to take up the commodity of pipkins and stone-jugs; and the part thereof shall not furnish it knighthood forth for the attempting

of a baker's widow, a brown baker's widow. It shall give it knighthood's name for a stallion, to all gamester citizens wives, and be refus'd, when the master of a dancing-school or (*How do you call him*) the worst reveller in the town is taken: it shall want clothes, and by reason of that, wit, to fool to lawyers. It shall not have hope to repair itself by *Constantinople, Ireland, or Virginia*; but the best and last for tune to it knighthood shall be, to make *Dol Tear-sheet*, or *Kate Common*, a lady, and so it knighthood may eat.

S C E N E VI.

TRUE-WIT, DAUPHINE, CLERIMONT
CUTBERD,

True-wit. ARE you sure he is not gone by?

Dauphine. No, I staid in the shop ever since.

Clerimont. But he may take the other end of the lane.

Dauphine. No, I told him I would be here at this end: I appointed him hither.

True-wit. What a barbarian it is to stay then!

Dauphine. Yonder he comes.

Clerimont. And his charge left behind him, which is a very good sign, *Dauphine.*

Dauphine. How now, *Cutberd*, succeeds it, or no?

Cutberd. Past imagination, Sir, *omnia secunda*; you could not have pray'd to have had it so well: *Saltat senex*, as is i' the proverb, he does triumph in his felicity, admiring the party! he has given me the lease of my house too! and I am now going for a silent minister to marry 'em, and away.

True-wit. 'Slight, get one o' the silenc'd ministers; a zealous brother would torment him purely.

Cutberd. *Cum privilegio*, Sir.

Dauphine. O, by no means; let's do nothing to hinder now: when 'tis done and finish'd, I am for you, for any device of vexation.

Cutberd. And that shall be within this half hour, upon my dexterity, gentlemen. Contrive what you can in the mean time, *bonis avibus*.

Clerimont. How the slave doth *Latin* it!

True-wit. It would be made a jest to posterity, Sirs, this day's mirth, if ye will.

Clerimont. Beshrew his heart that will not, I pronounce.

Dauphine. And for my part. What is't?

True-wit. To translate all *La-Foole's* company, and his cast thither, to day, to celebrate this bridal.

Dauphine. I marry; but how will't be done?

True-wit. I'll undertake the directing of all the lady-
nests thither, and then the meat must follow.

Clerimont. For God's sake, let's effect it; it will be an excellent comedy of affliction, so many several noises.

Dauphine. But are they not at the other place already, think you?

True-wit. I'll warrant you for the college-honours: one of their faces has not the priming-colour laid on yet, nor thither her smock sleek'd.

Clerimont. O, but they'll rise earlier than ordinary to a cast.

True-wit. Best go see, and assure yourselves.

Clerimont. Who knows the house?

True-wit. I'll lead you; were you never there yet?

Dauphine. Not I.

Clerimont. Nor I.

True-wit. Where ha' you liv'd then? Not know *Tom Otter!*

Clerimont. No: for God's sake what is he!

True-wit. An excellent animal, equal with your *Daw* or *La-Foole*, if not transcendent; and does *Latin* it as much as your barber: he is his wife's subject, he calls her princess, and at such times as these follows her up and down the house like a page, with his hat off, partly for heat, partly for reverence. At this instant he is marshalling of his bull, bear, and horse.

Dauphine. What be those, in the name of *Sphinx*?

True-wit. Why, Sir, he has been a great man at the bear-garden in his time; and from that subtle sport has tane the witty denomination of his chief carowsing cups. One he calls his bull, another his bear, another his horse. And then he has his lesser glasses, that he calls his deer and his ape; and several degrees of them too; and never is well, nor

thinks any entertainment perfect, till these be brought out and set o' cupboard.

Clerimont. For God's love! we should miss this, if we should not go.

True-wit. Nay, he has a thousand things as good, that will speak him all day. He will rail on his wife, with certain common places, behind her back; and to her face—

Dauphine. No more of him. Let's go see him, I petition you.

ACT III. SCENE I.

OTTER, Mrs. OTTER, TRUE-WIT, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE.

NAY, good princess, hear me *pauca verba*.

Mrs. Otter. By that light, I'll ha' you chain'd up, with your bull-dogs and bear-dogs, if you be not civil the sooner. I'll send you to kennel, i' faith. You were best bait me with your bull, bear and horse? Never a time that the courtiers or collegiates come to the house, but you make it a *Shrove-Tuesday*! I would have you get your *Whit-fortide* velvet-cap, and your staff i' your hand, to entertain 'em yes in troth, do.

Otter. Not so, princess, neither; but, under correction, sweet princess, gi' me leave——These things I am known to the courtiers by: it is reported to them for my humour, and they receive it so, and do expect it. *Tom Otter's* bull, bear, and horse, is known all over *England*, in *rerum natura*.

Mrs. Otter. 'Fore me, I will *na-ture* 'em over to the *Paris-garden*, and *na-ture* you thither too, if you pronounce 'em again. Is a bear a fit beast, or a bull, to mix in society with great ladies? Think i' your discretion, in any good polity.

Otter. The horse then, good princess.

Mrs. Otter. Well, I am contented for the horse; they love to be well hors'd I know: I love it myself.

Otter. And it is a delicate fine horse, this *Poetorum Pegasus*. Under correction, princess, *Jupiter* did turn himself into a——*Taurus*, or bull, under correction, good princess.

Mrs. Otter. By integrity, I'll send you over to the bank-side, I'll commit you to the master of the garden, if I hear but a syllable more. Must my house or my roof be polluted with the scent of bears and bulls, when it is perfum'd for great ladies? Is this according to the instrument, when I married you? That I would be princess, and reign in mine own house; and you would be my subject, and obey me? What did you bring me, should make you thus peremptory? Do I allow you your half-crown a-day, to spend where you will, among your gamesters, to vex and torment me at such times as these? Who gives you maintenance, I pray? Who allows you your horse-meat and man's-meat? your three futes of apparel a year? your four pair of stockings, one silk, and three worsted? your clean linen, your bands and cuffs, when I can get you to wear 'em? 'Tis mar'le you ha' em on now. Who graces you with courtiers, or great personages, to speak to you out of their coaches, and come home to your house? were you ever so much as look'd upon by a lord or a lady, before I married you on the *Easter* or *Whitson* holy-days? and then out at the banquetting-house window, when *Ned Whiting* or *George Stone* were at the stake.

Truewit. (For God's sake, let's go stave her off him.)

Mrs. Otter. Answer me to that. And did not I take you up from thence, in old greasie buff-doublet, with points, and green velvet sleeves, out at the elbows? You forget this.

Truewit. (She'll worry him, if we help not in time.)

Mrs. Otter. O, here are some o'the gallants! Go to, behave yourself distinctly, and with good morality; or, I protest, I'll take away your exhibition.

S C E N E II.

TRUE-WIT, Mrs. OTTER, Cap. OTTER, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE, CUTBERD.

True-wit. BY your leave, fair mistress *Otter*, I'll be hold to enter these gentlemen in your acquaintance.

Mrs. Otter. I shall not be obnoxious, or difficult, Sir.

True-wit. How does my noble captain? Is the bull, bear, and horse in *rerum natura* still?

Otter. Sir, *Sic visum superis*.

Mrs. Otter. I would you would but intimate 'em, do. Go your ways in, and get tosts and butter made for the woodcocks: that's a fit province for you.

Clerimont. Alas, what a tyranny is this poor fellow married to!

True-wit. O, but the sport will be anon, when we get him loose.

Dauphine. Dares he ever speak?

True-wit. No *Anabaptist* ever rail'd with the like license: but mark her language in the mean time, I beseech you.

Mrs. Otter. Gentlemen, you are very aptly come. My cousin, Sir *Amorous*, will be here briefly.

True-wit. In good time, lady. Was not Sir *John Daw* here to ask for him, and the company?

Mrs. Otter. I cannot assure you, Mr. *True-wit*. Here was a very melancholy knight in a ruff, that demanded my subject for some body, a gentleman, I think.

Clerimont. I, that was he, lady.

Mrs. Otter. But he departed straight, I can resolve you.

Dauphine. What an excellent choice phrase this lady expresses in!

True-wit. O, Sir! she is the only authentical courtier, that is not naturally bred one, in the city.

Mrs. Otter. You have taken that report upon trust, gentlemen.

True-wit. No, I assure you, the court governs it so, lady, in your behalf.

Mrs. Otter. I am the fervant of the court and courtiers, Sir.

True-wit. They are rather your idolaters.

Mrs. Otter. Not so, Sir.

Dauphine. How now, Cutberd! Any cros?

Cutberd. O no, Sir, *omnia bene*. 'Twas never better o' the hinges, all's sure. I have so pleas'd him with a curate, that he's gone to't almost with the delight he hopes for soon.

Dauphine. What is he for a vicar?

Cutberd. One that has catch'd a cold, Sir, and can scarce be heard six inches off; as if he spoke out of a bullrush that were not pickt, or his throat were full of pitch: a fine quick fellow, and an excellent barber of prayers. I came to tell you, Sir, that you might *omnem movere lapidem* (as they say) be ready with your vexation.

Dauphine. Gramercy, honest Cutberd; be thereabouts with thy key to let us in.

Cutberd. I will not fail you, Sir: *Ad manum*.

True-wit. Well, I'll go watch my coaches.

Clerimont. Do; and we'll send Daw to you, if you meet him not

Mrs. Otter. Is Mr. True-wit gone?

Dauphine. Yes, lady, there is some unfortunate business fallen out.

Mrs. Otter. So I judg'd by the phisiognomy of the fellow that came in; and I had a dream last night too of the new pageant, and my lady mayorefs, which is always very ominous to me. I told it my lady Haughty t'other day, when her honour came hither to see some *China* stuffs; and she expounded it out of *Artemidorus*, and I have found it since very true. It has done me many affronts.

Clerimont. Your dream, lady?

Mrs. Otter. Yes, Sir, any thing I do but dream o' the city. It stain'd me a damask table-cloth, cost me eighteen pound, at one time; and burnt me a black fatten gown, as I stood by the fire, at my lady Centaure's chamber, in the college, another time. A third time, at the lord's masque, it dropt all my wyre and my ruff with wax candle, that I could not go up to the banquet. A fourth time, as I was taking coach to go to Ware, to meet a friend, it dash'd me a new sute all over (a crimson fatten doublet, and black velvet skirts,) with a brewer's horse, that I was fain to go in

and shift we, and keep my chamber a leash of days for the anguish of it.

Dauphine. These were dire mischances, lady.

Clerimont. I would not dwell in the city, an 'twere so fatal to me.

Mrs. Otter. Yes, Sir; but I do take advice of my doctor, to dream of it as little as I can.

Dauphine. Ye do well, mistress *Otter*.

Mrs. Otter. Will it please you to enter the house farther, gentlemen?

Dauphine. And your favour, lady: but we stay to speak with a knight, Sir *John Daw*, who is here come. We shall follow you, lady.

Mrs. Otter. At your own time, Sir. It is my cousin Sir *Amorous* his feast——

Dauphine. I know it, lady.

Mrs. Otter. And mine together. But it is for his honour, and therefor I take no name of it, more than of the place.

Dauphine. You are a bounteous kinswoman.

Mrs. Otter. Your servant, Sir.

S C E N E III.

CLERIMONT, DAW, LA-FOOLE, DAUPHINE,
OTTER.

Clerimont. WHY, do you know it, Sir *John Daw*?

Daw. No, I am a rook if I do.

Clerimont. I'll tell you then; she's married by this time. And whereas you were put i' th' head, that she was gone with Sir *Dauphine*, I assure you, Sir *Dauphine* has been the noblest, honestest friend to you, that ever gentleman of your quality could boast of. He has discover'd the whole plot, and made your mistress so acknowledging, and indeed, so ashamed of her injury to you, that she desires you to forgive her, and but grace her wedding with your presence to-day—She is to be married to a very good fortune, she says, his uncle *Morose*: and she will'd me in private to tell you, that she

shall be able to do you more favours, and with more security now than ever before.

Daw. Did she say so, i' faith?

Clerimont. Why, what do you think of me, Sir *John*! ask Sir *Dauphine*.

Daw. Nay, I believe you. Good Sir *Dauphine*, did she desire me to forgive her?

Dauphine. I assure you, Sir *John*, she did.

Daw. Nay then, I do with all my heart, and I'll be jovial.

Clerimont. Yes, for look you, Sir, this was the injury to you. *La-Foole* intended this feast to honour her bridal day, and made you the property to invite the college ladies, and promise to bring her; and then at the time, she would have appear'd (as his friend) to have given you the *Dor*. Whereas now, Sir *Dauphine* has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of satisfaction, that you shall bring all the ladies to the place where she is, and be very jovial; and there, she will have a dinner, which shall be in your name: and so disappoint *La-Foole*, to make you good again, and (as it were) a saver i' the man.

Daw. As I am a knight, I honour her, and forgive her heartily.

Clerimont. About it then presently. True-wit is gone before to confront the coaches, and to acquaint you with so much, if he meet you. Join with him, and 'tis well. See, here comes your *Antagonist*, but take you no notice, but be very jovial.

La-Foole. Are the ladies come, Sir *John Daw*, and your mistress? Sir *Dauphine*! you are exceeding welcome, and honest master *Clerimont*. Where's my cousin? did you see no collegiates, gentlemen?

Dauphine. 'Collegiates! Do you not hear, Sir *Amorous*, how you are abus'd?

La-Foole. How Sir!

Clerimont. Will you speak so kindly to Sir *John Daw*, that has done you such an affront?

La-Foole. Wherein, gentlemen? let me be a suitor to you to know, I beseech you!

Clerimont. Why Sir, his mistress is married to-day to Sir *Dauphine's* uncle, your cousin's neighbour, and he has diverted all the ladies, and all your company thither, to fru-

strate your provision, and stick a disgrace upon you. He was here, now, to have intic'd us away from you too: but we told him his own I think.

La-Foole. Has Sir *John Daw* wrong'd me so inhumanly?

Clerimont. He has done it, Sir *Amorous*, most maliciously and treacherously: but if you'll be rul'd by us, you shall quit him i' faith.

La-Foole. Good gentlemen! I'll make one, believe it. How I pray?

Dauphine. Marry Sir, get me your pheasants, and your godwits, and your best meat, and dish it in silver dishes of your cousin's presently, and say nothing, but clap me a clean towel about you, like a sewer: and bare-headed, march afore it with a good confidence (tis but over the way, hard by) and we'll second you, where you shall set it o' the board, and bid 'em welcome to't, which shall show 'tis yours, and disgrace his preparation utterly: and for your cousin, whereas she should be troubled here at home with care of making and giving welcome, she shall transfer all that labour thither, and be a principal guest herself, sit rank'd with her college honours, and be honour'd, and have her health drunk as often, as bare, and as loud as the best of 'em.

La-Foole. I'll go tell her presently. It shall be done, that's resolv'd.

Clerimont. I thought he would not hear it out, but 'twould take him.

Dauphine. Well, there be guests, and meat now, how shall we do for music?

Clerimont. The smell of the venison, going thro' the street, will invite one noise of fiddlers or other.

Dauphine. I would it would call the trumpeters thither.

Clerimont. Faith, there is hope, they have intelligence of all feasts. There's good correspondence betwixt them and the London cooks. 'Tis twenty to one but he have 'em.

Dauphine. 'Twill be a most solemn day for my uncle, and an excellent fit of mirth for us.

Clerimont. I, if we can hold up the emulation betwixt *Foole* and *Daw*, and never bring them to expostulate.

Dauphine. Tut, flatter 'em both (as *True-wit* says) and you may take their understandings in a parfenet. They'll believe themselves to be just such men as we make 'em, nei-

ther more or less. They have nothing, not the use of their senses, but by tradition.

Clerimont. See! Sir *Amorous* has his towel 'on already. Have you persuaded your cousin?

[*He enters like a sewer.*]

La-Foole. Yes, 'tis very feasible: she'll do any thing, she says, rather than the *La-Fooles* shall be disgrac'd.

Dauphine. She is a noble kinswoman. It will be such a pest'ling device, Sir *Amorous*! It will pound all your enemy's practices to powder, and blow him up with his own mine, his own train.

La-Foole. Nay, we'll give fire, I warrant you.

Clerimont. But you must carry it privately, without any noise, and take no notice by any means——

Otter. Gentlemen, my princess says you shall have all her silver dishes, *festinate*: and she's gone to alter her tire a little, and go with you.——

Clerimont. And yourself too, captain *Otter*.

Dauphine. By any means, Sir.

Otter. Yes, Sir, I do mean it: but I would intreat my cousin Sir *Amorous*, and you gentlemen, to be suitors to my princess, that I may carry my bull and my bear, as well as my horse.

Clerimont. That you shall do, captain *Otter*.

La-Foole. My cousin will never consent, gentlemen.

Dauphine. She must consent, Sir *Amorous*, to reason.

La-Foole. Why, she says they are no *decorum* among ladies.

Otter. But they are *decora*, and that's better, Sir.

Clerimont. I, she must hear argument. Did not *Pasiphae*, who was a queen, love a bull? and was not *Caliste*, the mother of *Arcas*, turn'd into a bear, and made a star, mistress *Ursula*, i' the heavens?

Otter. O God! that I could ha' said as much! I will have these stories painted i' the bear-garden, *ex Ovidii Metamorphosi*.

Dauphine. Where is your princess, captain? pray' be our leader.

Otter. That I shall, Sir.

Clerimont. Make haste, good Sir *Amorous*.

SCENE IV.

MOROSE, EPICOENE, PARSON, CUTBERD.

Morose. SIR, there's an angel for yourself, and a brace of angels for your cold. Muse not at this manage of my bounty. It is fit we should thank fortune, double to nature, for any benefit she confers upon us; besides, it is your imperfection, but my solace.

[*The person speaks as having a cold.*]

Parson. I thank your worship; so it is mine, now.

Morose. What says he, *Cutberd*?

Cutberd. He says, *præsto*, Sir, whensoever your worship needs him, he can be ready with the like. He got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers.

Morose. No more, I thank him.

Parson. God keep your worship, and give you much joy with your fair spouse. (Umph, umph.)

[*He coughs.*]

Morose. O, O, stay, *Cutberd*! let him give me five shillings of my money back. As it is bounty to reward benefits, so it is equity to mulct injuries. I will have it. What says he?

Cutberd. He cannot change it, Sir.

Morose. It must be chang'd.

Cutberd. Cough again.

Morose. What says he;

Cutberd. He will cough out the rest, Sir.

Parson. (Umph, umph, umph.)

[*Again.*]

Morose. Away, away with him, stop his mouth, away, I forgive it.

Epicoene. Fye, master *Morose*, that you will use this violence to a man of the church.

Morose. How!

Epicoene. It does not become your gravity, or breeding (as you pretend in court) to have offer'd this outrage on a water-man, or any boisterous creature, much less on a man of his civil coat.

Morose. You can speak then!

Epicæne. Yes, Sir.

Morose. Speak out I mean.

Epicæne. I, Sir; why, did you think you had married a statue? or a motion only? one of the *French* puppets, with the eyes turn'd with a wire? or some innocent out of the hospital, that would stand with her hands thus, and a plaifemouth, and look upon you.

Morose. O immodesty! a manifest woman! what, *Cutberd*?

Epicæne. Nay, never quarrel with *Cutberd*, Sir; it is too late now. I confess it doth bate somewhat of the modesty I had, when I writ simply maid, but I hope I shall make it a stock still competent to the estate and dignity of your wife.

Morose. She can talk!

Epicæne. Yes indeed, Sir.

Morose. What, sirrah. None of my knaves, there? where is this impostor *Cutberd*?

Epicæne. Speak to him, fellow, speak to him. I'll have none of this coacted, unnatural dumbness in my house, in a family where I govern.

Morose. She is my regent already! I have married a *Pen-theilea*, a *Semiramis*, sold my liberty to a distaff.

S C E N E V.

TRUE-WIT, MOROSE, EPICOENE.

True-wit. WHERE's master *Morose*?

Morose. Is he come again! Lord have mercy upon me.

True-wit. I wish you all joy, mistress *Epicæne*, with your grave and honourable match.

Epicæne. I return you the thanks, master *True-wit*, so friendly a wish deserves.

Morose. She has acquaintance too!

True-wit. God save you, Sir, and give you all contentment in your fairest choice, here. Before I was the bird of night to you, the owl; but now I am the messenger of peace, a dove, and bring you the glad wishes of many friends to the celebration of this good hour.

G g

Morose. What hour, Sir?

True-wit. Your marriage hour, Sir. I commend your resolution, that (notwithstanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice of a nightcrow) would yet go on, and be yourself. It shews you are a man constant to your own ends, and upright to your purposes, that should not be put off with left-handed cries.

Morose. How should you arrive at the knowlege of so much!

True-wit. Why, did you ever hope, Sir, committing the secrecy of it to a barber, that less than the whole town should know it? you might as well ha' told it the conduit, or the bake-house, or the infant'ry that follow the court, and with more security. Could your gravity forget so old and noted a remnant, as, *lippis et tonsoribus notum*? Well Sir, forgive it yourself now, the fault, and be communicable with your friends. Here will be three or four fashionable ladies from the college to visit you presently, and their train of minims and followers.

Morose. Bar my doors! bar my doors! where are all my eaters? my mouths now? bar up my doors, you varlets.

Epicæne. He is a varlet that stirs to such an office. Let 'em stand open. I would see him that dares move his eyes toward' heaven. Shall I have a *barricado* made against my friends, to be barr'd of any pleasure they can bring in to me with honourable visitation?

Morose. O *Amazonian* impudence!

True-wit. Nay faith, in this, Sir, she speaks but reason: and me-thinks is more continent than you. Would you go to bed so presently, Sir, afore noon? a man of your head and hair should owe more to that reverend ceremony, and not mount the marriage-bed, like a town-bull, or a mountain-goat; but stay the due season; and season it then with religion and fear. Those delights are to be steep'd in the humour, and silence of the night; and give the day to other open pleasures, and jollities of feasting, of music, of revels, of discourse: we'll have all, sir, that may make your *Hymen* high and happy.

Morose. O, my torment!

True-wit. Nay, if you indure the first half hour, Sir, so tediously, and with this irksomeness; what comfort, or hope,

can this fair gentlewoman make to herself hereafter, in the consideration of so many years as are to come——

Morose. Of my affliction. Good Sir, depart, and let her do it alone.

True-wit. I have done, Sir.

Morose. That cursed barber!

True-wit. (Yes faith, a cursed wretch indeed, Sir)

Morose. I have married his cittern, that's common to all men. Some plague, above the plague——

True-wit. (All Egypt's ten plagues.)

Morose. Revenge me on him.

True-wit. 'Tis very well, Sir. If you laid on a curse or two more, I'll assure you he'll bear 'em. As, that he may get the pox with seeking to cure it, Sir. Or, that while he is curling another man's hair, his own may drop off. Or, for burning some male-bawd's lock, he may have his brain beat out with the curling iron.

Morose. No, let the wretch live wretched. May he get the itch, and his shop so lousie, as no man dare come at him, nor he come at no man.

True-wit. (I, and if he would swallow all his balls for pills, let not them purge him.)

Morose. Let his warming-pan be ever cold.

True-wit. (A perpetual frost underneath it, Sir.)

Morose. Let him never hope to see fire again.

True-wit. (But in hell, Sir.)

Morose. His chairs be always empty, his scissars rust, and his combs mould in their cases.

True-wit. Very dreadful that! (And may he lose the invention, Sir, of carving lanterns in paper.)

Morose. Let there be no bawd carted that year, to employ a bafon of his: but let him be glad to eat his sponge for bread.

True-wit. And drink *lotium* to it, and much good to him.

Morose. Or for want of bread——

True-wit. Eat ear-wax, Sir, I'll help you. Or, draw his own teeth, and add them to the lute-string.

Morose. No, beat the old ones to powder, and make bread to them.

True-wit. (Yes, make, make meal o' the mill-stones,)

Morose. May all the botches and burns that he has cur'd on others, break out upon him.

True-wit. And he now forget the cure of 'em in himself, Sir; or, if he do remember it, let him ha' scrapp'd all his linen into lint for't, and have not a rag left him to set up with.

Morose. Let him never set up again, but have the gout in his hand for ever. Now, no more, Sir.

True-wit. O that last was too high set! you might go less with him i' faith, and be reveng'd enough: as, that he be never able to new-plant the pole——

Morose. Good Sir, no more. I forgot myself.

True-wit. Or, want credit to take up with a comb-maker——

Morose. No more, Sir.

True-wit. Or, having broken his glass in a former despair, fall now into a much greater, of ever getting another——

Morose. I beseech you, no more.

True-wit. Or, that he never be trusted with trimming of any but chimney-sweepers——

Morose. Sir——

True-wit. Or, may he cut a collier's throat with his razor, by *Chance-medley*, and be hang'd for't.

Morose. I will forgive him, rather than hear any more. I beseech you, Sir.

S C E N E VI.

DAW, MOROSE, EPICOENE, TRUE-WIT, HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, TRUSTY.

Daw. THIS way, madam.

Morose. O, the sea breaks in upon me! another flood! an inundation! I shall be o'erwhelm'd with noise. It beats already at my shores. I feel an earthquake in myself for't.

Daw. 'Give me joy, mistress.

Morose. Has she servants too?

Daw. I have brought some ladies here to see and know you. My lady *Haughty*, this my lady *Centaure*, mistress *Dol Mavis*, mistress *Trusty*, my lady *Haughty's* woman.

She kisses them severally as he presents them,

Where's your husband? let's see him: can he endure no noise? let me come to him.

Morose. What nomenclator is this!

True-wit. Sir *John Daw*, Sir, your wife's servant, this.

Morose. A *Daw*, and her servant! O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of me, an' she have such servants.

True-wit. Nay, Sir, you must kiss the ladies, you must not go away, now; they come toward you to seek you out.

Haughty. I' faith, master *Morose*, would you steal a marriage thus, in the midst of so many friends, and not acquaint us! Well, I'll kiss you, notwithstanding the justice of my quarrel: you shall give me leave, mistress, to use a becoming familiarity with your husband.

Epicæne. Your ladyship do's me an honour in it, to let me know he is so worthy your favour: as, you have done both him and me grace, to visit so unprepar'd a pair to entertain you.

Morose. Complement! complement!

Epicæne. But I must lay the burden of that upon my servant here.

Haughty. It shall not need, mistress *Morose*; we will all bear, rather than one shall be oppress'd.

Morose. I know it: and you will teach her the faculty, if she be to learn it.

Haughty. Is this the silent woman?

Centaure. Nay, she has found her tongue since she was married, Master *True-wit* says.

Haughty. O, master *True-wit*! 'save you. What kind of creature is your bride here! she speaks, me-thinks!

True-wit. Yes, madam, believe it, she is a gentlewoman of very absolute behaviour, and of a good race.

Haughty. And *Jack Daw* told us, she could not speak.

True-wit. So it was carried in plot, madam, to put her upon this old fellow, by Sir *Dauphine*, his nephew, and one or two more of us: but she is a woman of an excellent assurance, and extraordinary happy wit and tongue. You shall see her make rare sport with *Daw* ere night.

Haughty. And he brought us to laugh at her.

True-wit. That falls out often, madam, that he that thinks himself the master-wit, is the master-fool. I assure your ladyship ye cannot laugh at her.

Haughty. No, we'll have her to the college: an' she have

wit, she shall be one of us! shall she not, *Centaure*? we'll make her a collegiate.

Centaure. Yes faith, Madam; and *Mavis* and she will set up a side.

True-wit. Believe it, madam, and mistress *Mavis*, she will sustain her part.

Mavis, I'll tell you that, when I have talk'd with her, and try'd her.

Haughty. Use her very civilly, *Mavis*.

Mavis. So I will, madam.

Morose. Blessed minute! that they would whisper thus ever!

True-wit. In the mean time, madam, would but your ladyship help to vex him a little: you know his disease, talk to him about the wedding ceremonies, or call for your gloves, or——

Haughty. Let me alone. *Centaure*, help me. Master bridegroom, where are you?

Morose. O, it was too miraculously good to last!

Haughty. We see no ensigns of a wedding here; no character of a bride-ale: where be your skarves and our gloves? I pray you, give 'em us. Let's know your bride's colours, and yours at least.

Centaure. Alas, madam, he has provided none.

Morose. Had I known your ladyship's painter I would.

Haughty. He has given it you, *Centaure*, i' faith. But do you hear, Mr. *Morose*, a jest will not absolve you in this manner. You that have suck'd the milk of the court, and from thence have been brought up to the very strong meats and wine of it; been a courtier from the biggen to the night-cap, (as we may say;) and you to offend in such a high point of ceremony as this! and let your nuptials want all marks of solemnity! How much plate have you lost to-day (if you had but regarded your profit,) what gifts, what friends, thro' your mere rusticity!

Morose. Madam——

Haughty. Pardon me, Sir, I must insinuate your errors to you. No gloves? no garters? no skarves? no *Epithalamium*? no masque?

Daw. Yes, madam, I'll make an *Epithalamium*, I promise my mistress, I have begun it already: will your ladyship hear it?

Haughty. I, good *Jack Daw*.

Morose. Will it please your ladyship command a chamber, and be private with your friend? you shall have your choice of rooms to retire after: my whole house is yours. I know it hath been your ladyship's errand, into the city, at other times, however now you have been unhappily diverted upon me: but I shall be loth to break any honourable custom of your ladyship's. And therefor, good madam—

Epicæne. Come, you are a rude bridegroom, to entertain ladies of honour in this fashion.

Centaure. He is a rude groom indeed.

True-wit. By that light you deserve to be grafted, and have your horns reach from one side of the island to the other. Do not mistake me, Sir, I but speak this to give the ladies some heart again, not for any malice to you.

Morose. Is this your *Bravo*, ladies?

True-wit. As God help me, if you utter such another word, I'll take mistress's bride in, and begin to you in a very sap cup; do you see? Go too, know your friends, and such as love you.

S C E N E VII.

CLERIMONT, MOROSE, TRUE-WIT, DAUPHINE,
LA-FOOLE, OTTER, Mrs. OTTER, ELC.

Clerimont. BY your leave, ladies, do you want any music? I have brought you variety of noises. Play, Sirs, all of you.

[*Music of sorts*]

Morose. O, a plot, a plot, a plot, a plot, upon me! This day I shall be their anvil to work on, they will grate me asunder. 'Tis worse than the noise of a saw.

Clerimont. No, they are hair, rosin, and guts. I can give you the receipt.

True-wit. Peace, boys,

Clerimont. Play, I say.

True-wit. Peace, rascals. You see who's your friend now, Sir? take courage, put on a martyr's resolution. Mock down all their attemptings with patience. 'Tis but a day,

and I would suffer heroically. Should an ass exceed me in fortitude? No. You betray your infirmity with your hanging dull ears, and make them insult: bear up bravely and constantly. Look you here, Sir, what honour is done you unexpected, by your nephew; a wedding dinner come, and a knight sewer before it, for the more reputation: and fine Mrs. Otter, your neighbour, in the rump or tail of it.

[*La-Foole passes over sewing the meat.*]

Morose. Is that Gordon, that Medusa come? Hide me, hide me.

True-wit. I warrant you, Sir, she will transform you. Look upon her with a good courage. Pray you entertain her, and conduct your guest in. No, mistress bride, will you entreat in the ladies? your bridegroom is so shamefac'd, here,——

Epicæne. Will it please your ladyship, madam!

Haughty. With the benefit of your company, mistress.

Epicæne. Servant, pray you perform your duties.

Daw. And glad to be commanded, mistress.

Centaure. How like you her wit, Mavis?

Mavis. Very prettily, absolutely well.

Mrs. Otter. 'Tis my place.

Mavis. You shall pardon me, mistress Otter.

Mrs. Otter. Why, I am a collegiate.

Mavis. But not in ordinary.

Mrs. Otter. But I am.

Mavis. We'll dispute that within.

Clerimont. Would this had lasted a little longer.

True-wit. And that they had sent for the heralds. Captain Otter, what news?

Otter. I have brought my bull, bear, and horse, in private, and yonder are the trumpeters without, and the drum, gentlemen.

[*The drum and the trumpets sound.*]

Morose. O, O, O!

Otter. And we will have a rouse in each of them, anon, for bold Britons, i' faith.

Morose. O, O, O!

All. Follow, follow, follow.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

TRUE-WIT, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE.

Tru. **W**AS there ever poor bridegroom so tormented?
or man indeed?

Clerimont. I have not read of the like in the *Chronicles* of the land.

True-wit. Sure, he cannot but go to place of rest, after all this purgatory.

Clerimont. He may presume it, I think.

True-wit. The spitting, the coughing, the laughter, the sneezing, the farting, dancing, noise of the music, and her masculine and loud commanding, and urging the whole family, makes him think he has married a *Fury*.

Clerimont. And she carries it up bravely.

True-wit. I, she takes any occasion to speak: that's the height on't.

Clerimont. And how soberly *Dauphine* labours to satisfy him, that it was none of his plot!

True-wit. And has almost brought him to the faith, i' the article. Here he comes. Where is he now? what's become of him, *Dauphine*?

Dauphine. O, hold me up a little, I shall go away i' the jest else. He has got on his whole nest of night-caps, and lock'd himself up i' the top o' the house, as high as ever he can climb from the noise. I peep'd in at a crany, and saw him sitting over a cross beam o' the roof, like him o' the fadler's horse in *Fleet-street*, upright: and he will sleep there.

Clerimont. But where are your collegiates?

Dauphine. With-drawn with the bride in private.

True-wit. O, they are instructing her i' the college-grammar. If she have grace with him, she knows all their secrets instantly.

Clerimont. Me-thinks, the lady *Haughty* looks well to day, for all my dispraise of her i' the morning. I think, I shall come about to thee again, True-wit.

H h

True-wit. Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses, time and years have made i' their features, with dressings. And an intelligent woman, if she know by herself the least defect, will be most curious to hide it: and it becomes her. If she be short, let her sit much, lest when she stands, she be thought to sit. If she have an ill foot, let her wear her gown the longer, and her shoe the thinner. If a fat hand, and scald nails, let her carve the less, and act in gloves. If a sower breath, let her never discourse fasting, and always talk at her distance. If she have black and rugged teeth, let her offer the less at laughter, especially if she laugh wide and open.

Clerimont. O, you shall have some women, when they laugh, you would think they bray'd, it is so rude and —

True-wit. I, and others, that will stalk i' the gate like an *Esrich*, and take huge strides. I cannot endure such a sight. I love measure i' the feet, and number i' the voice: they are gentlenesses, that oftentimes draw no less than the face.

Dauphine. How cam'st thou to study these creatures so exactly? I would thou would'st make me a proficient.

True-wit. Yes, but you must leave to live i' your chamber then a month together upon *Amadis de Gaul*, or *Don Quixote*, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to court, to tiltings, public shows, and feasts, to plays, and church sometimes: thither they come to shew their new tyres too, to see, and to be seen. In these places a man shall find whom to love, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever. The variety arrests his judgment. A wench to please a man comes not down dropping from the cieling, as he lies on his back droning a tobacco-pipe. He must go where she is.

Dauphine. Yes, and be never the nearer.

True-wit. Out heretic. The difference makes thee worthy it should be so.

Clerimont. He says true to you, *Dauphine*.

Dauphine. Why?

True-wit. A man should not doubt to overcome any woman. Think he can vanquish 'em, and he shall: for tho' they deny, their desire is to be tempted. *Penelope* herself cannot hold out long. *Ostend*, you saw, was taken at last. You must persevere, and hold to your purpose. They would sollicite us, but that they are afraid. However, they wish

in their hearts we should solicit them. Praise 'em, flatter 'em, you shall never want eloquence or trust: even the chastest delight to feel themselves that way rub'd. With praises you must mix kisses too. If they take them, they'll take more. Tho' they strive, they would be overcome.

Clerimont. O, but a man must beware of force.

True-wit. It is to them an acceptable violence, and has oft-times the place of the greatest courtesy. She that might have been forc'd, and you let her go free without touching, tho' then she seem to thank you, will ever hate you after; and glad i' the face, is assuredly sad at the heart.

Clerimont. But all women are not to be taken always.

True-wit. 'Tis true; no more than all birds, or all fishes. If you appear learned to an ignorant wench, or jocund to a sad, or witty to a foolish, why she presently begins to mistrust herself. You must approach them i' their own height, their own line; for the contrary makes many that fear to commit themselves to noble and worthy fellows, run into the embraces of a rascal. If she love wit, give verses, tho' you borrow 'em of a friend, or buy 'em, to have good. If valour, talk of your sword, and be frequent in the mention of quarrels, tho' you be staunch in fighting. If activity, be seen o' your *Barbary* often, or leaping over stools, for the credit of your back. If she love good clothes or dressing, have your learned council about you every morning, your *French* taylor, barber, linener, *etc.* Let your powder, your glass, and your comb be your dearest acquaintance. Take more care for the ornament of your head, than the safety; and wish the common-wealth rather troubled, than a hair about you. That will take her. Then if she be covetous and craving, do you promise any thing, and perform sparingly; so shall you keep her in appetite still. Seem as you would give, but be like a barren field, that yields little; or unlucky dice to foolish and hoping gamesters. Let your gifts be slight and dainty, rather than precious. Let cunning be above cost. Give cherries at time of year, or apricots; and say they were sent you out of the country, tho' you bought 'em in *Cheapside*. Admire her tires; like her in all fashions; compare her in every habit to some deity; invent excellent dreams to flatter her, and riddles; or, if she be a great one, perform always the second part to her; like what she likes, praise whom she praises, and fail not to make

the household and servants yours, yea the whole family, and salute 'em by their names, ('tis but light cost, if you can purchase 'em so) and make your physician her pensioner, and her chief woman. Nor will it be out of your gain to make love to her too, so she follow, not usher her lady's pleasure. All blabbing is taken away, when she comes to be a part of the crime.

Dauphine. On what courtly lap hast thou late slept, to come forth so sudden and absolute a courtling?

True-wit. Good faith, I should rather question you, that are so hearkning after these mysteries. I begin to suspect your diligence, *Dauphine.* Speak, art thou in love in earnest?

Dauphine. Yes by my troth am I; 'twere ill dissembling before thee.

True-wit. With which of 'em, I pr'y thee?

Dauphine. With all the collegiates.

Clerimont. Out on thee. We'll keep you at home, believe it, i' the stable, an' you be such a stallion.

True-wit. No; I like him well. Men should love wisely, and all women; some one for the face, and let her please the eye; another for the skin, and let her please the touch; a third for the voice, and let her please the ear; and where the objects mix, let the senses so too. Thou would'st think it strange, if I should make 'em all in love with thee afore night!

Dauphine. I would say, thou hadst the best *Philtre* i' the world, and couldst do more than madam *Medea*, or doctor *Foreman*.

True-wit. If I do not, let me play this mountebank for my meat while I live, and the bawd for my drink.

Dauphine. So be it, I say.

S C E N E II.

OTTER, CLERIMONT, DAW, DAUPHINE, MO-
ROSE, TRUE-WIT, LA-FOOLE, Mrs. OTTER.

Otter. O LORD, gentlemen, how my knights and I have mist you here!

Clerimont. Why, captain, what service? what service?

Otter. To see me bring up my bull, bear, and horse to fight.

Daw. Yes faith, the captain says we shall be his dogs to bait 'em.

Dauphine. A good employment.

True-wit. Come on, let's see your course then.

La-Foole. I am afraid my cousin will be offended if she come.

Otter. Be afraid of nothing. Gentlemen, I have plac'd the drum and the trumpets, and one to give 'em the sign when you are ready. Here's my bull for myself, and my bear for Sir *John Daw*, and my horse for Sir *Amorous*. Now set your foot to mine, and yours to his, and —

La-Foole. Pray God my cousin come not.

Otter. Saint *George* and saint *Andrew*! Fear no cousins, Come, sound, sound. *Et rauco strepuerunt cornua cantu.*

True-wit. Well said, captain, i' faith; well fought at the bull.

Clerimont. Well held at the bear.

True-wit. Low, low, captain.

Dauphine. O, the horse has kickt off his dog already.

La-Foole. I cannot drink it, as I am a knight.

True-wit. Gods so, off with his spurs, some-body.

La-Foole. It goes against my conscience. My cousin will be angry with it.

Daw. I ha' done mine.

True-wit. You fought high and fair, Sir *John*.

Clerimont. At the head.

Dauphine. Like an excellent bear-dog.

Clerimont. You take no notice of the business, I hope.

Daw. Not a word, Sir; you see we are jovial.

Otter. Sir *Amorous*, you must not equivocate. It must be pull'd down, for all my cousin.

Clerimont. 'Sfoot, if you take not your drink, they'll think you are discontented with something; you'll betray all, if you take the least notice.

La-Foole. Not I, I'll both drink and talk then.

Otter. You must pull the horse on his knees, Sir *Amorous*; fear no cousins. *Facta est alea.*

True-wit. O, now he's in his vein, and bold. The least

hint given him of his wife now, will make him rail desperately.

Clerimont. Speak to him of her.

True-wit. Do you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it.

Dauphine. Captain *he-Otter*, your *she-Otter* is coming, your wife.

Otter. Wife! Buz. *Titivilitium*. There's no such thing in nature. I confess, gentlemen, I have a cook, a laundress, a house-drudge, that serves my necessary turns, and goes under that title: but he's an ass that will be so uxorious to tie his affections to one circle. Come, the name dulls appetite. Here replenish again; another bout. Wives are nasty sluttish animals.

Dauphine. O, captain.

Otter. As ever the earth bare, *tribus verbis*. Where's master *True-wit*?

Daw. He's slipt aside, Sir.

Clerimont. But you must drink and be jovial.

Daw. Yes, give it me.

La-Foole. And me too.

Daw. Let's be jovial.

La-Foole. As jovial as you will.

Otter. Agreed. Now you shall ha' the bear, cousin, and Sir *John Daw* the horse; and I'll ha' the bull still. Sound *Tritons* o' the *Thames*. *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero.*—

Morose. Villains, murderers, sons of the earth, and traitors, what do you there?

[*Morose* speaks from above, the trumpets sounding.

Clerimont. O, now the trumpets have wak'd him, we shall have his company.

Otter. A wife is a scurvy *Clogdogdo*, an unlucky thing, a very foresaid bear-whelp, without any good fashion or breeding; *mala bestia*.

[*His wife is brought out to hear him.*

Dauphine. Why did you marry one then, captain?

Otter. A pox—I married with six thousand pound, I. I was in love with that. I ha' not kist my fury these forty weeks.

Clerimont. The more to blame you, captain.

True-wit. Nay, Mrs. *Otter*, hear him a little first.

Otter. She has a breath worse than my grandmother's profecto.

Mrs. Otter. O treacherous liar. Kifs me, sweet master True-wit, and prove him a slandering knave.

True-wit. I'll rather believe you, lady.

Otter. And she has a perruke, that's like a pound of hemp, made up in shoe-threads.

Mrs. Otter. O viper, mandrake!

Otter. A most vile face! and yet she spends me forty pound a year in *Mercury* and hogs bones. All her teeth were made i' the *Black Friars*, both her eye-brows i' the *Strand*, and her hair in *Silver-street*. Every part i' the town owns a piece of her.

Mrs. Otter. I cannot hold.

Otter. She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great *German* clock; and so comes forth, and rings a tedious larum to the whole house, and then is quiet again for an hour, but for her quarters. Ha' you done me right, gentlemen?

Mrs. Otter. No, Sir, I'll do you right with my quarters, with my quartefs.

[She falls upon him, and beats him.]

Otter. O, hold, princefs,

True-wit. Sound, found.

Clerimont. A battle, a battle.

Mrs. Otter. You notorious stinkardly bearward, does my breath smell?

Otter. Under correction, dear princefs. Look to my bear and horse, gentlemen.

Mrs. Otter. Do I want teeth, and eye-brows. thou bulldog?

True-wit. Sound, found still.

Otter. No; I protest, under correction?

Mrs. Otter. I, now you are under correction, you protest: but you did not protest under correction, Sir. Thou Judas, to offer to betray thy princefs! I'll make thee an example——

[Morose descends with a long sword.]

Morose. I will have no such examples in my house, lady Otter.

Mrs. Otter. Ah——

Morose. Mrs. Mary Ambree, your examples are dangerous. Rogues, hell-hounds, Stentors, out of my doors, you sons

of noise and tumult, begot on an ill *May-day*, or when the gally-foist is afloat to *Westminster*! A trumpeter could not be conceiv'd but then.

Dauphine. What ails you, Sir?

Morose. They have rent my roof, walls, and all my windows afunder, with their brazen throats.

True-wit. Best follow him, *Dauphine*.

Dauphine. So I will.

Clerimont. Where's *Daw* and *La-Foole*?

Otter. They are both run away, Sir. Good gentlemen, help to pacify my princess, and speak to the great ladies for me. Now must I go lie with the bears this fortnight, and keep out o'the way, till my peace be made, for this scandal she has taken. Did you not see my bull-head, gentlemen?

Clerimont. Is't not on, captain?

True-wit. No: but he may make a new one, by that is on.

Otter. O, here 'tis. An' you come over, gentlemen, and ask for *Tom Otter*, we'll go down to *Ratcliff*, and have a course i' faith, for all these disasters. There is *bona spes* left.

True-wit. Away, captain, get off while you are well.

Clerimont. I am glad we are rid of him.

True-wit. You had never been, unless we had put his wife upon him. His humour is as tedious at last, as it was ridiculous at first.

S C E N E III.

HAUGHTY, Mrs. OTTER, MAVIS, DAW, LA-FOOLE, CENTAURE, EPICOENE, TRUE-WIT, CLERIMONT.

Haughty. WE wonder'd why you shriek'd so, Mrs. *Otter*.

Mrs. Otter. O God, madam, he came down with a huge long naked weapon in both his hands, and look'd so dreadfully! Sure he's beside himself.

Mavis. Why, what made you there, Mrs. *Otter*?

Mrs. Otter. Alas, Mrs. *Mavis*, I was chastising my subject, and thought nothing of him.

Daw. Faith, mistress, you must do so too. Learn to chastise. Mistress *Otter* corrects her husband so, he dares not speak, but under correction.

La-Foole. And with his hat off to her: 'twould do you good to see.

Haughty. In sadness, 'tis good and mature counsel; practise it, *Morose*. I'll call you *Morose* still now, as I call *Centaure* and *Mavis*; we four will be all one.

Centaure. And you'll come to the college, and live with us?

Haughty. Make him give milk and honey.

Mavis. Look how you manage him at first, you shall have him ever after.

Centaure. Let him allow you your coach and four horses, your woman, your chamber-maid, your page, your gentleman-usher, your *French* cook, and four grooms.

Haughty. And go with us to *Bedlam*, to the *China* houses, and to the *Exchange*.

Centaure. It will open the gate to your fame.

Haughty. Here's *Centaure* has immortaliz'd herself, with taming of her wild male.

Mavis. I, she has done the miracle of the kingdom.

Epicæne. But, ladies, do you count it lawful to have such plurality of servants, and do 'em all graces?

Haughty. Why not? Why should women deny their favours to men? Are they the poorer, or the worse?

Daw. Is the *Thames* the less for the dyers water, mistress?

La-Foole. Or a torch, for lighting many torches?

True-wit. Well said, *La-Foole*; what a new one he has got?

Centaure. They are empty losses women fear in this kind.

Haughty. Besides, ladies should be mindful of the approach of age, and let no time want his due use. The best of our days pass first.

Mavis. We are rivers, that cannot be call'd back, madam: she that now concludes her lovers, may live to lie a forsaken beldam, in a frozen bed.

Centaure. 'Tis true, *Mavis*: and who will wait on us to coach then? or write, or tell us the news then? make *Anagrams* of our names, and invite us to the cock-pit, and kiss

our hands all the play-time, and draw their weapons for our honours?

Haughty. Not one.

Daw. Nay, my mistress is not altogether unintelligent of these things; here be in presence have tasted of her favours.

Clerimont. What a neighing hobby-horse is this!

Epicæne. But not with intent to boast 'em again, servant. And have you those excellent receipts, madam, to keep yourselves from bearing of children?

Haughty. O yes, *Morose*: how should we maintain our youth and beauty else? Many births of a woman make her old, as many crops make the earth barren.

S C E N E IV.

MOROSE, DAUPHINE, TRUE-WIT, EPICOENE,
CLERIMONT, DAW, HAUGHTY, LA-FOOLE,
CENTAURE, MAVIS, Mrs. OTTER, TRUSTY.

Morose. O My cursed angel, that instructed me to this fate.

Dauphine. Why, Sir?

Morose. That I should be seduc'd by so foolish a devil as a barber will make!

Dauphine. I would I had been worthy, Sir, to have partaken your counsel; you should never have trusted it to such a minister.

Morose. Would I could redeem it with the loss of an eye (nephew), a hand, or any other member.

Dauphine. Marry, God forbid, Sir, that you should geld yourself, to anger your wife.

Morose. So it would rid me of her! and, that I did supererogatory penance in a belfry at *Westminster-hall*, i' the *Cock-pit*, at the fall of a stag, the *Tower-wharf*, (what place is there else?) *London-bridge*, *Paris-Garden*, *Bilings-gate*, when the noises are at their height, and loudest. Nay, I would fit out a play, that were nothing but fights at sea, drum, trumpet, and target!

Dauphine. I hope there shall be no such need, Sir. Take

patience, good uncle. This is but a day, and 'tis well worn too now.

Morose. O, 'twill be so for ever, nephew, I foresee it, for ever. Strife and tumult are the dowry that comes with a wife.

True-wit. I told you so, Sir, and you would not believe me.

Morose. Alas, do not rub those wounds, master *True-wit*, to blood again: 'twas my negligence. Add not affliction to affliction. I have perceiv'd the effect of it, too late, in madam *Otter*.

Epicæne. How do you, Sir?

Morose. Did you ever hear a more unnecessary question? As if she did not see! Why, I do as you see, empress, empress.

Epicæne. You are not well, Sir! you look very ill! Something has distemper'd you.

Morose. O horrible, monstrous impertinences? Would not one of these have serv'd, do you think, Sir? Would not one of these have serv'd?

True-wit. Yes, Sir? but these are but notes of female kindness, Sir; certain tokens that she has a voice, Sir.

Morose. O, is't so? Come, and be no otherwise——
What say you?

Epicæne. How do you feel yourself, Sir?

Morose. Again that!

True-wit. Nay, look you Sir, you would be friends with your wife upon unconscionable terms; her silence——

Epicæne. They say you are run mad, Sir.

Morose. Not for love, I assure you, of you; do you see?

Epicæne. O Lord, gentlemen! Lay hold on him, for God's sake. What shall I do? Who's his physician (can you tell) that knows the state of his body best, that I might send for him? Good Sir, speak; I'll send for one of my doctors else.

Morose. What, to poison me, that I might die intestate, and leave you possessor of all?

Epicæne. Lord, how idly he talks, and how his eyes sparkle! He looks green about the temples! Do you see what blue spots he has!

Clerimont. I, it's melancholy.

Epicæne. Gentlemen, for heaven's sake, counsel me. La-

dies! servant, you have read *Pliny* and *Paracelsus*; ne'er a word now to comfort a young gentlewoman? Ay me! what fortune had I to marry a distracted man?

Daw. I'll tell you, mistress—

True-wit. How rarely she holds it up!

Epicœne. What will you tell me, servant?

Daw. The disease in Greek is called *Μανία*, in Latin, *Infania*, *furor*, *vel ecstasis melancholica*, that is, *egressio*, when a man *ex melancholico evadit fanaticus*.

Morose. Shall I have a lecture read upon me alive?

Daw. But he may be but *phreneticus* yet, mistress; and *phreneticus* is only *delirium*, or so.

Epicœne. I, that is for the disease, servant; but what is this to the cure? We are sure enough of the disease.

Morose. Let me go.

True-wit. Why, we'll intreat her to hold her peace, Sir.

Morose. O, no; labour not to stop her. She is like a conduit-pipe, that will gush out with more force when she opens again.

Haughty. I'll tell you, *Morose*, you must talk divinity to him altogether, or moral philosophy.

La-Foole. I, and there is an excellent book of moral philosophy, madam, of *Raynard* the fox, and all the beasts, call'd *Done's* philosophy.

Centaure. There is indeed, Sir *Amorous La-Foole*.

Morose. O misery!

La-Foole. I have read it, my lady *Centaure*, all over to my cousin here.

Mrs. Otter. I, and 'tis a very good book as any is, of the moderns.

Daw. Tut, he must have *Seneca* read to him, and *Plutarch*, and the ancients; the moderns are not for this disease.

Clerimont. Why, you discommended them too, to-day, Sir *John*.

Daw. I, in some cases: but in these they are best, and *Aristotle's Ethics*.

Mavis. Say you so, Sir *John*? I think you are deceived; you took it upon trust.

Haughty. Where's *Trusty*, my woman! I'll end this difference. I pr'y thee, *Otter*, call her. Her father and mother were both mad, when they put her to me.

Morose. I think so. Nay, gentlemen, I am tame. This

is but an exercise, I know, a marriage-ceremony, which I must endure.

Haughty. And one of them (I know not which) was cured with the *sick man's salve*; and the other with *Green's-groats-worth of wit*.

True-wit. A very cheap cure, madam.

Haughty. I, it's very feasible.

Mrs. Otter. My lady call'd for you, mistress *Trusty*: you must decide a controversy.

Haughty. O, *Trusty*, which was it you said, your father, or your mother, that was cur'd with the *sick man's salve*?

Trusty. My mother, madam, with the *salve*.

True-wit. Then it was the *sick woman's salve*.

Trusty. And my father with the *groats-worth of wit*. But there was other means us'd: we had a preacher that would preach folk asleep still; and so they were prescrib'd to go to church, by an old woman that was their physician, thrice a week —

Epicæne. To sleep?

Trusty. Yes, forsooth: and every night they read themselves asleep on those books.

Epicæne. Good faith, it stands with great reason. I would I knew where to procure those books.

Morose. O!

La-Foole. I can help you with one of 'em, mistress *Morose*, the *groats-worth of wit*.

Epicæne. But I shall disfurnish you, Sir *Amorous*: can you spare it:

La-Foole. O yes, for a week, or so; I'll read it myself to him.

Epicæne. No, I must do that, Sir; that must be my office.

Morose. Oh, oh!

Epicæne. Sure he would do well enough, if he could sleep.

Morose. No, I should do well enough, if you could sleep. Have I no friend, that will make her drunk, or give her a little *laudanum*, or *opium*?

True-wit. Why, Sir, she talks ten times worse in her sleep.

Morose. How!

Clerimont. Do you not know that, Sir; never ceases all night.

True-wit. And snores like a *Porcupisce*.

Morose. O, redeem me, fate; redeem me, fate. For how many causes may a man be divorce'd, nephew?

Dauphine. I know not, truly, Sir.

True-wit. Some divine must resolve you in that, Sir, or canon-lawyer.

Morose. I will not rest, I will not think of any other hope or comfort, till I know.

Clerimont. Alas, poor man!

True-wit. You'll make him mad indeed, ladies, if you pursue this.

Haughty. No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an hour, or so.

Clerimont. By my faith, a large truce.

Haughty. Is that his keeper, that is gone with him?

Daw. It is his nephew, madam.

La-Foole. Sir *Dauphine Eugenie.*

Centaure. He looks like a very pitiful knight——

Daw. As can be. This marriage has put him out of all.

La-Foole. He has not a penny in his purse, madam——

Daw. He is ready to cry all this day.

La-Foole. A very shark; he set me i' th' nick t'other night at *Primerò.*

True-wit. How these swabbers talk!

Clerimont. I, *Otter's* wine has swell'd their humours above a spring-tide.

Haughty. Good *Morose*, let's go in again. I like your couches exceeding well; we'll go lie and talk there.

Epicæne. I wait on you, madam.

True-wit. 'Slight, I will have 'em as silent as signs, and their posts too, ere I ha'done. Do you hear, lady bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble wench, continue this discourse of *Dauphine* within; but praise him exceedingly; magnify him with all the height of affection thou canst; (I have some purpose in't) and but beat off these two rooks, *Jack Daw* and his fellow, with any discontentment hither, and I'll honour thee for ever.

Epicæne. I was about it here. It angred me to the soul, to hear 'em begin to talk so malepert.

True-wit. Pray thee perform it, and thou winn'st me an idolater to thee everlasting.

Epicæne. Will you go in, and hear me do it?

True-wit. No, I'll stay here. Drive 'em out of your company, 'tis all I ask; which cannot be any way better done, than by extolling *Dauphine*, whom they have so slighted.

Epicæne. I warrant you : you shall expect one of 'em presently.

Clerimont. What a cast of castrils are these, to hawk after ladies thus ?

True-wit. I, and strike at such an eagle as *Dauphine*.

Clerimont. He will be mad, when we tell him. Here he comes.

S C E N E V.

CLERIMONT, TRUE-WIT, DAUPHINE, DAW,
LA-FOOLE.

Clerimont. O Sir, you are welcome.

True-wit. Where's thine uncle ?

Dauphine. Run out o' doors, in's night-caps, to talk with a *Casuiſt* about his divorce. It works admirably.

True-wit. You would'ſt ha' ſaid ſo, an' thou hadſt been here ! the ladies have laugh'd at thee moſt comically, ſince thou went'ſt, *Dauphine*.

Clerimont. And aſkt, if thou wert thine uncle's keeper.

True-wit. And the brace of baboons answer'd, Yes, and ſaid, thou wert a pitiful poor fellow, and didſt live upon poſts, and hadſt nothing but three ſuits of apparel, and ſome few benevolences that the lords ga' thee to fool to 'em, and ſwagger.

Dauphine. Let me not live, I'll beat 'em ; I'll bind 'em both to grand madams bed-poſts, and have 'em bated with monkeys.

True-wit. Thou ſhalt not need, they ſhall be beaten to thy hand, *Dauphine*. I have an execution to ſerve upon 'em, I warrant thee ſhall ſerve ; truſt my plot.

Dauphine. I, you have many plots ! So you had one, to make all the wenches in love with me.

True-wit. Why, if I do not yet afore night, as near as tis, and that they do not every one invite thee, and be ready to ſearch for thee, take the mortgage of my wit.

Clerimont. 'Fore God, I'll be his witneſs ; thou ſhalt have it, *Dauphine* : thou ſhalt be his fool for ever, if thou doſt not.

True-wit. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill be the better estate. Do you observe this gallery, or rather lobby indeed? Here are a couple of studies, at each end one: here will I act such a *Tragicomedy* between the *Guelphs* and the *Ghibellines*, *Daw* and *La-Foole*——which of 'em comes out first, will I seize on: (you shall be the *Chorus* behind the Arras, and whip out between the *Acts*, and speak.) If I do not make 'em keep the peace for this remnant of the day, if not of the year, I have fail'd once——I hear *Daw* coming: hide, and do not laugh, for God's sake.

Daw. Which is the way into the garden, trow?

True-wit. O, *Jack Daw*! I am glad I have met with you. In good faith, I must have this matter go no further between you: I must ha' it taken up.

Daw. What matter, Sir? Between whom?

True-wit. Come, you disguise it, Sir *Amorous* and you. If you love me, *Jack*, you shall make use of your philosophy now, for this once, and deliver me your sword. This is not the wedding the *Centaures* were at, though there be a she-one here. The bride has intreated me I will see no blood shed at the bridal; you saw her whisper me ere-while.

Daw. As I hope to finish *Tacitus*, I intend no murder.

True-wit. Do you not wait for Sir *Amorous*?

Daw. Not I, By my knighthood.

True-wit. And your scholarship too?

Daw. And my scholarship too.

True-wit. Go to, then I return you your sword, and ask your mercy; but put it not up, for you will be assaulted. I understood that you had apprehended it, and walkt here to brave him; and that you had held your life contemptible, in regard of your honour.

Daw. No, no; no such thing, I assure you. He and I parted now, as good friends as could be.

True-wit. Trust not you to that visor. I saw him since dinner with another face: I have known many men in my time vex'd with losses, with deaths, and with abuses; but so offended a wight as Sir *Amorous*, did I never see or read of. For taking away his guests, Sir, to-day, that's the cause; and he declares it behind your back with such threatnings and contempts——He said to *Dauphine*, you were the errant'st ass——

Daw. I, he may say his pleasure.

True-wit. And swears, you are so protested a coward, that he knows you will never do him any manly or single right; and therefor he will take his course.

Daw. I'll give him any satisfaction, Sir —— but fighting.

True-wit. I, Sir; but who knows what satisfaction he'll take? blood he thirsts for, and blood he will have; and whereabouts on you he will have it, who knows but himself?

Daw. I pray you, master *True-wit*, be you a mediator.

True-wit. Well, Sir, conceal yourself then in this study 'till I return. Nay, you must be content to be lock'd in; for, for mine own reputation, I would not have you seen to receive a public disgrace, while I have the matter in managing. God's so, here he comes; keep your breath close, that he do not hear you sigh. In good faith, Sir *Amorous*, he is not this way; I pray you be merciful, do not murder him; he is a christian, as good as you; you are arm'd as if you sought a revenge on all his race. Good *Dauphine*, get him away from this place. I never knew a man's choler so high, but he would speak to his friends, he would never reason. *Jack Daw, Jack!* asleep.

Daw. Is he gone, master *True-wit*?

True-wit. I; did you hear him?

Daw. O God, yes.

True-wit. What a quick ear fear has?

Daw. But is he so arm'd, as you say?

True-wit. Arm'd? Did you ever see a fellow set out to take possession?

Daw. I, Sir.

True-wit. That may give you some light to conceive of him; but 'tis nothing to the principal. Some false brother i' the house has furnish'd him strangely; or, if it were out o' the house, it was *Tom Otter*.

Daw. Indeed he's a captain, and his wife is his kinswoman.

True-wit. He has got some body's old two-hand sword, to mow you off at the knees: and that sword hath spawn'd such a dagger! —— But then he is so hung with pikes, halberds, peitronels, callivers, and muskets, that he looks like a justice of peace's hall: a man of two thousand a year is

not sels'd at so many weapons as he has on. There was never fencer challeng'd at so many several foils. You would think he meant to murder all *St. Pulchres* parish. If he could but victual himself, for half a year in his breeches, he is sufficiently arm'd to over-run a country.

Daw. Good Lord! what means he, Sir? I pray you master *True-wit*, be you a mediator.

True-wit. Well, I'll try if he will be appeas'd with a leg or an arm; if not, you must die once.

Daw. I would be loth to lose my right arm, for writing *Madrigals*.

True-wit. Why, if he will be satisfied with a thumb, or a little-finger, all's one to me. You must think, I'll do my best.

Daw. Good Sir, do.

Clerimont. What hast thou done? [He puts him up again, and then came forth.]

True-wit. He will let me do nothing, man; he does all afore me; he offers his left arm.

Clerimont. His left wing, for a *Jack Daw*.

Dauphine. Take it, by all means.

True-wit. How! maim a man for ever, for a jest? What a conscience hast thou?

Dauphine. 'Tis no loss to him; he has no employment for his arms, but to eat spoon-meat. Beside, as good maim his body, as his reputation.

True-wit. He is a scholar, and a wit, and yet he does not think so. But he loses no reputation with us; for we all resolv'd him an ass before. To your places again.

Clerimont. I pray thee, let me be in at the other a little.

True-wit. Look, you'll spoil all; these be ever your tricks.

Clerimont. No, but I could hit off some things that thou wilt miss, and thou wilt say are good ones.

True-wit. I warrant you. I pray forbear, I'll leave it off else.

Dauphine. Come away, *Clerimont*.

True-wit. Sir *Amorous*!

La-Foole. Master *True-wit*.

True-wit. Whither were you going?

La-Foole. Down into the court, to make water.

True-wit. By no means, Sir; you shall rather tempt your breeches.

La-Foole. Why, Sir?

True-wit. Enter here, if you love your life.

La-Foole. Why, why?

True-wit. Question till your throat be cut, do: dally till the enrag'd soul find you.

La-Foole. Who's that?

True-wit. Daw it is: will you in?

La-Foole. I, I, I'll in: what's the matter?

True-wit. Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us that, there had been some hope to attone you; but he seems so implacably enrag'd.

La-Foole. 'Slight, let him rage: I'll hide myself.

True-wit. Do, good Sir. But what have you done to him within, that should provoke him thus? You have broke some jest upon him afore the ladies—

La-Foole. Not I, never in my life, broke jest upon any man. The bride was praising Sir *Dauphine*, and he went away in snuff, and followed him; unless he took offence at me in his drink ere-while, that I would not pledge all the horse full.

True-wit. By my faith, and that may be; you remember well: but he walks the round up and down, through every room of the house, with a towel in his hand, crying, Where's *La-Foole*? Who saw *La-Foole*? And when *Dauphine* and I demanded the cause, we can force no answer from him, but (O revenge, how sweet art thou! I will strangle him in this towel) which leads us to conjecture, that the main cause of his fury is, for bringing your meat to day, with a towel about you, to his discredit.

La-Foole. Like enough. Why, and he be angry for that, I'll stay here till his anger be blown over.

True-wit. A good becoming resolution, Sir, if you can put it on o' the sudden.

La-Foole. Yes, I can put it on: or, I'll away into the country presently.

True-wit. How will you go out o' the house, Sir? He knows you are i' the house, and he'll watch you this se'nnight, but he'll have you: he'll out-wait a serjeant for you.

La-Foole. Why, then I'll stay here.

True-wit. You must think how to victual yourself in time then.

La-Foole. Why, sweet master *True-wit*, will you entreat

my cousin *Otter* to send me a cold venison pasty, a bottle or two of wine, and a chamber-pot.

True-wit. A stool were better, Sir, of Sir *Ajax* his invention.

La-Foole. I, that will be better indeed; and a pallat to lie on.

True-wit. O, I would not advise you to sleep, by any means.

La-Foole. Would you not, Sir? why then I will not.

True-wit. Yet there's another fear——

La-Foole. Is there, Sir? What is't?

True-wit. No, he cannot break open this door with his foot, sure.

La-Foole. I'll set my back against it, Sir. I have a good back.

True-wit. But then if he should batter.

La-Foole. Batter! If he dare, I'll have an action of battery against him.

True-wit. Cast you the worst. He has sent for powder already, and what he will do with it, no man knows: perhaps blow up the corner o' the house where he suspects you.

He feigns as if one were present, to fright the other, who is run in to hide himself. Here he comes; in quickly. I protest, Sir *John Daw*, he is not this way: What will you do? Before God you shall hang no *Petard* here: I'll die rather. Will you not take my word? I never knew one but would be satisfied. Sir *Amerous*, there's no standing out: he has made a *Petard* of an old brass pot, to force your door. Think upon some satisfaction, or terms, to offer him.

La-Foole. Sir, I'll give him any satisfaction: I dare give any terms.

True-wit. You'll leave it to me then?

La-Foole. I, Sir: I'll stand to any conditions.

He calls forth Clerimont and Dauphine. *True-wit.* How now, what think you, Sirs? Wer't not a difficult thing to determine, which of these two fear'd most?

Clerimont. Yes, but this fears the bravest: the other, a whinilling dastard, *Jack Daw*! but *La-Foole*, a brave heroic coward! and is afraid in a great look, and a stout accent. I like him rarely.

True-wit. Had it not been pity these two men should ha' been conceal'd?

Clerimont. Shall I make a motion?

True-wit. Briefly: for I must strike while 'tis hot.

Clerimont. Shall I go fetch the ladies to the *catastrophe*?

True-wit. Umph? I, by my troth.

Dauphine. By no mortal means. Let them continue in the state of ignorance, and err still; think 'em wits and fine fellows, as they have done. 'Twere sin to reform them.

True-wit. Well, I will have 'em fetcht, now I think on't for a private purpose of mine: do, *Clerimont*, fetch 'em, and discourse to 'em all that's past, and bring 'em into the gallery here.

Dauphine. This is thy extreme vanity now: thou think'st thou wert undone, if every jest thou mak'st were not publish'd.

True-wit. Thou shalt see how unjust thou art presently. *Clerimont*, say it was *Dauphine's* plot. Trust me not, if the whole drift be not for thy good. There's a carpet i' the next room, put it on, with this scarf over thy face, and a cushion o' thy head, and be ready when I call *Amorous*. Away — *John Daw*.

Daw. What good news, 'Sir?

True-wit. Faith, I have followed, and argued with him hard for you. I told him you were a knight, and a scholar, and that you knew fortitude did consist, *magis patiundo quam faciendo, magis ferendo quam feriendo*.

Daw. It doth so indeed, Sir.

True-wit. And that you would suffer, I told him: so at first he demanded, by my troth, in my conceit, too much.

Daw. What was it, Sir?

True-wit. Your upper lip, and six o' your fore-teeth.

Daw. 'Twas unreasonable.

True-wit. Nay, I told him plainly, you could not spare 'em all. So after long argument (*pro et con*, as you know) brought him down to your two butter teeth, and them he would have.

Daw. O, did you so? Why, he shall have 'em.

True-wit. But he shall not, Sir, by your leave. The conclusion is this, Sir: because you shall be very good friends hereafter, and this never to be remembred or upbraided; besides, that he may not boast he has done any such thing

to you in his own person, he is to come here in disguise, give you five kicks in private, Sir, take your sword from you, and lock you up in that study during pleasure: which will be but a little while, we'll get it releas'd presently.

Daw. Five kicks? He shall ha' fix, Sir, to be friends.

True-wit. Believe me, you shall not over-shoot yourself, to send him that word by me,

Daw. Deliver it, Sir; he shall have it with all my heart, to be friends.

True-wit. Friends? Nay, an' he should not be so, and heartily too, upon these terms, he shall have me his enemy while I live. Come, Sir, bear it bravely.

Daw. O God, Sir, 'tis nothing.

True-wit. True. What's fix kicks to a man that reads *Seneca*.

Daw. I have had a hundred, Sir.

True-wit. Sir *Amorous*. No speaking one to another, or rehearsing old matters.

[*Dauphine comes forth, and kicks him.*]

Daw. One, two, three, four, five. I protest, Sir *Amorous*, you shall have fix.

True-wit. Nay, I told you, you should not talk. Come give him fix, and he will needs. Your sword. Now return to your safe custody; you shall presently meet afore the ladies, and be the dearest friends one to another——Give me the scarf now, thou shalt beat the other bare-fac'd. Stand by, Sir *Amorous*.

La-Foole. What's here? a sword?

True-wit. I cannot help it, without I should take the quarrel upon myself. Here he has sent you his sword——

La-Foole. I'll receive none on't.

True-wit. And he wills you to fasten it against a wall, and break your head in some few several places against the hilts.

La-Foole. I will not, tell him roundly. I cannot endure to shed my own blood.

True-wit. Will you not?

La-Foole. No. I'll beat it against a fair flat wall, if that will satisfy him; if not, he shall beat it himself, for *Amorous*.

True-wit. Why, this is strange starting off, when a man undertakes for you! I offer'd him another condition; will you stand to that?

THE SILENT WOMAN.

263

La-Foole. I, what is't?

True-wit. That you will be beaten in private.

La-Foole. Yes, I am content, at the blunt.

True-wit. Then you must submit yourself to be hood-wink'd in this scarf, and be led to him, where he will take your sword from you, and make you bear a blow over the mouth, *Gules*, and tweaks by the nose, *sans nombre*.

La-Foole. I am content. But why must I be blinded?

True-wit. That's for your good, Sir; because if he should grow insolent upon this, and publish it hereafter to your disgrace, (which I hope he will not do) you might swear safely, and protest, he never beat you, to your knowlege.

La-Foole. O, I conceive.

True-wit. I do not doubt but you'll be perfect good friends upon't, and not dare to utter an ill thought one of another in future.

La-Foole. Not I, as God help me, of him.

True-wit. Nor he of you, Sir. If he should—— Come, Sir. All hid, Sir *John*.

Dauphine enters to tweak him.

La-Foole. Oh, Sir *John*, Sir *John*. Oh, o-o-o-Oh——

True-wit. Good Sir *John*, leave tweaking, you'll blow his nose off. 'Tis Sir *John*'s pleasure, you should retire into the study. Why, now you are friends. All bitterness between you, I hope, is buried; you shall come forth by and by, *Damon* and *Pythias* upon't, and embrace with all the rankness of friendship that can be. I trust, we shall have 'em tamer i' their language hereafter. *Dauphine*, I worship thee. God's will, the ladies have surpris'd us.

S C E N E VI.

HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, Mrs. OTTER,
EPICOENE, TRUSTY, DAUPHINE, TRUE-
WIT, Etc.

Having discovered part of the past scene above.

Haughty. CENTAURE, how our judgments were impos'd on by these adulterate knights?

Centaure. Nay, madam, *Mavis* was more deceiv'd than we; 'twas her commendation utter'd 'em in the college.

Mavis. I commended but their wits, madam, and their braveries. I never look'd toward their valours.

Haughty. Sir *Dauphine* is valiant, and a wit too, it seems. *Mavis.* And a bravery too.

Haughty. Was this his project?

Mrs. Otter. So master *Clerimont* intimates, madam.

Haughty. Good *Morose*, when you come to the college, will you bring him with you? He seems a very perfect gentleman.

Epicœne. He is so, madam, believe it.

Centaure. But when will you come, *Morose*?

Epicœne. Three or four days hence, madam, when I have got me a coach and horses.

Haughty. No, to-morrow, good *Morose*; *Centaure* shall send you her coach.

Mavis. Yes faith, do, and bring Sir *Dauphine* with you.

Haughty. She has promis'd that, *Mavis*.

Mavis. He is a very worthy gentleman in his exteriors, madam.

Haughty. I, he shews he is judicial in his clothes,

Centaure. And yet not so superlatively neat as some, madam, that have their faces set in a bark.

Haughty. I, and have every hair in form.

Mavis. That wear purer linnen than ourselves, and profess more neatness than the *French Hermaphrodite*!

Epicœne. I, ladies, they, what they tell one of us, have told a thousand; and are the only thieves of our fame, that think to take us with that perfume, or with that lace, and laugh at us unconscionably when they have done.

Haughty. But Sir *Dauphine*'s carelessness becomes him;

Centaure. I could love a man for such a nose!

Mavis. Or such a leg!

Centaure. He has an exceeding good eye, madam!

Mavis. And a very good look!

Centaure. Good *Morose*, bring him to my chamber first.

Mrs. Otter. Please your honours to meet at my house, madam.

True-wit. See how they eye thee, man! They are taken, I warrant thee.

Haughty. You have unbrac'd our brace of knights here, master *True-wit*.

True-wit. Not I, madam; it was Sir *Dauphine's* ingine; who, if you have disfurnish'd your ladyship of any guard or service by it, is able to make the place good again in himself.

Haughty. There is no suspicion of that, Sir.

Centaure. God so, *Mavis*, *Haughty* is kissing.

Mavis. Let us go too, and take part.

Haughty. But I am glad of the fortune (beside the discovery of two such empty caskets) to gain the knowledge of so rich a mine of virtue as Sir *Dauphine*.

Centaure. We would be all glad to stile him of our friendship, and see him at the college.

Mavis. He cannot mix with a sweeter society, I'll prophesy; and I hope he himself will think so.

Dauphine. I should be rude to imagine otherwise, lady.

True-wit. Did not I tell thee, *Dauphine*? Why, all their actions are govern'd by crude opinion, without reason or cause; they know not why they do any thing; but as they are inform'd, believe, judge, praise, condemn, love, hate, and in emulation one of another, do all these things alike. Only they have a natural inclination sways 'em generally to the worst, when they are left to themselves. But pursue it now thou hast 'em.

Haughty. Shall we go in again, *Morose*?

Epicæne. Yes, madam.

Centaure. We'll intreat Sir *Dauphine's* company.

True-wit. Stay, good madam, the interview of the two friends *Pylades* and *Orestes*: I'll fetch 'em out to you straight.

Haughty. Will you, master *True-wit*?

Dauphine. I; but noble ladies, do not confess in your countenance, or outward bearing to 'em, any discovery of their follies, that we may see how they will bear up again, with what assurance and erection.

Haughty. We will not, Sir *Dauphine*.

True-wit. Sir *Amorous*, Sir *Amorous*. The ladies are here.

La-Foole. Are they?

True-wit. Yes; but slip out by and by, as their backs are turn'd, and meet Sir *John* here, as by chance, when I call you. *Jack Daw*.

Daw. What say you, Sir?

True-wit. Whip out behind me suddenly, and no anger i' your looks to your adversary. Now, now.

La-Foole. Noble Sir *John Daw!* where ha' you been?

Daw. To seek you, Sir *Amorous.*

La-Foole. Me! I honour you.

Daw. I prevent you, Sir.

Clerimont. They have forgot their rapiers.

True-wit. O, they meet in peace, man.

Dauphine. Where's your sword, Sir *John?*

Clerimont. And yours, Sir *Amorous?*

Daw. Mine! My boy had it forth, to mend the handle, e'en now.

La-Foole. And my gold handle was broke too, and my boy had it forth.

Dauphine. Indeed, Sir? How their excuses meet.

Clerimont. What a consent there is i' the handles!

True-wit. Nay, there is so i' the points too, I warrant you,

Mrs. Otter. O me! Madam, he comes again, the madman! Away.

S C E N E VII.

MOROSE, CLERIMONT, TRUE-WIT, DAUPHINE.

Morose. WHAT make these naked weapons here, gentlemen?

[*He had found the two swords drawn within.*]

True-wit. O, fir! here hath like to been murder since you went! A couple of knights fallen out about the bride's favours: we were fain to take away their weapons; your house had been begg'd by this time else——

Morose. For what?

Clerimont. For man-slaughter, Sir, as being accessory.

Morose. And for her favours?

True-wit. I, fir, heretofore, not present. *Clerimont,* carry 'em their swords now. They have done all the hurt they will do.

Dauphine. Ha' you spoke with a lawyer, Sir?

Morose. O, no? There is such a noise i' the court, that

they have frightened me home with more violence than I went! Such speaking, and counter-speaking, with their several voices of citations, appellations, allegations, certificates, attachments, interrogatories, references, convictions, and afflictions indeed, among the doctors and proctors! that the noise here is silence to't! a kind of calm midnight!

True-wit. Why, sir, if you would be resolv'd indeed, I can bring you hither a very sufficient lawyer, and a learned divine, that shall inquire into every least scruple for you.

Morose. Can you, master *True-wit*.

True-wit. Yes, and are very sober grave persons, that will dispatch in a chamber, with a whisper or two.

Morose. Good Sir, shall I hope this benefit from you, and trust myself into your hands?

True-wit. Alas, Sir! your nephew and I have been ashamed, and oft-times mad, since you went, to think how you are abus'd. Go in, good sir, and lock yourself up till we call you; we'll tell you more anon, Sir.

Morose. Do your pleasure with me, gentlemen; I believe in you, and deserve no delusion.

True-wit. You shall find none, Sir; but heapt, heapt plenty of vexation.

Dauphine. What wilt thou do now, *Wit*?

True-wit. Recover me hither *Otter* and the barber, if you can, by any means, presently.

Dauphine. Why? to what purpose?

True-wit. O, I'll make the deepest divine, and gravest lawyer, out o' them two, for him.

Dauphine. Thou can'st not, man; these are waking dreams.

True-wit. Do not fear me. Clap but a civil gown with the welt o' the one, and a canonical cloke with sleeves o' the other, and give 'em a few terms i' the mouths, if there come not forth as able a doctor, and complete a parson, for this turn, as may be wish'd, trust not my election: and I hope without wronging the dignity of either profession, since they are but persons put on, and for mirth's sake, to torment him. The barber smatters *Latin*, I remember.

Dauphine. Yes, and *Otter* too.

True-wit. Well then, if I make 'em not wrangle out this case, to his no comfort, let me be thought a *Jack Daw*, or

La-Foole, or any thing worse. Go you to your ladies, but first send for them.

Dauphine. I will.

ACT V. SCENE I.

LA-FOOLE, CLERIMONT, DAW, MAVIS.

La-Foole. **W**HERE had you our swords, master *Clerimont*.

Clerimont. Why, *Dauphine* took 'em from the madman.

La-Foole. And he took 'em from our boys, I warrant you.

Clerimont. Very like, Sir.

La-Foole. Thank you, good master *Clerimont*. Sir *John Daw* and I are both beholden to you.

Clerimont. Would I knew how to make you so, gentlemen.

Daw. Sir *Amorous* and I are your servants, sir.

Mavis. Gentlemen, have any of you a pen and ink? I would fain write out a riddle in *Italian*, for Sir *Dauphine* to translate.

Clerimont. Not I, in troth, lady; I am no scrivener.

Daw. I can furnish you, I think, lady.

Clerimont. He has it in the hilt of a knife, I believe.

La-Foole. No, he has his box of instruments.

Clerimont. Like a surgeon!

La-Foole. For the *mathematics*: his square, his compasses, his brass pens, and black-lead, to draw maps of every place and person where he comes.

Clerimont. How, maps of persons!

La-Foole. Yes, Sir, of *Nomentac*, when he was here, and of the prince of *Moldavia*, and of his mistress, mistress *Epicoene*.

Clerimont. Away! He has not found out her latitude, I hope.

La-Foole. You are a pleasant gentleman, sir.

Clerimont. Faith, now we are in private, let's wanton it a little, and talk whaggishly. Sir *John*, I am telling fir

Amorous here, that you two govern the ladies where e'er you come, you carry the feminine gender afore you.

Daw. They shall rather carry us afore them, if they will, Sir.

Clerimont. Nay, I believe that they do withal——But, that you are the prime men in their affections, and direct all their actions——

Daw. Not I: sir *Amorous* is.

La-Foole. I protest, sir *John* is.

Daw. As I hope to rise i' the state, Sir *Amorous*, you ha' the person.

La-Foole. Sir *John*, you ha' the person, and the discourse too.

Daw. Not I, sir. I have no discourse——and then you have activity beside.

La-Foole. I protest, Sir *John*, you come as high from *Tripoly*, as I do every whit: and lift as many join'd stools, and leap over them, if you would use it——

Clerimont. Well, agree on't together, knights; for between you, you divide the kingdom, or common-wealth of ladies affections: I see it, and can perceive a little how they observe you, and fear you, indeed. You could tell strange stories, my masters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we have seen somewhat, sir.

La-Foole. That we have——Velvet petticoats, and wrought smocks, or so.

Daw. I, and——

Clerimont. Nay, out with it, Sir *John*; do not envy your friend the pleasure of hearing, when you have had the delight of tasting.

Daw. Why——a——do you speak, sir *Amorous*.

La-Foole. No, do you, sir *John Daw*.

Daw. I' faith, you shall.

La-Foole. I' faith, you shall.

Daw. Why, we have been——

La-Foole. In the great bed at *Ware*, together in our time. On, sir *John*.

Daw. Nay, do you, sir *Amorous*.

Clerimont. And these ladies with you, knights?

La-Foole. No, excuse us, sir.

Daw. We must not wound reputation.

La-Foole. No matter—they were these, or others. Our bath cost us fifteen pound when we came home.

Clerimont. Do you hear, Sir *John*? You shall tell me but one thing truly, as you love me.

Daw. If I can, I will, sir.

Clerimont. You lay in the same house with the bride here?

Daw. Yes, and convers'd with her hourly, sir.

Clerimont. And what humour is she of? Is she coming and open, free?

Daw. O, exceeding open, sir. I was her servant, and sir *Amorous* was to be.

Clerimont. Come, you have both had favours from her: I know, and have heard so much.

Daw. O, no, sir.

La-Foole. You shall excuse us, sir: we must not wound reputation.

Clerimont. Tut, she is married now, and you cannot hurt her with any report; and therefor speak plainly: how many times, i' faith? which of you led first? ha?

La-Foole. Sir *John* had her maidenhead, indeed.

Daw. O, it pleases him to say so, sir; but sir *Amorous* knows what's what, as well.

Clerimont. Dost thou, i' faith, *Amorous*!

La-Foole. In a manner, sir.

Clerimont. Why, I commend you, lads. Little knows *Don* bridegroom of this; nor shall he, for me.

Daw. Hang him, mad ox.

Clerimont. Speak softly; here comes his nephew, with the lady *Haughty*; he'll get the ladies from you, sirs, if you look not to him in time.

La-Foole. Why, if he do, we'll fetch 'em home again, I warrant you.

S C E N E II.

HAUGHTY, DAUPHINE, CENTAURE, MAVIS,
CLERIMONT.

Haughty. I ASSURE you, Sir *Dauphine*, it is the price and estimation of your virtue only, that hath embark'd me

to this adventure; and I could not but make out to tell you so: nor can I repent me of the act, since it is always an argument of some virtue in ourselves, that we love and affect it so in others.

Dauphine. Your ladyship sets too high a price on my weakness.

Haughty. Sir, I can distinguish gems from pebbles——

Dauphine. (Are you so skilful in stones?)

Haughty. And howsoever I may suffer in such a judgment as yours, by admitting equality of rank or society with *Centaure* or *Mavis*——

Dauphine. You do not, madam: I perceive they are your mere foils.

Haughty. Then are you a friend to truth, sir: it makes me love you the more. It is not the outward, but the inward man that I affect. They are not apprehensive of an eminent perfection, but love flat and dully.

Centaure. Where are you, my lady *Haughty*?

Haughty. I come presently, *Centaure*. My chamber, sir, my page shall shew you; and *Trusty*, my woman, shall be ever awake for you: you need not fear to communicate any thing with her, for she is a *Fidelia*. I pray you wear this jewel for my sake, sir *Dauphine*. Where's *Mavis*, *Centaure*?

Centaure. Within, madam, a writing. I'll follow you presently: I'll but speak a word with sir *Dauphine*.

Dauphine. With me, madam?

Centaure. Good sir *Dauphine*, do not trust *Haughty*, nor make any credit to her, whatever you do besides. Sir *Dauphine*, I give you this caution, she is a perfect courtier, and loves no-body, but for her uses; and for her uses she loves all. Besides, her physicians give her out to be none of the clearest, whether she pay 'em or no, heaven knows; and she's about fifty too, and pargets! See her in a forenoon. Here comes *Mavis*, a worse face than she! You would not like this by candle-light. If you'll come to my chamber one o' these mornings early, or late in an evening, I'll tell you more. Where's *Haughty*, *Mavis*?

Mavis. Within, *Centaure*.

Centaure. What ha' you there?

Mavis. An Italian riddle for sir *Dauphine*, (you shall not see it i' faith, *Centaure*.) Good sir *Dauphine*, solve it for me: I'll rather call for it anon.

Clerimont. How now, *Dauphine*? how dost thou quit thyself of these females?

Dauphine. 'Slight, they haunt me like fairies, and give me jewels here; I cannot be rid of 'em.

Clerimont. O, you must not tell tho'.

Dauphine. Mafs, I forgot that: I was never so assaulted. One loves for virtue, and bribes me with this: another loves me with caution, and so would possess me: a third brings me a riddle here: and all are jealous, and rail each at other.

Clerimont. A riddle! Pray le' me see't.

[*He reads the paper.*]

" Sir *Dauphine*, I chose this way of intimation for privacy. The ladies here, I know, have both hope and purpose to make a collegiate and servant of you. If I might be so honour'd, as to appear at any end of so noble a work, I would enter into a fame of taking physick to-morrow; and continue it four or five days, or longer, for your visitation. MAVIS.

By my faith, a subtle one! Call you this a riddle? What's their plain dealing, trow?

Dauphine. We lack *True-wit*, to tell us that.

Clerimont. We lack him for something else too: his knights *Reformadoes* are wound up as high and insolent as ever they were.

Dauphine. You jest.

Clerimont. No drunkards, either with wine or vanity, ever confess'd such stories of themselves. I would not give a flie's leg in balance against all the womens reputations here, if they could be but thought to speak truth: and for the bride, they have made their *affidavit* against her directly—

Dauphine. What, they have lain with her?

Clerimont. Yes; and tell times and circumstances, with the cause why, and the place where. I had almost brought 'em to affirm, that they had done it to-day.

Dauphine. Not both of 'em?

Clerimont. Yes faith; with a sooth or two more I had effected it. They would ha' set it down under their hands.

Dauphine. Why, they will be our sport, I see, still, whether we will or no.

S C E N E III.

TRUE-WIT, MOROSE, OTTER, CUTBERD,
CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE.

True-wit. O, ARE you are here? Come, *Dauphine*; go call your uncle presently: I have fitted my divine and my canonist, dyed their beards and all. The knaves do not know themselves, they are so exalted and alter'd. Preferment changes any man. Thou shalt keep one door, and I another, and then *Clerimont* in the midst, that he may have no means of escape from their cavilling, when they grow hot once. And then the women (as I have given the bride her instructions) to break in upon him i' the *l'envoy*. O, 'twill be full and twanging! Away, fetch him. Come, master doctor, and master parson, look to your parts now, and discharge 'em bravely; you are well set forth, perform it as well. If you chance to be out, do not confess it with standing still, or humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud, and eagerly; use vehement action, and only remember your terms, and you are safe. Let the matter go where it will; you have many will do so. But at first be very solemn and grave, like your garments, tho' you lose yourselves after, and skip out like a brace of jugglers on a table. Here he comes: set your faces, and look superciliously, while I present you.

Morose. Are these the two learned men?

True-wit. Yes, Sir; please you salute them.

Morose. Salute 'em? I had rather do any thing, than wear out time so unfruitfully, Sir. I wonder how these common forms, as *God save you*, and *you are welcome*, are come to be a habit in our lives! or, *I am glad to see you*! When I cannot see what the profit can be of these words, so long as it is no whit better with him, whose affairs are sad and grievous, that he hears this salutation.

True-wit. 'Tis true, sir; we'll go to the matter then. Gentlemen, master doctor, and master parson, I have acquainted you sufficiently with the business for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform yourselves in the state of the question, I know. This is the gentleman who expects your resolution, and therefor when you please, begin.

M m

Otter. Please you, master doctor.

Cutberd. Please you, good master parson.

Otter. I would hear the canon-law speak first.

Cutberd. It must give place to positive divinity, sir.

Morose. Nay, good gentlemen, do not throw me into circumstances. Let your comforts arrive quickly at me, those that are. Be swift in affording me my peace, if so I shall hope any. I love not your disputations, or your court-tumults. And that it be not strange to you, I will tell you. My father, in my education, was wont to advise me, that I should always collect and contain my mind, not suffering it to flow loosely; that I should look to what things were necessary to the carriage of my life, and what not, embracing the one, and eschewing the other: in short, that I should endear myself to rest, and avoid turmoil; which now is grown to be another nature to me. So that I come not to your pleadings, or your places of noise; not that I neglect those things that make for the dignity of the common-wealth; but for the mere avoiding of clamours, and impertinencies of orators, that know not how to be silent. And for the cause of noise, am I now a suitor to you. You do not know in what a misery I have been exercis'd this day, what a torment of evil! My very house turns round with the tumult! I dwell in a wind-mill! The perpetual motion is here, and not at *Eltham*.

True-wit. Well, good master doctor, will you break the ice? Master parson will wade after.

Cutberd. Sir, tho' unworthy, and the weaker, I will presume.

Otter. 'Tis no presumption, *Domine* doctor.

Morose. Yet again!

Cutberd. Your question is, For how many causes a man may have *devortium legitimum*, a lawful divorce. First, you must understand the nature of the word divorce, *a divertendo*—

Morose. No excursions upon words, good doctor; to the question briefly.

Cutberd. I answer then, the canon-law affords divorce but in few cases; and the principal is in the common case, the adulterous case: but there are *duodecim impedimenta*, twelve impediments (as we call 'em) all which do not *dirimere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as we say in the canon-law; not take away the bond, but cause a nullity therein.

Morose. I understood you before: good Sir, avoid your impertinency of translation.

Otter. He cannot open this too much, fir, by your favour.

Morose. Yet more!

True-wit. O, you must give the learned men leave, fir. To your impediments, master doctor.

Cutberd. The first is *impedimentum erroris*.

Otter. Of which there are several species.

Cutberd. I, as *error personæ*.

Otter. If thou contract thyself to one person, thinking her another.

Cutberd. Then, *error fortunæ*.

Otter. If she be a beggar, and you thought her rich.

Cutberd. Then, *error qualitatis*.

Ottea. If she prove stubborn or head-strong, that you thought obedient.

Morose. How? Is that, fir, a lawful impediment? One at once, I pray you, gentlemen.

Otter. I, *ante copulam*, but not *post copulam*, fir.

Cutberd. Master parson says right. *Nec post nuptiarum benedictionem*. It doth indeed but *irrita reddere sponsalia*, annul the contract; after marriage it is of no obftancy.

True-wit. Alas, fir, what a hope are we fallen from by this time!

Cutberd. The next is *Conditio*: if thou thought her free-born, and she prove a bond-woman, there is impediment of estate and condition.

Otter. I, but, master doctor, those servitudes are *sublate* now, among us Christians.

Cutberd. By your favour, master parson——

Otter. You shall give me leave, master doctor.

Morose. Nay, gentlemen, quarrel not in that question; it concerns not my case: pass to the third.

Cutberd. Well then, the third is *votum*: if either party have made a vow of chastity. But that practice, as master parson said of the other, is taken away among us, thanks be to discipline. The fourth is *cognatio*, if the persons be of kin within the degrees.

Otter. I: Do you know what the degrees are, Sir?

Morose. No, nor I care not, Sir; they offer me no comfort in the question, I am sure.

Cutberd. But there is a branch of this impediment may, which is *cognatio spiritualis*: if you were her god-father, sir, then the marriage is incestuous.

Otter. That comment is absurd, and superstitious, master doctor: I cannot endure it. Are not all brothers and sisters, and as much a kin in that, as god-fathers and god-daughters?

Morose. O me! To end the controversy, I never was a god-father, I never was a god-father in my life, sir. Pass to the next.

Cutberd. The fifth is *crimen adulterii*; the known case. The sixth *cultus disparitas*, difference of religion: have you ever examin'd what religion she is of?

Morose. No, I would rather she were of none, than be put to the trouble of it.

Otter. You may have it done for you, sir.

Morose. By no means, good sir; on to the rest: shall you ever come to an end, think you?

True-wit. Yes, he has done half, sir. (On to the rest.) Be patient, and expect, sir.

Cutberd. The seventh is, *viz.* if it were upon compulsion, or force.

Mor. O no, it was too voluntary, mine, too voluntary.

Cutberd. The eighth is, *ordo*; if ever she have taken holy orders.

Otter. That's superstitious too.

Morose. No matter, master parson; would she would go into a nunnery yet.

Cutberd. The ninth is, *ligamen*; if you were bound, sir, to any other before.

Morose. I thrust myself too soon into these fetters.

Cutberd. The tenth is, *publica honestas*; which is *inchoata quedam affinitas*.

Otter. I, or *affinitas orta ex sponsalibus*; and is but *leve impedimentum*.

Mor. I feel no air or comfort blowing to me, in all this.

Cutberd. The eleventh is, *affinitas ex fornicatione*.

Otter. Which is no less *vera affinitas*, than the other, master doctor.

Cutberd. True, *que oritur ex legitimo matrimonio*.

Otter. You say right, venerable doctor: and, *nascitur ex eo, quod per conjugium due persone efficiuntur una caro*——

Morose. Hey-day, now they begin.

Cutberd. I conceive you, master parson: *Ita per fornicationem aque est verus pater, qui sic generat* ——

Otter. *Et vere filius qui sic generatur* ——

Morose. What's all this to me?

Clerimont. Now it grows warm.

Cutberd. The twelfth and last is, *si forte coire nequibis*.

Otter. I, that is *impedimentum gravissimum*: It doth utterly annul, and annihilate, that. If you have *manifestam frigiditatem*, you are well, sir.

True-wit. Why, there is comfort come at length, sir. Confess yourself but a man unable, and she will sue to be divorc'd first.

Otter. I, or if there be *morbus perpetuus, et insanabilis*; as *Paralysis, Elephantiasis*, or so ——

Dauphine. O, but *frigiditas* is the fairer way, gentlemen.

Otter. You say troth, sir, and as it is in the canon, master doctor.

Cutberd. I conceive you, sir.

Clerimont. Before he speaks.

Otter. That a boy, or child, under years, is not fit for marriage, because he cannot *reddere debitum*. So your omnipotentes ——

Truewit. Your *impotentes*, your whorson lobster.

Otter. Your *impotentes*, I shall say, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium*.

True-wit. *Matrimonium*? We shall have most un-matrimonial Latin with you: *Matrimonia*, and be hang'd.

Dauphine. You put 'em out, man.

Cutberd. But then there will arise a doubt, master parson, in our case, *post matrimonium*: that *frigiditate praditus* (do you conceive me, sir?)

Otter. Very well, sir.

Cutberd. Who cannot *uti uxore pro uxore*, may *habere eam pro sorore*.

Otter. Absurd, absurd, absurd, and merely *apostatical*.

Cutberd. You shall pardon me, master parson, I can prove it.

Otter. You can prove a will, master doctor, you can prove nothing else. Does not the verse of your own Canon say, *Haec socianda vetant connubia, facta retractant* ——

Cutberd. I grant you; but how do they *retractare*, master parson?

Morose. (O, this was it I fear'd.)

Otter. In *aeternum*, sir.

Cutberd. That's false in divinity, by your favour.

Otter. 'Tis false in humanity, to say so. Is he not *prorsus inubilis ad thorum*? Can he *præstare fidem datam*? I would fain know.

Cutberd. Yes; how if he do *convalescere*?

Otter. He cannot *convalescere*, it is impossible.

True-wit. Nay, good sir, attend the learned men; they'll think you neglect 'em else.

Cutberd. Or, if he do *simulare* himself *frigidum*, odio uxoris or so?

Otter. I say, he is *adulter manifestus* then.

Dauphine. (They dispute it very learnedly, i' faith.)

Otter. And *prostitutor uxoris*; and this is positive.

Morose. Good sir, let me escape.

True-wit. You will not do me that wrong, sir?

Otter. And therefor if he be *manifeste frigidus*, sir.

Cutberd. I, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, I grant you——

Otter. Why, that was my conclusion.

Cutberd. And mine too.

True-wit. Nay, hear the conclusion, sir.

Otter. Then *frigiditatis causa*.——

Cutberd. Yes, *causa frigiditatis*——

Morose. O, mine ears!

Otter. She may have *libellum divortii* against you.

Cutberd. I, *divortii libellum* she will sure have.

Morose. Good Echo's, forbear.

Otter. If you confess it——

Cutberd. Which I would do, sir——

Morose. I will do any thing——

Otter. And clear myself in *foro conscientiæ*.

Cutberd. Because you want indeed——

Morose. Yet more?

Otter. *Exercendi potestata*.

S C E N E IV.

EPICOENE, MOROSE, HAUGHTY, CENTAURE,
MAVIS, Mrs. OTTER, DAW, TRUE-WIT, DAU-
PHINE, CLERIMONT, LA-FOOLE, OTTER, CUT-
BERD.

Epicæne. I will not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beseech you help me. This is such a wrong as never was of-

fer'd to poor bride before: upon her marriage-day to have her husband conspire against her, and a couple of mercenary companions to be brought in for form's sake, to persuade a separation! If you had blood or virtue in you, gentlemen, you would not suffer such ear-wigs about a husband, or scorpions to creep between man and wife——

Morose. O the variety and changes of my torment!

Haughty. Let 'em be cudgell'd out of doors by your grooms

Centaure. I'll lend you my footman.

Mavis. We'll have our men blanket them i' the hall.

Mrs. Otter. As there was one at our house, madam, for peeping in at the door.

Daw. Content, i' faith.

True-wit. Stay, ladies and gentlemen; you'll hear before you proceed?

Mavis. I'll ha' the bridegroom blanketed too.

Centaure. Begin with him first.

Haughty. Yes, by my troth.

Morose. O, mankind generation!

Dauphine. Ladies, for my sake forbear.

Haughty. Yes, for fir *Dauphine's* sake.

Centaure. He shall command us.

La-Foole. He is as fine a gentleman of his inches, madam, as any is about the town, and wears as good colours when he lifts.

True-wit. Be brief, sir, and confess your infirmity; she'll be a fire to be quit of you; if she but hear that nam'd once, you shall not intreat her to stay: she'll fly you like one that had the marks upon him.

Morose. Ladies, I must crave all your pardons——

True-wit. Silence, ladies.

Morose. For a wrong I have done to your whole sex, in marrying this fair and virtuous gentlewoman.——

Clerimont. Hear him, good ladies.

Morose. Being guilty of an infirmity, which before I conferr'd with these learned men, I thought I might have conceal'd——

True-wit. But now being better inform'd in his conscience by them, he is to declare it, and give satisfaction, by asking your public forgiveness.

Morose. I am no man, ladies.

All. How!

Morose. Utterly unable in nature, by reason of *frigidity*, to perform the duties, or any the least office of a husband.

Mavis. Now out upon him, prodigious creature!

Centaure. Bridegroom incarnate!

Haughty. And would you offer it to a young gentlewoman?

Mrs. Otter. A lady of her longings?

Epicæne. Tut, a device, a device, this; it smells rankly, ladies, a mere comment of his own.

True-wit. Why, if you suspect that, ladies, you may have him search'd.

Daw. As the custom is, by a jury of physicians.

La-Foole. Yes faith, 'twill be brave.

Morose. O me, must I undergo that?

Mrs. Otter. No, let women search him, madam; we can do it ourselves.

Morose. Out on me, worse!

Epicæne. Go, ladies, you shall not need, I'll take him with all his faults.

Morose. Worst of all!

Clerimont. Why, then, 'tis no divorce, doctor, if she consent not?

Cutberd. No, if the man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *libellum divortii*, in the law.

Otter. I, it is the same in *Theology*.

Morose. Worse, worse than worst!

True-wit. Nay, sir, be not utterly disheartned: we have yet a small relic of hope left, as near as our comfort is blown out. *Clerimont*, produce your brace of knights. What was that, master parson, you told me *in errore qualitatis*, e'en now? *Dauphine*, whisper the bride, that she carry it as if she were guilty and ashamed.

Otter. Marry sir, *in errore qualitatis* (which master doctor did forbear to urge) if she be found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken up, that was *pro virgine disponsa*, espous'd for a maid——

Morose. What then, sir?

Otter. It doth *dirimere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

True-wit. If this be true, we are happy again, sir, once more. Here are an honourable brace of knights that shall affirm so much.

Daw. Pardon us, good master *Clerimont*.

La-Foole. You shall excuse us, Mr. *Clerimont*.

Clerimont. Nay, you must make it good now, knights; there is no remedy: I'll eat no words for you, nor no men: you know you spoke it to me?

Daw. Is this gentleman-like, sir?

True-wit. *Jack Daw*, he's worse than sir *Amorous*; fiercer a great deal. Sir *Amorous*, beware, there be ten *Daws* in this *Clerimont*.

La-Foole. I'll confess it, sir.

Daw. Will you, Sir *Amorous*? Will you wound reputation?

La-Foole. I am resolv'd.

True-wit. So should you be too, *Jack Daw*: what should keep you off? She is but a woman, and in disgrace. He'll be glad on't.

Daw. Will he? I thought he would ha' been angry.

Clerimont. You will dispatch, knights; it must be done, i' faith.

True-wit. Why, an' it must, it shall, sir, they say. They'll ne'er go back. Do not tempt his patience.

Daw. It is true indeed, sir.

La-Foole. Yes, I assure you, sir.

Morose. What is true, gentlemen? what do you assure me?

Daw. That we have known your bride, sir—

La-Foole. In good fashion. She was our mistress or so.

Clerimont. Nay, you must be plain, knights, as you were to me.

Otter. I, the question is, if you have carnaliter, or no?

La-Foole. Carnaliter. What else, sir?

Otter. It is enough; a plain Nullity.

Epicæne. I am undone, I am undone!

Morose. O let me worship and adore you, gentlemen!

Epicæne. I am undone!

Morose. Yes, to my hand, I thank these knights. Master parson, let me thank you otherwise,

Centaure. And ha' they confess'd?

Mavis. Now out upon them, informers!

True-wit. You see what creatures you may bestow your favours on, madams.

Haughty. I would except against them as beaten knights, wench, and not good witnesses in law.

Mrs. Otter. Poor gentlewoman, how she takes it!

Haughty. Be comforted, *Morose*, I love you the better for't.

Centaure. So do I, I protest.

Cutberd. But gentlemen, you have not known her since *Matrimonium*?

Daw. Not to-day, master doctor.

La-Foole. No, sir, not to-day.

Cutberd. Why, then, I say. For any fact before, the *Matrimonium* is good and perfect; unless the worshipful bridegroom did precisely, before witness, demand, if she were *virgo ante nuptias*.

Epicæne. No, that he did not, I assure you, master doctor.

Cutberd. If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum conjugium*, notwithstanding the premises; and they do no way *impedire*. And this is my sentence, this I pronounce.

Otter. I am of master doctor's resolution too, sir; if you made not that demand *ante nuptias*.

Morese. O my heart! wilt thou break? wilt thou break? This is worst of all worst worsts that hell could have devis'd! marry a whore! and so much noise!

Dauphine. Come, I see now plain confederacy in this doctor, and this parson, to abuse a gentleman. You study his affliction. I pray be gone, companions. And gentlemen, I begin to suspect you, for having parts with 'em. Sir, will it please you hear me?

Morese. O, do not talk to me; take not from me the pleasure of dying in silence, nephew.

Dauphine. Sir, I must speak to you. I have been long your poor despis'd kinsman, and many a hard thought has strengthened you against me: but now it shall appear if either I love you or your peace, and prefer them to all the world beside. I will not be long or grievous to you, sir. If I free you of this unhappy match absolutely, and instantly, after all this trouble, and almost in your despair, now—

Morese. (It cannot be.)

Dauphine. Sir, that you be never troubled with a murmur of it more, what shall I hope for, or deserve of you?

Morese. O, what thou wilt, nephew! Thou shalt deserve me, and have me.

Dauphine. Shall I have your favour perfect to me, and love hereafter!

Morese. That, and any thing beside. Make thine own conditions. My whole estate is thine; manage it, I will become thy ward.

Dauphine. Nay, Sir, I will not be so unreasonable.

Epicæne. Will Sir *Dauphine* be mine enemy too?

Dauphine. You know I have been long a suitor to you, uncle, that out of your estate, which is fifteen hundred a year, you would allow me but five hundred during life, and assure the rest upon me after; to which I have often, by myself and my friends, tendred you a writing to sign, which you would never consent or incline to. If you please but to effect it now——

Mor. Thou shalt have it, nephew: I will do it, and more.

Dauphine. If I quit not you presently, and for ever of this cumber, you shall have power instantly, afore all these, to revoke your act, and I will become whose slave you will give me to, for ever.

Morose. Where is the writing? I will seal to it, that, or to a blank, and write thine own conditions.

Epi. O me, most unfortunate wretched gentlewoman!

Haughty. Will Sir *Dauphine* do this!

Epicæne. Good Sir, have some compassion on me.

Mor. O, my nephew knows you belike; away, *Crocodile. Centaure.* He does it not sure without good ground.

Dauphine. Here, sir.

Morose. Come, nephew, give me the pen; I will subscribe to any thing, and seal to what thou wilt, for my deliverance. Thou art my restorer. Here I deliver it thee as my deed. If there be a word in it lacking, or writ with false orthography, I protest before—I will not take the advantage.

Dauphine. Then here is your release, Sir; you have married a boy, a gentleman's son, that I have brought up this half year, at my great charges, and for this composition, which I have now made with you. What say you, master doctor? *He takes off Epicoene's peruke.*
This is *justum impedimentum*, I hope, *error persona.*

Otter. Yes, Sir, in *primo gradu*,

Cutberd. In *primo gradu.*

Dauphine. I thank you, good doctor *Cutberd*, and parson *Otter*; you are beholden to 'em, Sir, that have taken this pains for you; and my friend master *True-wit*, who enabled 'em for the business. *He pulls off their beards in disguise.*
Now you may go in and rest, be as private as you will, Sir. I'll not trouble you, till you trouble me with your funeral, which I care not how soon it come. *Cut-*

berd, I'll make your lease good. Thank me not, but with your leg, *Cutberd*. And *Tom Otter*, your princess shall be reconcil'd to you. How now, gentlemen! do you look at me?

Clerimont. A boy?

Dauphine. Yes, mistress *Epicæne*.

True-wit. Well, *Dauphine*, you have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot: but much good do it thee, thou deserv'st it, lad. And *Clerimont*, for thy unexpected bringing these two to confession, wear my part of it freely. Nay, Sir *Daw*, and Sir *La-Foole*, you see the gentlewoman that has done you the favours! we are all thankful to you, and so should the woman-kind here, specially for lying on her, tho' not with her! You meant so, I am sure. But that we have stuck it upon you to-day, in your own imagin'd persons, and so lately, this *Amazon*, the champion of the sex, should beat you now thriftily, for the common slanders which ladies receive from such cuckows as you are. You are they, that when merit of fortune can make you hope to enjoy their bodies, will yet lye with their reputations, and make their fame suffer. Away, you common moths of these, and all ladies honours. Go, travel to make legs and faces, and come home with some new matter to be laught at; you deserve to live in an air as corrupted as that wherewith you feed rumor. Madams, you are mute, upon this new *Metamorphosis*! But here stands she that has vindicated your fames. Take heed of such *insects* hereafter. And let it not trouble you, that you have discover'd any mysteries to this young gentleman: he is (a' most) of years, and will make a good visitant within this twe ve-month. In the mean time, we'll all undertake for his secrecy, that can speak so well of his silence. Spectators, if you like this *Comedy*, rise chearfully, and now *Morose* is gone in, clap your hands. It may be, that noise will cure him, at least please him.

T H E E N D.



